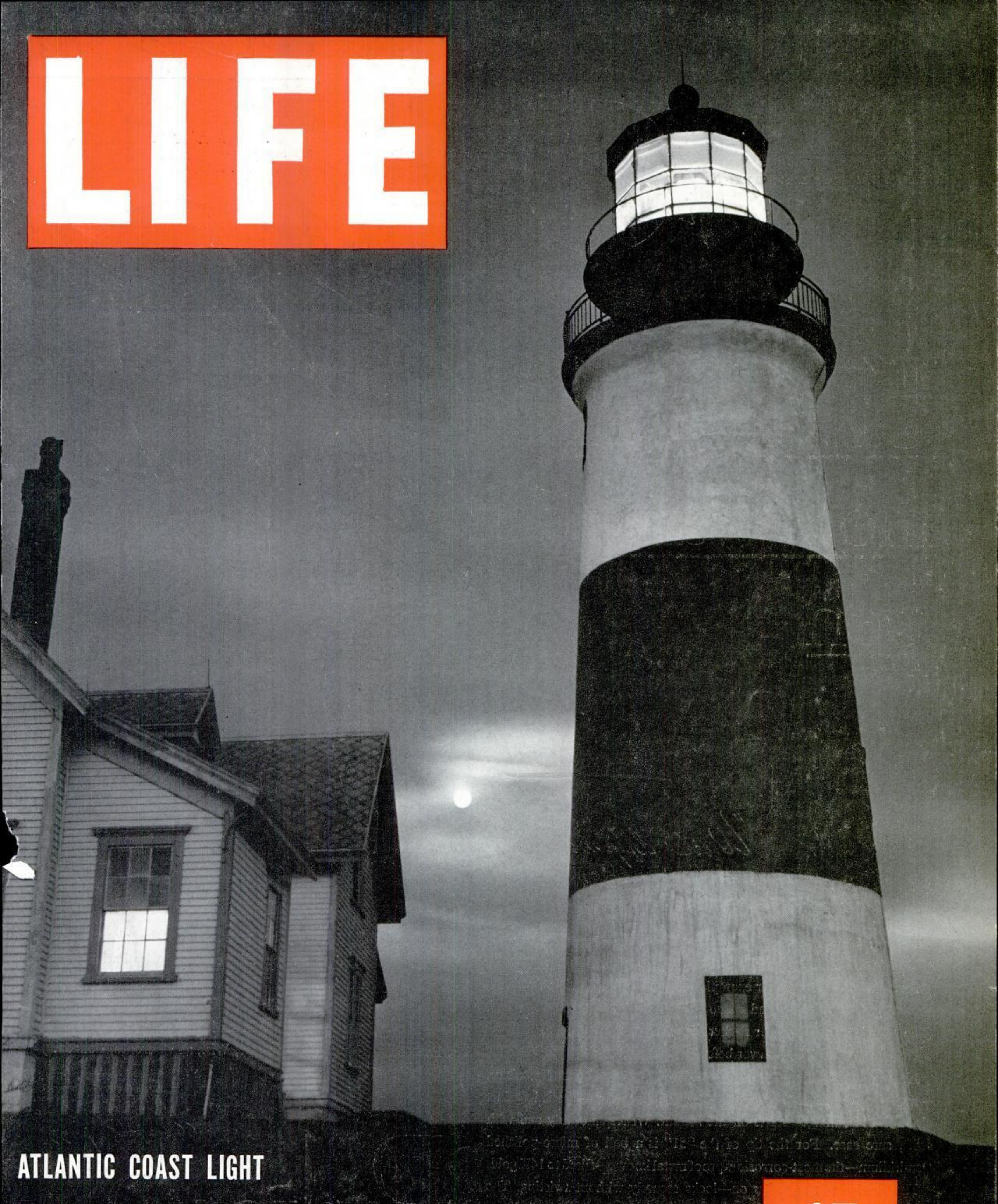


LIFE



ATLANTIC COAST LIGHT

JANUARY 27, 1947 **15** CENTS
YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$5.50

IN THE HAND OF LIN YUTANG

林語堂



Dr. Lin, world-famous philosopher, is the author of *The Importance of Living* and other widely read works in both Chinese and English.

"51"...the world's most wanted pen



"Writes dry with wet ink!"

IN every language—on every continent—people of note write with Parker "51". Truly, all the world cherishes this writing instrument.

American pen dealers, for example, recently named Parker the most-wanted pen—rating it ahead of *all other well-known makes combined*. (The actual score: 72.7% for Parker; 27.3% for all others.)

Happily, more 51's than ever before are now being shipped.

Here is a pen fashioned patiently to the highest standards of precision—never hurriedly turned out. Its unique tubular point—hooded against air, dirt and damage—starts on the instant. Writes smoothly and with swift, sure ease. For the tip of the "51" is a ball of micro-polished Osmiridium—the most-corrosion-proof metal known—fused to 14K gold.

The precision-fit cap *slips* on—locks securely without twisting. The

51's patented filler is safely concealed within the gleaming barrel.

This pen alone is designed for satisfactory use with Parker "51" Ink that *dries as it writes!* (It can, of course, also use ordinary ink.)

See the "51" today. Colors: Black, Blue Cedar, Dove Gray. \$12.50; \$15.00. Pencils, \$5.00; \$7.50. Vacumatic Pens, \$8.75. Pencils, \$4.00. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wis., and Toronto, Canada.



"INFORMATION, PLEASE"
Listen in every Wednesday night
10:30 EST • CBS, coast-to-coast

Parker "51"



When you're in line for his COLD—Look Out!

Gargle
LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC
Quick!

Germs reduced up to 96.7% in tests

IF YOU have been in close contact with other people who have colds, or if your feet get wet or cold, or if you have been exposed to sudden changes of temperature, it's only sensible to gargle with Listerine Antiseptic as promptly as possible.

Guard Against Mass Invasion of Germs

Such exposure may lower body resistance so that germs called the "secondary invaders" find it easier to invade the throat tissue and produce many of those miserable aspects of a cold you know so well. Listerine Antiseptic reaches back on the throat surfaces to kill millions of these "secondary invaders."

In tests, germs on throat and mouth surfaces were reduced as much as 96.7% fifteen minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle; as much as 80% one hour after. You can see why it can help Nature in guarding against a mass invasion of germs.

Fewer Colds in Tests

Bear in mind Listerine Antiseptic's impressive record made in tests over 12 years: Those who gargled with Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds and usually milder colds than those who did not gargle . . . and fewer sore throats:

So, remember, at the first hint of a cold, use Listerine Antiseptic. Better still, make the Listerine Antiseptic gargle a morning-and-night habit.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Missouri

"SECONDARY INVADERS," Potential Troublemakers

These are some types of the threatening germs, which can cause so much of the misery of a cold when they invade the throat membranes and which may be transmitted to you in tiny droplets of moisture if you get in the way of a sneeze or a cough:



TOP ROW, left to right: Pneumococcus Type III, Pneumococcus Type IV, Streptococcus viridans, Friedlander's bacillus. BOTTOM ROW, left to right: Streptococcus hemolyticus, Bacillus influenzae, Micrococcus catarrhalis, Staphylococcus aureus.

This One
GAB5-GZT-LYE8

"Look who we're going 'Round with!" cried Frankie Carle...

"Columbia Records, We Love 'Em, We Love 'Em!" (And you'll be going 'round with a grand new tune in your head when you hear Frankie Carle's great Columbia Record, "What've You Got to Lose" and "Easy Pickin's," Col. 37194.)



"Why not go 'round to your local store for new Columbia tunes galore!" shouted Kay Kyser. (Kay's made 'em by the dozen himself. Hear: "The Old Lamp-Lighter" and "Huggin' and Chalkin'," Col. 37095.)



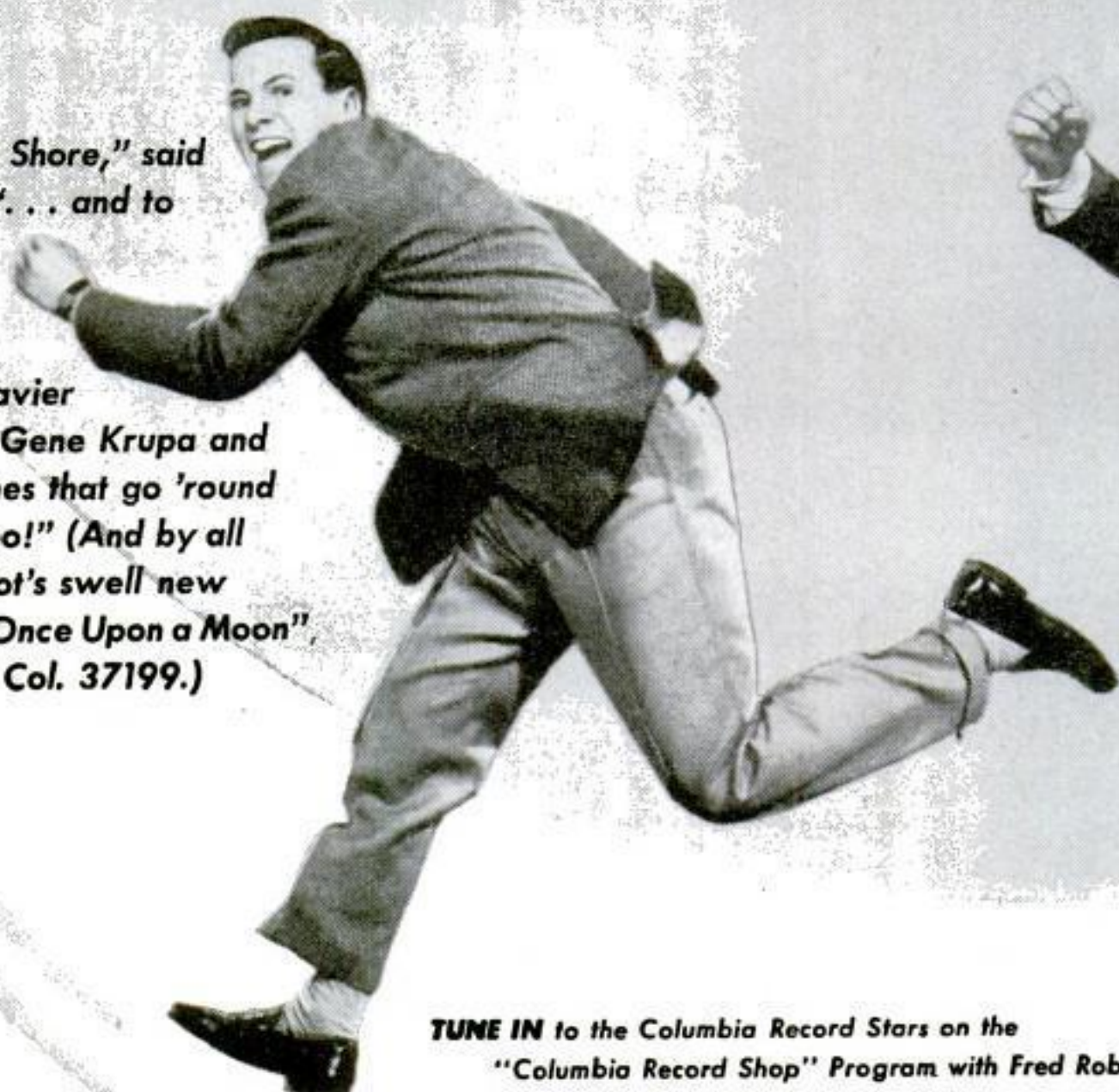
"Gosh! Everywhere you look there's a Columbia Record Star!" said Dick Jurgens. (Don't miss Dick's swell new recording of "Wyoming" and "Bless You," Col. 37210.)



"It's the greatest all-around team in 'pop' music," sang Buddy Clark. (To prove it, hear Buddy's new Columbia Record, "You Are Everything to Me" and "On the Other End of a Kiss," Col. 37211.)



"And listen to Dinah Shore," said Elliot Lawrence, "... and to Frank Sinatra, Benny Goodman, Harry James, Woody Herman, Xavier Cugat, Les Brown, Gene Krupa and many other top names that go 'round with Columbia, too!" (And by all means, listen to Elliot's swell new Columbia Record, "Once Upon a Moon" and "Sympathy," Col. 37199.)



HEAR THE GREAT ARTISTS AT THEIR BEST
Columbia Records

TUNE IN to the Columbia Record Stars on the "Columbia Record Shop" Program with Fred Robbins. See your local paper for time and station.

Trade-marks "Columbia" and Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

America's Most Beloved Story of Young 'n Laughin' Love!

“Abie’s

5 Years on Broadway—32 Merry Months on the Air!

Irish

It’s The All-Time Laugh Hit... Streamlined For Now...

Rose”

ON THE SCREEN



Bing Crosby Producers Inc.

presents ANNE NICHOLS'

“ABIE’S IRISH ROSE”

with MICHAEL CHEKHOV

and introducing JOANNE DRU*

and RICHARD NORRIS

Produced and Directed by A. Edward Sutherland

Screenplay by Anne Nichols • Released thru United Artists

*by arrangement with Howard Hawks

Will your home be the best "dance spot" in town?...

Where do your kids dance? Night club? Tavern? ... Or can they hear their kind of music at home? ... hear it the way they insist it must be, true, clear, natural in tone? The Stromberg-Carlson way! We are proud that in many a home like yours a Stromberg-Carlson is a builder of family evenings ... a source of unending entertainment which makes it fun to stay at home. When you listen to Stromberg-Carlson "complete" FM ... when you hear how flawlessly a Stromberg-Carlson reproduces records or brings you standard broadcasts ... you will realize how important a beautiful Stromberg-Carlson will be in your own home. Hadn't you better see your Stromberg-Carlson dealer right now? His name is in your classified phone directory.



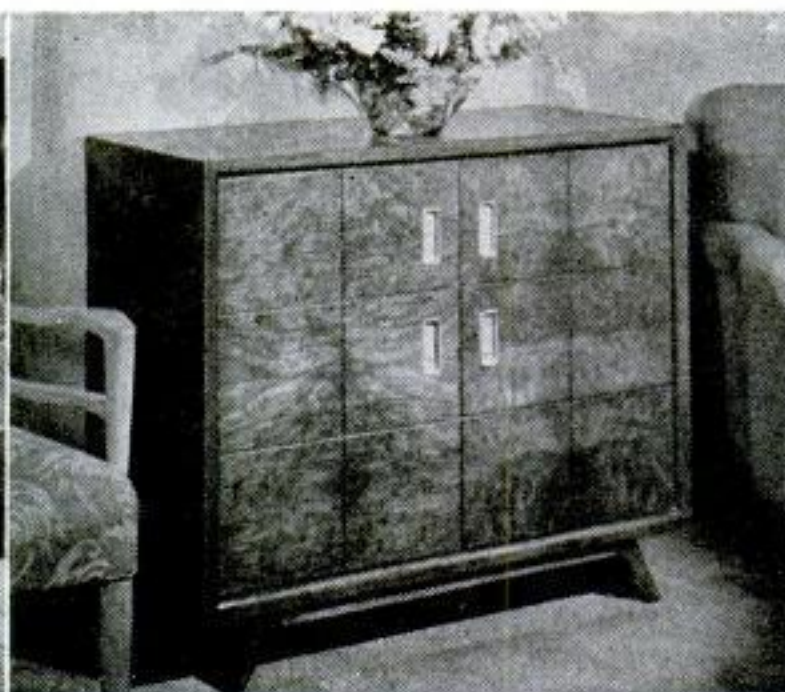
For the main radio in your home ...

THERE IS NOTHING FINER THAN A **STROMBERG-CARLSON**

© 1947, STROMBERG-CARLSON COMPANY, ROCHESTER 3, N.Y.—IN CANADA, STROMBERG-CARLSON CO., LTD., TORONTO



THE GRACIOUS "GEORGIAN"...



THE SMART "NEW WORLD"...



THE GRACEFUL "HEPPLEWHITE"...



THE AMAZING "DYNATOMIC"

These are but a few of the new, exciting Stromberg-Carlsons! They are available in a broad range of prices, with a distinguished model for every home.

STROMBERG-CARLSON COMPANY • RADIOS, RADIO-PHONOGRAPHS, TELEVISION • SOUND EQUIPMENT AND INDUSTRIAL SYSTEMS • TELEPHONE SWITCHBOARDS AND INTERCOMMUNICATION SYSTEMS

Aunt Hannah doesn't live here any more



You used to feel sorry for people like Aunt Hannah.

A maiden lady, and no longer young, her kind once knew a world no bigger than the view from her front-porch rocker.

Not any more. Aunt Hannah gets around. She has a car of her own and the cat can have the rocker.

It may be that Aunt Hannah is one of more than 200,000 women who are stockholders in General Motors. If so, she helped lift herself out of the rocking chair and out into the world.

For the fine, smooth, easy-handling GM car that makes life



richer for any woman today, grew almost entirely out of General Motors' past earnings.

Progress was no gift—it was bought by plowing back profits in steady effort to produce more and better things for more people.

This has continued year after year. But the stockholders' share has averaged only about

7½¢ on each sales dollar during the past 29 years. During the war years it was 3½¢.

Is freedom from the front porch worth that much to American women?

Are all the other benefits that have come from automotive progress—pleasant suburban living, good roads, fine factories, hundreds of thousands of jobs, fatter pay envelopes?

We'll let you say. But it seems clear that *all the people* profit greatly when a business prospers.

GENERAL MOTORS

"MORE AND BETTER THINGS FOR MORE PEOPLE"

*The People profit
when a Business prospers*

On the Air: HENRY J. TAYLOR, Monday and Friday evenings, over more than 300 Mutual stations, coast to coast. Hear him!

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • CADILLAC • BODY BY FISHER • FRIGIDAIRE • GMC TRUCK & COACH • GM DIESEL • DELCO

Pledged to peerless quality
FOR OVER 50 YEARS



Top buttered, toasted English muffins with creamed, hard-cooked eggs. Serve with Swift's Premium Bacon and jelly.

● Traditional, in the making of Swift's Premium Bacon, is the pledge to maintain quality. No matter what the temptation, standards are never lowered . . . Swift's Premium is always the finest of the fine. This refusal to compromise with quality has won a high reward. No other bacon approaches Swift's Premium in popularity. Year after year, still more millions say they like it better than any other kind.

Only Swift's Premium Bacon gives you that famous sweet smoke taste, that unvarying perfection. Look for the name on the package; ask for Swift's Premium Bacon.

Swift's
Premium Bacon

WITH THE
SWEET SMOKE TASTE

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

TEACHER TROUBLES

Sirs:

... In his article, "A Teacher Looks at His Job" (LIFE, Jan. 6), Mr. Borchardt is concerned about the dwindling numbers of capable young men in the teaching profession. I am equally concerned about his unfounded fear of a future matriarchy in the U.S. Monetary remuneration is not the only reason for a young man's dislike of teaching. Even if salaries were adjusted adequately, men would still continue to use teaching as a stepping-stone to other professions, because temperamentally they are not suited to teaching. I know many fine male faculty members, but they are the exception rather than the rule. Who is the teacher in the home—the mother or the father? Who has the patience of Job with the youngsters—Mom or Dad? It is one thing to be pedagogically prepared, to be the holder of degrees, to possess a keen, alert mind; it is quite another to be able to impart that knowledge to an adolescent, to "mother" him along, to teach him life in addition to his subject matter. That, to my way of thinking, is the highest and noblest calling of a woman. Man's talents abide elsewhere.

SADIE C. B. GORDON

Port Chester, N.Y.

Sirs:

... The sex of the instructor has nothing to do with the maintenance of discipline and order in the classroom. I have been instructing stu-

am drawing several hundred dollars more than the annual wage of the majority of teachers in this town. In fact, I share my disability money occasionally with a brother who finds it impossible to live on his \$1,700 annual wage from teaching.

G. B. MICHEL

Versailles, Ind.

Sirs:

Your article, "A Teacher Looks at His Job," is the third or fourth I have seen on the subject. I agree that the subject is a critical one and this publicity will aid all parties concerned. But each article has directly or indirectly put the finger on the school board and I think it is about time you present the other side of the picture.

I am a member of a township school board and I am also in absolute agreement with the principle of increasing the salary level of teachers. I am also vitally interested in education because I have three children of school or preschool age. But I also know the problems of the board and the fences that surround them in the way of the state school laws. Teachers wish to be classed as professional people, yet they pushed through the tenure law which makes it impossible for a board to get rid of poor teachers—and there are some. They talk about average wages and make comparisons with industry, etc., but in any demands for wage increase the women insist on equality with the men—and get it because the men are outnumbered; that situation doesn't exist in industry at the professional level. And then, of course, the school board doesn't pick money off trees in the schoolyard.

EMERSON W. KAUFMANN

Philadelphia, Pa.

JAMES MASON

Sirs:

Ah, at last I've been rewarded for being a steady reader of LIFE. My reward was your splendid article on James Mason (Jan. 6th issue). I can't quite explain how I feel each time I even think of him. I just go all mushy inside. Boy, is it wonderful!

I saw *The Seventh Veil* three times.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



NO CATCALLS?

dents not only my own age but some older than myself and I have yet to be on the receiving end of a catcall or a whistle. And it isn't because I wouldn't rate it either.

GLADYS B. GOUGH

Manhattan, Kan.

Sirs:

Teacher Borchardt's article (as did his teachings while I was his student) seems to make sense. As a veteran, I find myself the recipient of bonuses, benefits, the GI Bill and whatnot. Certainly the American teachers have sacrificed as much time and effort for their country. I am now paying an extra cent per pack of cigarets so that the Illinois vets' bonus gets paid off—I think I could afford another cent if it would improve the teachers' incomes.

A. R. BELSKIS

Chicago, Ill.

Sirs:

I am an ex-schoolteacher who left the profession to join the Army. After three years' service I was shipped back from Europe on a stretcher, totally disabled for years to come. However, with my disability compensation and unemployment compensation, I

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LIFE
January 27, 1947

Volume 22
Number 4



GINGER ROGERS... starring in the Skirball-Manning Production "MAGNIFICENT DOLL," a Universal release, wears a Tyrolean ski suit, designed for her by Lanz of California, as she pours a cup of brisk-flavored Lipton's... the fresh, spirited tea.

SAYS GINGER ROGERS:

"Its brisk flavor is super on a winter's day!"

"To me there's a certain fresh, high-spirited flavor in a cup of Lipton Tea. So different from ordinary teas. So definitely rich and full-bodied." Right, Ginger! "Brisk" is the tea experts' word for it. And that brisk flavor, so distinctively Lipton's, is accomplished by scientific blending of as many as 18 different teas... each carefully selected for its own special flavor. No wonder Miss Rogers finds Lipton's brisk flavor super. Get a package today at your grocer's. Try it. See for yourself why it's America's most popular tea.

LIPTON TEA
Brisk flavor
— never flat

© 1946, Thos. J. Lipton, Inc.



LISTEN TO VOX POP, TUESDAY, 9 P.M., E.S.T., CBS

IT HAPPENS WITHIN TWO SECONDS

Within two seconds
after they start to spin,
champion figure skaters
whirl at the amazing speed
of 180 revolutions
per minute.



Test shows how
fast Bayer Aspirin
acts in your
stomach!

And as this glass-
of-water test proves, within
two seconds after you
take Bayer Aspirin, it's ready
to go to work, to bring

FAST PAIN RELIEF



When an ordinary headache,
neuritic or neuralgic pain is
making you miserable, use
Bayer Aspirin for fast relief. As millions
know from experience, Bayer Aspirin is
one thing that really works quickly ...
actually starts to go to work in two seconds!

Always ask for genuine

BAYER ASPIRIN

The reason for Bayer Aspirin's aston-
ishing 2-second speed is that when Bayer
Aspirin is made, **three important steps**
are taken... not just one.

And remember—Bayer Aspirin's single
active ingredient is gentle, too ... **so**
wonderfully gentle to the system
mothers give it even to small children
on their doctors' advice.

So use Bayer Aspirin—with confidence.
Don't forget—**of all pain relievers, none**
can match Bayer Aspirin's record of
use by millions of normal people ... with-
out ill effect. Today—get Bayer Aspirin.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

—CONTINUED—

He was so mean and hard and—ador-
able.

VIRGINIA LONGWORTH
Ypsilanti, Mich.

Sirs:

I hope you realize that by attempt-
ing to place James Mason in an un-
desirable light, you're simply making
him appear more wonderful!

JEANNE FAUCHER
Woburn, Mass.

Sirs:

Thanks awfully for curing me of
James Mason and my father of cats.

JOAN ATTERBURY
Tucson, Ariz.

TOASTMASTERS

Sirs:

Hitler's gone, the Columbians have
been throttled, but now we have the
Toastmasters International (LIFE,
Jan. 6). What we don't need, any-
where, is more public speakers. . . .

It's a mystery why so many people
aspire to this speechmaking affliction.
But an organization dedicated to help
fulfill this mad ambition—that's too
much. These young men, once they



learn to control their shaking knees
and stomach flutters and forefinger an
emphatic hole in the air, will be a
curse the rest of their lives. Just try
to keep a speaker from speaking! It's
worse than strong drink. . . .

GUS KELLER
New Haven, Conn.

MR. BURTON'S FROG

Sirs:

In Letters to the Editors (LIFE, Jan.
6) Mr. W. H. Burton states that he
doesn't give a hoot about how a frog
gets around under water. That's his
affair. But I consider myself one of
the majority who has a curiosity in all
things natural and scientific. Didn't
Galvani discover the principle of the
electric battery by watching a frog's
leg twitch? Does it seem ridiculous
that a study of the frog has given me,
a future doctor, a much better under-
standing of the human body and its
operation? . . .

RICHARD HAY
Goshen, Ind.

Sirs:

. . . Come now, Mr. Burton, is life
so interesting in Missouri that the
simple things go unnoticed?

T. H. W. CARTER
Norfolk, Va.

Sirs:

. . . Hope you continue to print
froggy stuff, mice, bugs and even
wormy stuff. God made them and I
love them. Even W. H. Burton. He did
speak his honest mind.

MRS. CHAMBERS
Greenville, Pa.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 10



Meet
the
lassie

with
the
classy

chassis
... and

"Suddenly It's Spring"

starring
PAULETTE GODDARD

and
FRED MACMURRAY

with
Macdonald Carey • Arleen Whelan

A MITCHELL LEISEN PRODUCTION

Produced by Claude Binyon • Directed by Mitchell Leisen

A Paramount Picture

Paulette pronounces it roMANce!

Look what they're wearing in Florida (POOR THINGS!)



The Wrapped-and-Bound Look comes not from Paris, but from shrinkage . . . an evil that's practically medieval nowadays. Never happens with dresses tagged "Sanforized." No wonder they're the only cotton dresses a smart girl ever buys.

The Straight-and-Narrow. That's how the dress turned out after washing. Not like our friend inside it—who's kept her curves. Which adds up to a sorry way to spend a vacation. Better remember to spend your vacation in dresses tagged "Sanforized"—that fit in the first place, and the second, and the third!

The style will never shrink away if your dress has a "Sanforized" label.



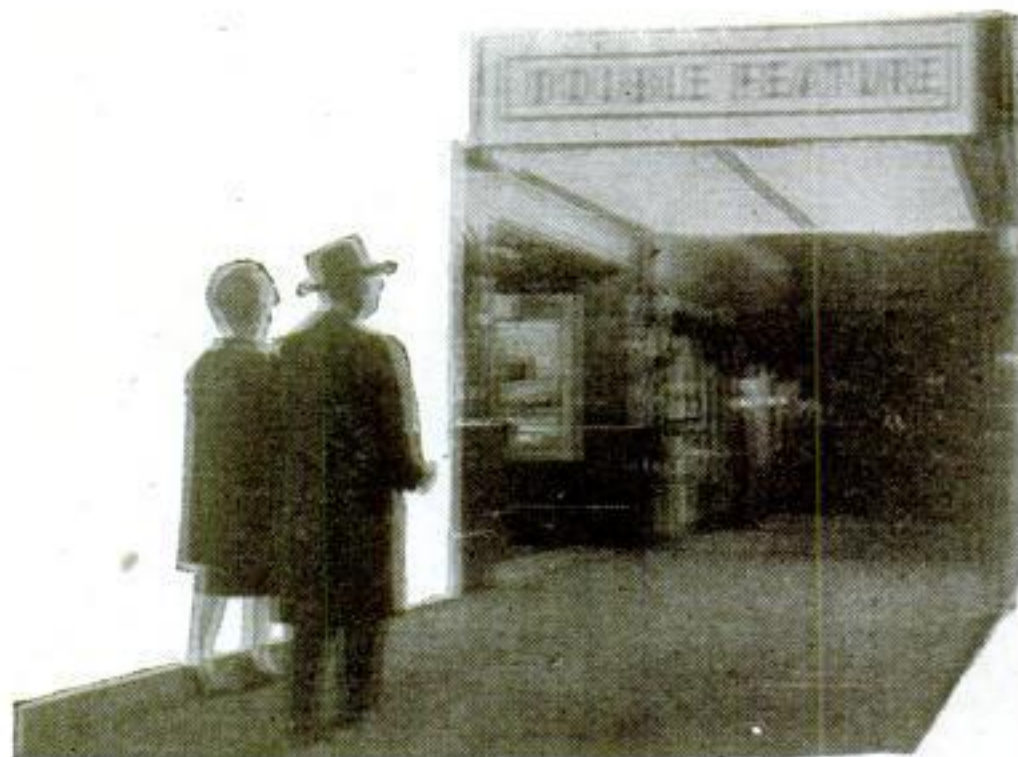
"Sanforized": Checked standard of shrinkage. The "Sanforized" trade-mark is used on compressive pre-shrunk fabrics only when tests for residual shrinkage are regularly checked, through the service of the owners of the trade-mark, to insure maintenance of its established standard by users of the mark. Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.



SOME skirts are short—on washing, not on purpose! Such a shrinkage outrage shouldn't happen to *anybody* nowadays. Hey, young lady, write 100 times: "I'll demand a 'Sanforized' label on every — but every — cotton dress!"

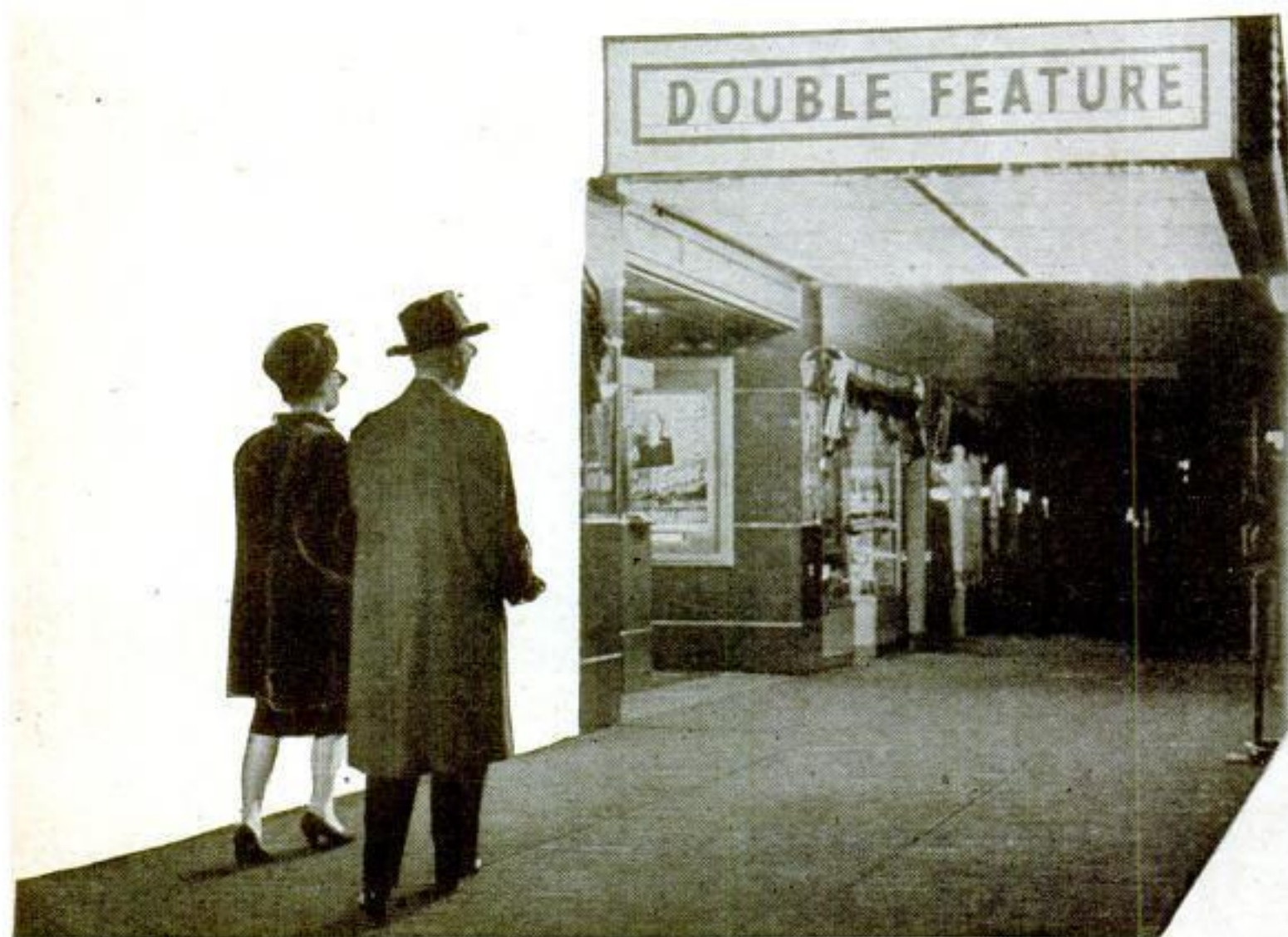


when
your
eyes
won't
let you



1. What's playing? What's the difference?—when tired, neglected, glare-strained eyes are sure to spoil the movie! Inside, the plot gets too thick, you become confused, your head begins to ache—all because your eyes put on a poor showing.

go to the movies



2. Double feature. More fun, more comfort with vision that's keen, alert. Make sure your eyes are right! Take advantage of the professional knowledge and skill of the Optometrist, Ophthalmologist and the technical services of the Dispensing Optician. When Soft-Lite Lenses are prescribed, visual comfort is increased through freedom from glare.

Your eyes make the difference—have your eyes examined regularly!

Soft-Lite Lenses
FOR YOUR EVERYDAY GLASSES

Professionally prescribed for eye-correction *plus* glare-protection to make seeing more comfortable, Soft-Lite Lenses are slightly flesh-toned—look better on you. There is only one Soft-Lite—identified by this certificate.



Soft-Lite Lens Company, Inc., New York • Toronto • London

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

COVER GIRL

Sirs:

I had to look twice at your cover girl, Jeanne Maloney (LIFE, Jan. 6). She looks just like Movie Actress Peg-



JEANNE MALONEY



PEGGY ANN GARNER

gy Ann Garner. I wonder if anyone else noticed the resemblance?

ELEANOR M. BRUNO

Providence, R.I.

● Yes, 10 readers did.—ED.

PARTY SEASON

Sirs:

I had a very interesting time comparing your articles on the debutante season in New York (LIFE, Jan. 6) with the season I've just whirled through down here in Charleston. I was amused to read that during the busiest part of her season Miss Patricia Geoghegan did not get to bed before 3 a.m. She doesn't know how lucky she was! During our busiest weeks, Dec. 20 to Jan. 1, my bed would have collapsed from amazement had I crawled in it before 4 or 4:30 a.m.! And, on top of all that, some of the debutantes, including myself, had to get up and go to work about four hours later!

ESTHER D. GREGORIE

Mount Pleasant, S.C.

Sirs:

... Your readers might be interested to learn that the sponsorship of Coty Inc., which underwrote all expenses of the ball, made it possible for us to reduce the New York Infirmary's \$149,000 annual deficit by \$40,000.

Incidentally, the \$150 to be raised by each debutante has been allocated to the funds for a children's ward in the new hospital, which will replace our old one—built in 1857—as soon as the current drive for contributions reaches the needed \$5,000,000.

MRS. FRANK A. VANDERLIP
President

New York Infirmary
New York, N.Y.

DELICIOUS
EYE-OPENER

with a grand P.S.



Sunsweet
helps keep you
regular, too.

SUNSWEEET
PRUNE
JUICE



Prepared and distributed by the
makers of Mott's Fine Fruit Products



Designed for finest home or maharajah's palace is this distinguished Chippendale Capehart. The new tonal system so exactly reproduces the tones and overtones of flute, piano, cello, or human voice that comparison should only be made between the Capehart and the original musical instrument. Authentic period design cabinets of superior craftsmanship. Capehart television, as it becomes available, will be of the same standard of excellence. Prices: The Panamuse by Capehart, to **\$800**. The Capehart, to **\$1750**.

THE CAPEHART

First the beat, the faint barbaric rhythm.

Then the melody, recurrent — and the wild tumultuous climax. This is the bolero, the ancient

Andalusian dance. Moors introduced it to southern Spain. Ravel introduced it to America!

Now you can hear it, in all its splendor, captured on fine recordings. . . . But all the world of

music is waiting for your enjoyment!

Symphony, dance, oratorio, the exultation of the human voice are ready to inspire you.

Let great music speak to you now through the medium of the Capehart or the Farnsworth.

A portfolio of reproductions in the Capehart Collection may be secured at nominal cost from your Capehart dealer, or from Capehart Division, Farnsworth Television & Radio Corporation, Fort Wayne 1, Indiana.

THE FARNSWORTH



Ravel's Bolero, painted for the Capehart Collection by Salvador Dalí.

Illustrated is the modern EK-102, a newly designed combination phonograph-radio. Provides faultless reception on both FM and AM bands, as well as superlative phonograph performance. Farnsworth's 3-point Suspension Record-Changer plays either 12 ten-inch or 10 twelve-inch records — simple and dependable operation. New models, of traditional and modern design, including console, chairside and table types. Farnsworth television models available shortly. Farnsworth radio and phonograph-radio prices: **\$28 to \$350**.

N. W. AYER & SON

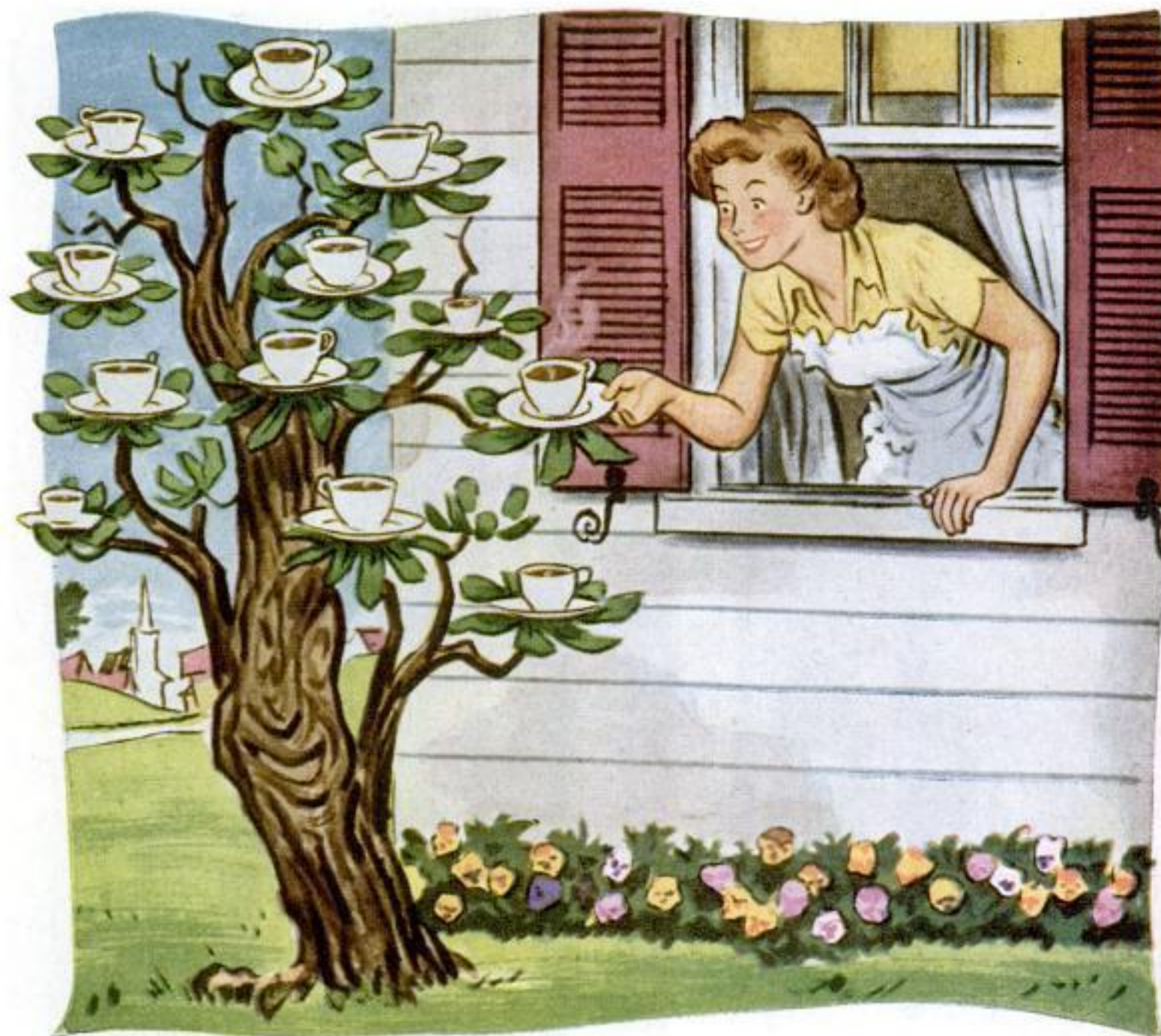
FARNSWORTH TELEVISION & RADIO CORPORATION

C'm'on now - what other coffee ever gave you all this?



1. More delicious-or your money back!

We could write you a book about that heavenly Borden flavor! But it's quicker like this: If you don't like Borden's better than any coffee you ever tasted—ground or instant—we'll give you your money back!*



2. Magic convenience—No pot, no grounds!

If cups of coffee grew on trees, they couldn't be quicker. No waiting for coffee to perk or drip. Just drop $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ of a level teaspoonful in a cup, add hot water. No pot to wash. No grounds. No waste. That's why Borden's is perfect for breakfast.



3. And, for economy, half again as many cups!

Users tell us they get *half again* as many cups from a regular jar of Borden's as they get from a full pound of ground coffee. Think how much that will save every week! Remember, Borden's isn't *half* coffee. It's *all* coffee—no dextrins, dextrose, or maltose added. That's why it goes so far.

WHAT MORE CAN A COFFEE GIVE YOU?
WHY NOT SERVE BORDEN'S EVERY MEAL,
EVERY DAY? OR AM I KEEPING
YOU FROM THE GROCERS?



© THE BORDEN CO.



* Use at least half a jar of Borden's. Then, if you don't agree it tastes better than any coffee you ever used, send us the jar with the unused contents, and we'll cheerfully refund your money. The Borden Co., 350 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

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IS FREEZIN' T' DEATH—STUCK
SMACK IN TH' SNOW, A-TOP
BALD MOUNTIN'!!

A. YOKUM
FROST-BIT TRAVELERS
RESKEWED
REASONABLE
ASK FOR RATES

SOUNDS LIKE A JOB FO'
ME AN' MAH DAWG. BRING
TH' KEG, HELIOTROPE,
—AN' LET'S
GO!!



SAVED!!—BY A KEG FULL O'
KICKAPOO JOY-
JUICE—
RIGHT?

WRONG!!
HIT'S FULL O'
PIPIN'-HOT,
CHILL-CHASIN'
"ENRICHED
5 MINUTE"
CREAM OF
WHEAT!!



—AN' IT'S POPPIN' WIF
"GIT-UP-AN'-GO" FOOD-
ENERGY, ALONG WIF VITY-
MINS AN MINNY-RULS—ALL
O' WHICH A BODY NEEDS
IN COLD WEATHER!!

YUM!! AH
GOT THET CREAM
OF WHEAT
FEELIN'!!



AH IS
CARRIED
AWAY,
BY THET
SMO-OTH
DEE-LISHUS
FLAVOR!!

AH LAPPED SOME
UP, AFORE AH COME!
—IT GAVE ME THET
HEAT-ENERGY
START!!



SOB!!—EV'RYBODY
IN DOGPATCH STUCK
THEMSELVES ATOP
BALD MOUNT'IN!
THEY ALL
WANTS A
CREAM OF
WHEAT
RESCUE!!

NATCHERLY!



"Enriched 5 MINUTE" and "REGULAR"
CREAM OF WHEAT
The Great American Family Cereal



"CREAM OF WHEAT" AND CHEF TRADEMARKS REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

ON A PEDESTAL

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GOLD STRIPE
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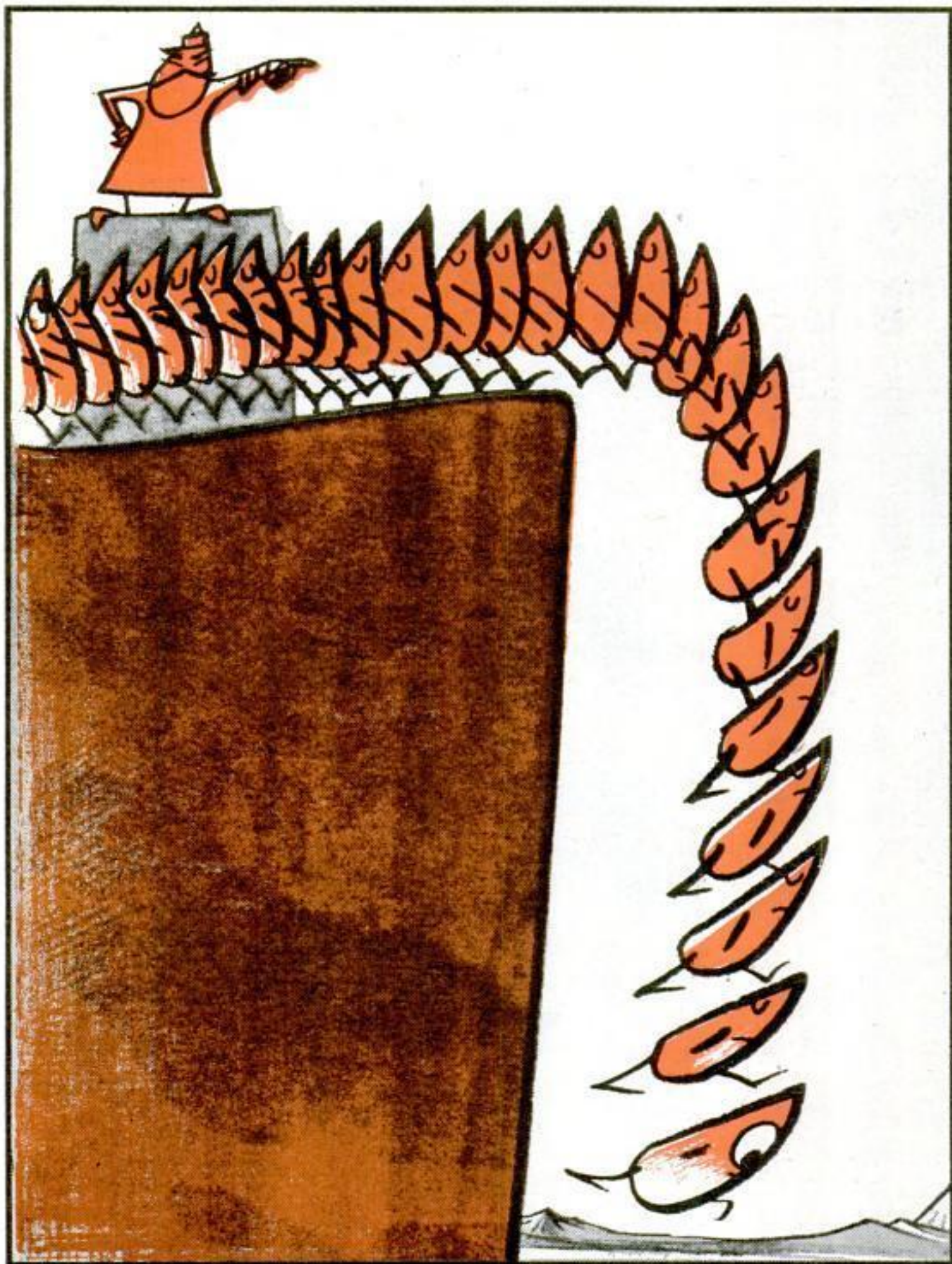
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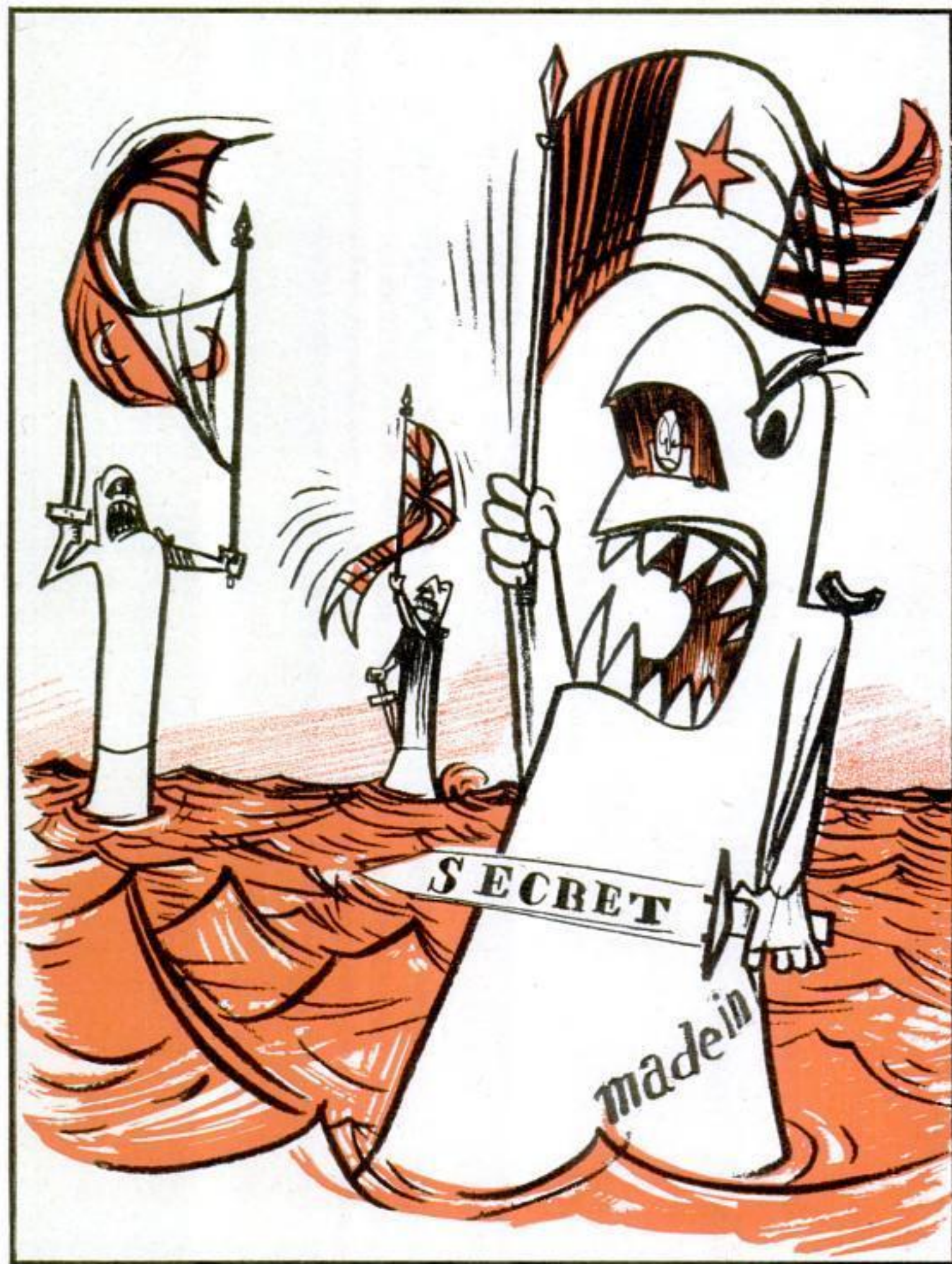
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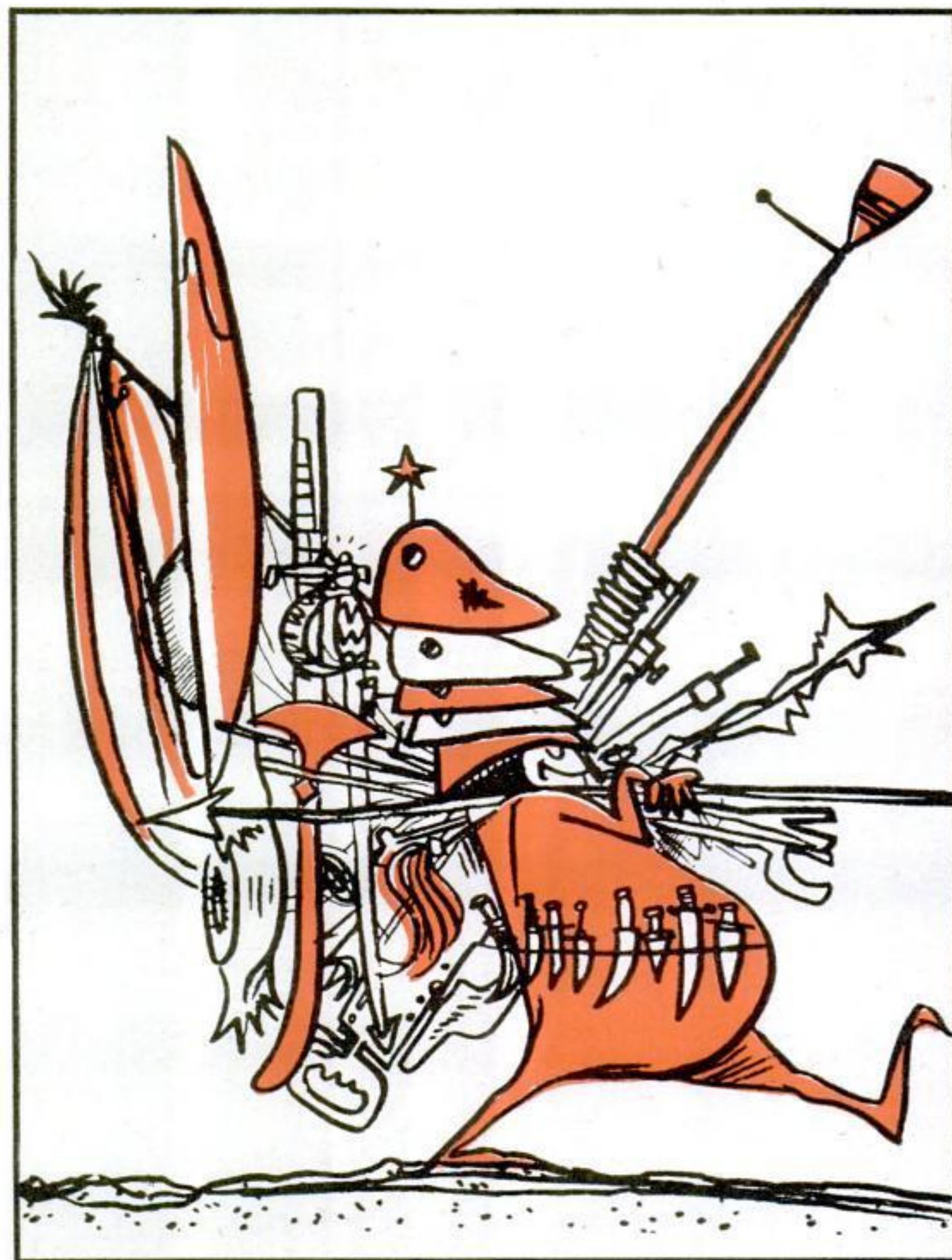
PROPAGANDA



NATIONALISM



THE LEGISLATORS



SOUVENIR HUNTER

SPEAKING OF PICTURES...

EX-NAVY ARTIST LAMPOONS THE WHOLE ART OF WAR



ROBERT OSBORN

Like many another ex-serviceman, Lieut. Commander Robert Osborn (USNR) came out of the war scarcely more appalled by its horrors than infuriated by its stupidity and red tape. These emotions he has preserved in a book of wry drawings called *War Is No Damned Good!* (Doubleday & Company, \$2). Famous throughout the Navy for his hilarious training cartoons of a dim-witted pilot named Dilbert (LIFE, May 17, 1943), Osborn has since developed a far more savage technique fully in keeping with its savage subject. He has crucified everything in

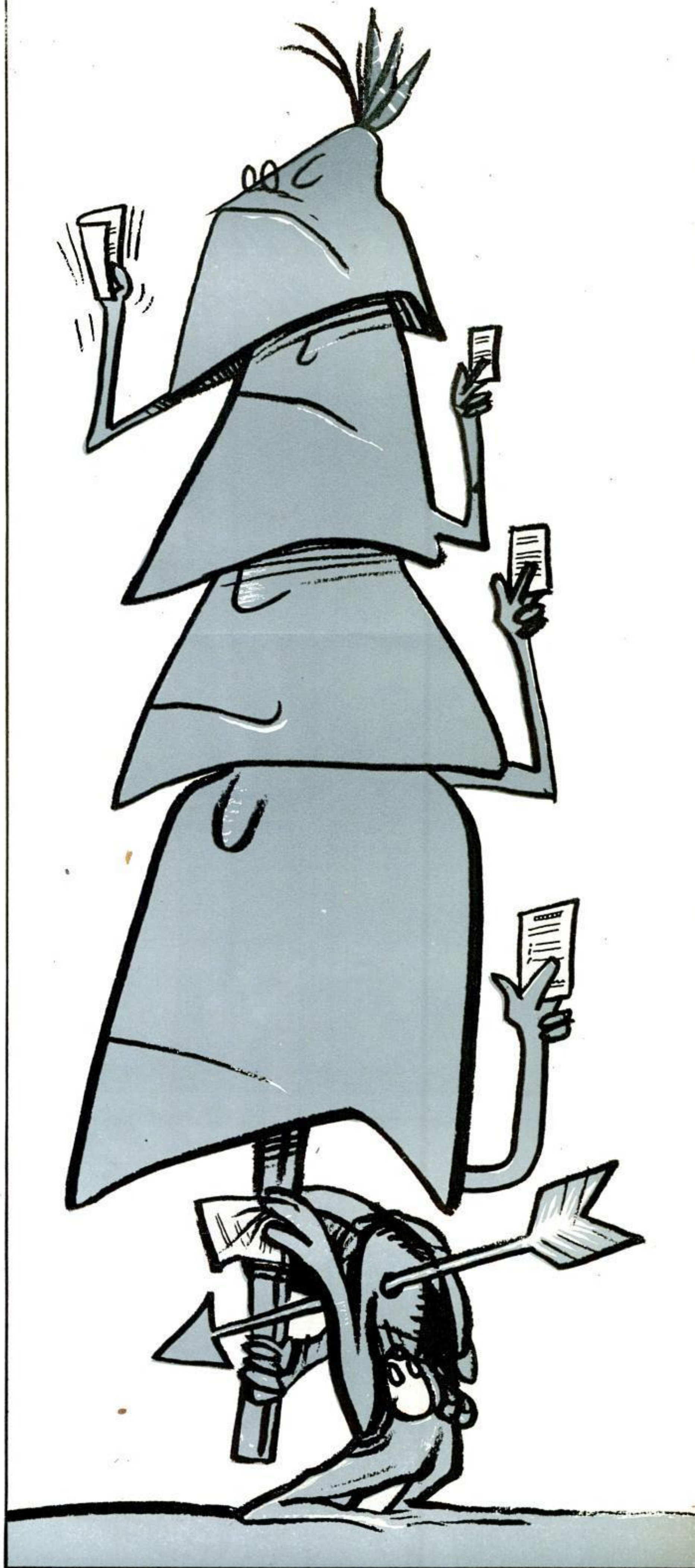
war from propaganda (shown opposite as a long row of strange, egg-shaped creatures marching blindly over a cliff with only the lowest figure opening its eyes in sudden fright) to military channels (in which a spent courier (right) dies transfixed by a huge arrow while his message is being pondered by towering layers of upper brass).

In a biting foreword the author sharpens his pictorial satire by outlining what he does not show. "There is," he admits, "no picture of the refugees . . . trying to escape the terror. Nothing to show how cold the bitter cold can be; or how men fall apart with jungle rot."

Osborn's prewar occupations included painting, teaching Greek philosophy, coaching football and trapshooting. He got a Naval Reserve commission when, armed with three of his cartoon books, called *How to Shoot Ducks*, *How to Shoot Quail* and *How to Catch Trout*, he encountered "an Irish captain with a sense of humor." Assigned to the Naval Training Literature Section, he turned out 2,000 posters and illustrated 25 training manuals, one of which is devoted entirely to the mistakes of the unforgettable Dilbert. He also learned to fly, managed to get in on the battle for Saipan and wound up with the Legion of Merit.



DELAY

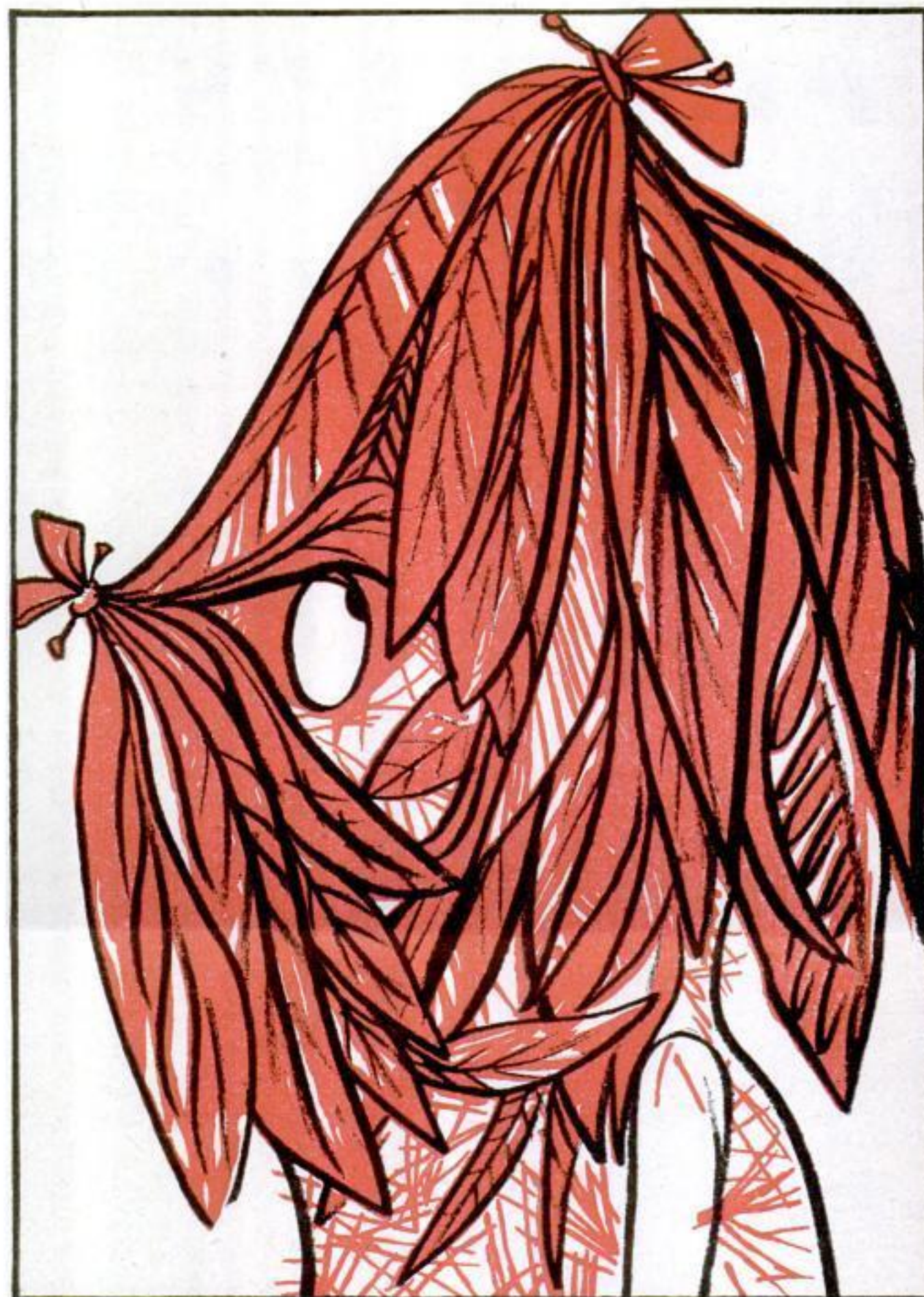


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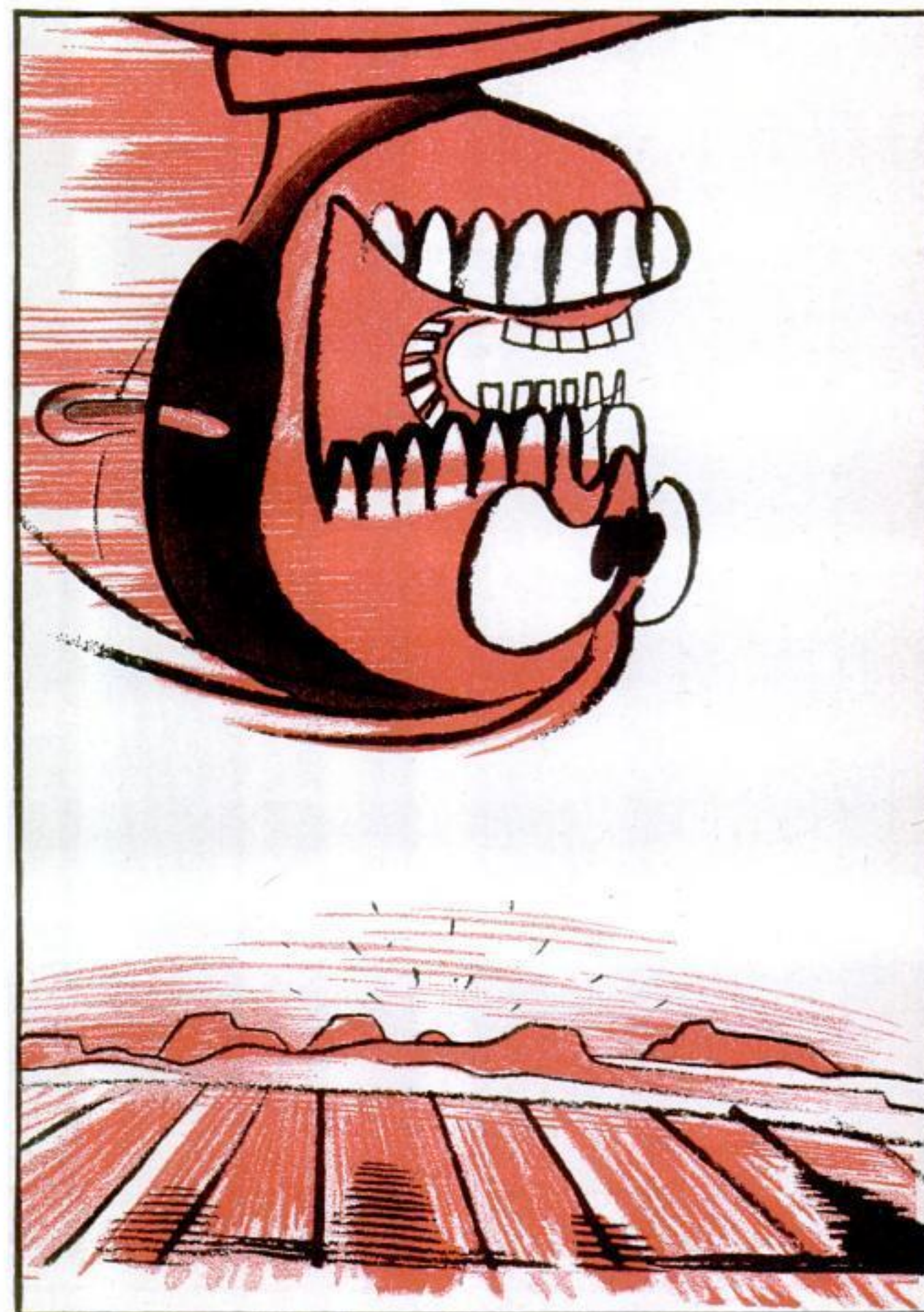


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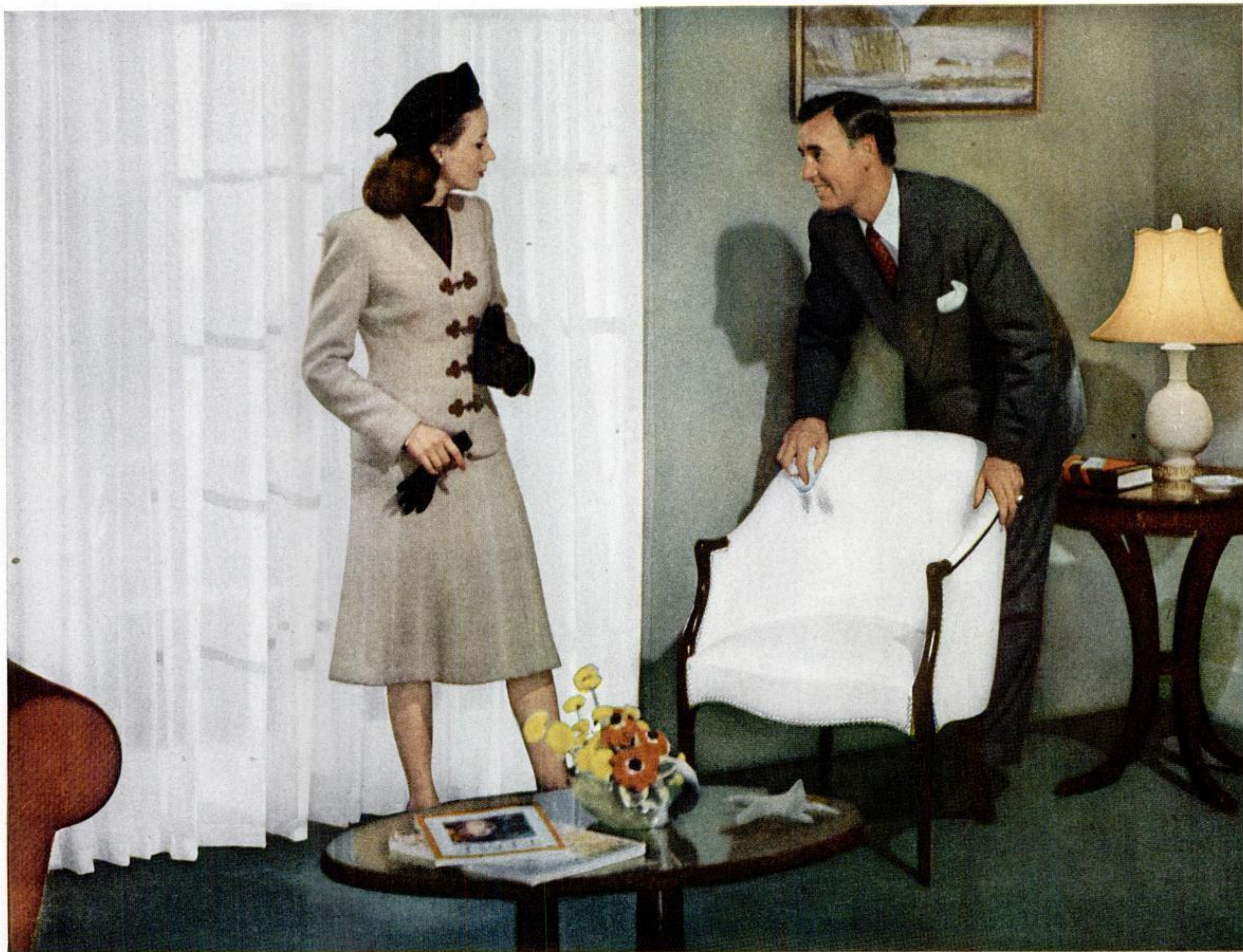
CONTINUED



A. W. O. L.



FLIGHT INSTRUCTOR



Dust and soot roll off new snow-white curtains and chairs

New kind of furniture will be used in homes and offices—even offices in or near dusty, sooty industrial plants

A NEW kind of upholstered furniture can be as white as new snow—and easily kept that way. Most dust and dirt comes off with a damp cloth. You could write on the upholstery with a fountain pen or spill blobs of ink on it and then take it off with soap and water. If washed immediately it's almost as easy to clean as a piece of glass.

Colors needn't be dark like most other upholstery. They can be brilliant or light pastel shades. *Koroseal*

upholstery wears better than leather too, is practically scuffproof.

Curtains in the picture are made of thin, translucent *Koroseal* film. The surface is so smooth that dust rolls off. Where ordinary curtains would have to be washed every week, *Koroseal* might go for a month or more. In some places curtains made of *Koroseal* film might stay up a full year without seriously needing to be washed. If they're spattered up in some way they're easily laid out on a flat surface

and washed with soap and water. They rarely need to be ironed; they smooth out just by hanging.

These are two of the dozens of things being made of *Koroseal* flexible synthetic, with many more yet to come. *Koroseal*, developed before the war by B.F. Goodrich, comes from limestone, coke and salt. It's 100 per cent waterproof (not just water repellent). It doesn't harden, get brittle or crack even after years of use, doesn't get soft and sticky even in the warmest, wettest weather. Raincoats, golf jackets, umbrellas won't stick even if folded up and put away when wet.

Unfortunately, there are articles in the stores made of materials that look

like *Koroseal* flexible synthetic—and are even sometimes called *Koroseal* by mistake—that don't have its properties. But every article really made of it is labeled. Look for that label in order to be sure. If it doesn't carry the name *Koroseal*, you can be sure it is not made of *Koroseal*! The B.F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.

Koroseal
Trade Mark—Reg. U.S. Pat. Off
B.F. Goodrich
FLEXIBLE SYNTHETIC

"I took up Bulbsnatching," says Groucho Marx
"because I heard it was light work!"

GOOD thing your public doesn't take you seriously, Groucho! Robbing one socket to fill another actually makes *hard* work. It causes inconvenience . . . leads to eyestrain . . . invites accidents. *That's* enough to make even a Groucho grouchy! But cheer up! General Electric lamp bulbs are so bright, so dependable so inexpen-

sive—they leave no *reason* to bulbsnatch! And they're backed by G-E lamp research whose one idea is to make G-E lamps *Stay Brighter Longer*.

So to folks like Groucho, we say—to make light of bulbsnatching, get some G-E Lamps today. And speaking of Marx—be sure to insist on the trademark, G-E!

GROUCHO MARX
soon to be seen in the
Beacon Production
"Copacabana"

G-E LAMPS

Stay Brighter
Longer!

GENERAL ELECTRIC



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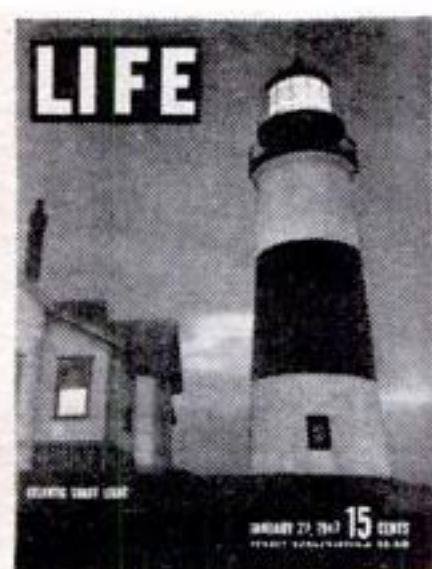
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LIFE'S COVER

When winter comes to the Atlantic Coast (pages 54-63), the shoreline's 208 lighthouses take on a new importance. The one on LIFE's cover is 720,000-candlepower Sankaty Head, marking Nantucket Island 30 miles off New England. Sankaty was built in 1849 to warn against the island's shoals, which have wrecked more than 700 ships. But no lighthouse is infallible. In 1886 the three-master *Witherspoon*, in a snowstorm, mistook Sankaty for another light and ran aground. Nantucketers saved two crewmen, then helplessly watched seven others freeze and fall, one by one, into the breakers.

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Know how exercise gives you those red-corpuscule good looks that say "Man alive!"? The Vitalis "60-Second Workout" gives the same kind of vigorous good looks to your hair. Makes hair look vital, alive. When better-looking men are made . . . they'll thank Vitalis. First step . . .

the Vitalis "60-Second Workout"

50 seconds to massage Vitalis on your scalp. That stimulating tingle is just a starter. Vitalis' pure vegetable oils get to work preventing dryness, supplying natural lustre to dull hair. You rout embarrassing loose dandruff, help check excessive falling hair. 10 seconds to comb . . . hours to admire. On your way, Handsome!



makes your hair look **Alive**



There is something about a chap with vigorous-looking hair. Usually it is girls. For on the job or off, a handsome, lively-looking head of hair stands out. And if you'd rather stand out than stand still . . . move up front with the famous Vitalis "60-Second Workout."

Product of Bristol-Myers

RADIO NEWS GROWS UP

From Robert Trout U. S. now gets complete, objective daily newscast

Each weekday, at 6:45 P.M., E.S.T., dials all across the country turn to the nearest of 133 CBS stations for Robert Trout's broadcast, *The News Till Now*. What listeners get in the next fifteen minutes is news of the U.S., events and people here in America; and world news as it pertains to U.S. life. They get the news, authentic and unbiased, documented with the words and acts that, for the listener, make news live.

Back of Trout's *News Till Now* is a long history of radio news growing up. In 1942, one U.S. radio sponsor decided to take a long, careful look at radio news. Campbell's Soups, who have, over the years, been identified with many different types of radio broadcast, started then to plan for the kind of radio news that postwar listeners would want and need. Three and a half years later, on April 1st, 1946, the plans were ready to take the air.

The crack team of 22 radio correspondents who had beamed war news direct from every battlefield, was retained at world news centers to report the events of peace. A similar team of ace correspondents was delegated at home to cover U.S. news. A special group covers news in the Capital, with Bob Evans, veteran newsmen and expert on national affairs, Trout's exclusive Washington correspondent. And all the leading news services, AP, UP, INS, Reuters and full CBS news, are utilized. Then a research and editing staff helps Trout to verify, document, sift and coordinate the more than 200,000 words of news received each day. Finally, to occupy the exact center of this vast news web, Bob Trout was chosen. Trout had covered the Battle of Britain, reported D-Day, V-E Day, V-J Day. For 15 years Trout had broadcast firsthand accounts of events that made history. Complete news coverage, eyewitness accounts from ace correspondents, expert editing, Bob Trout's clear graphic reporting style—in *The News Till Now* an alert postwar public gets the kind of daily newscast it wants.

CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY

TO KEEP INFORMED THOUSANDS HABITUALLY DIAL PROGRAM WHICH TROUT CALLS "THE NEWS TILL NOW."



FIRST NEWSCASTERS twenty years ago read headlines for farmfolk whose newspaper deliveries were slow.



FOR EYE-WITNESS STORY of U. S. Fleet at New York in 1933, a news team sets up on a skyscraper roof.



EDITORS, RESEARCHERS, as well as world-wide team of correspondents, help Trout build each day's newscast.



IN A TENSE MOMENT AT THE GOVERNOR'S OFFICE, YOUNG HERMAN TALMADGE (LEFT) AND HIS DETERMINED RIVAL ELLIS ARNALL STAND FACE TO FACE

ANOTHER TALMADGE TAKES OVER GEORGIA

In Georgia last week the U.S. got an object lesson in how fine is the line that divides democracy from rule by force, whim, family favoritism or mob violence. Thanks to a single careless phrase in a state constitution, the nation had to watch the unsavory spectacle of men fighting for the Georgia governorship as if it were a prize awarded for belligerent oratory, lock-picking and judicious maneuvering of the state police force.

The plot began last summer when Ol' Gene Talmadge won the Democratic primary. The Republicans did not even bother to name a candidate to oppose him in the November election. His old friends were rejoicing over the prospects of getting back on the gravy train—when suddenly a horrible thought occurred. Ol' Gene was a sick man. What if he died before inauguration?

Loyal Henchman Gibson Ezell (*see next page*) began studying the state constitution, found a phrase which struck his ingenious fancy. It said

that in any election where the vote is split several ways so that no candidate receives a majority, the legislature names the governor from the two highest candidates. With a little legal stretching, this might cover a case where an election winner died before taking office. So the Talmadge henchmen got busy. On election day they persuaded 675 of their friends to scratch out Gene Talmadge's name and write in the name of his son. Young Herman Talmadge, 33, is a lawyer, one-time playboy, one-time Navy lieutenant commander and a perfect substitute for his father. He holds the same views on white supremacy and enjoys the same fond relations with the Ku Klux Klan.

Sure enough, after winning the election Ol' Gene died on Dec. 21. To his plotting henchmen the remaining contenders were young Herman and a granite salesman named D. T. Bowers, a perennial candidate who got 637 write-in votes.

But in the way of the plot stood Ellis Arnall.

Arnall had given his state an admirably progressive administration. But twice he had tried to persuade the legislature to change Georgia law so that he could run to succeed himself, and twice he had failed. Now he too found a phrase in the constitution which said that the governor should hold office "until his successor shall be chosen and qualified." After due thought he felt he was compelled to use the phrase to keep young Herman out of the governorship and let in Melvin Thompson, who was elected lieutenant governor last November.

The question was which interpretation of the constitution the legislature would accept. Before the opening session Talmadge and Thompson set up campaign headquarters, worked day and night to curry favor. In the showdown the Talmadge forces won. But when Talmadge tried to take over the governor's office, Arnall refused to budge (*above*). For the amazing events which preceded and followed this scene, see the next four pages.



1
BRAIN TRUSTER of the Talmadge plot, Gibson Ezell, studies the developments at newsstand in his dime store. Ezell first tipped off Talmadge forces to legal loophole.



2
BACKSTAGE POLITICKING before meeting of legislature finds Talmadge (right) cornering Sheriff D. S. Hudson in a bathroom of Atlanta's Henry Grady Hotel.



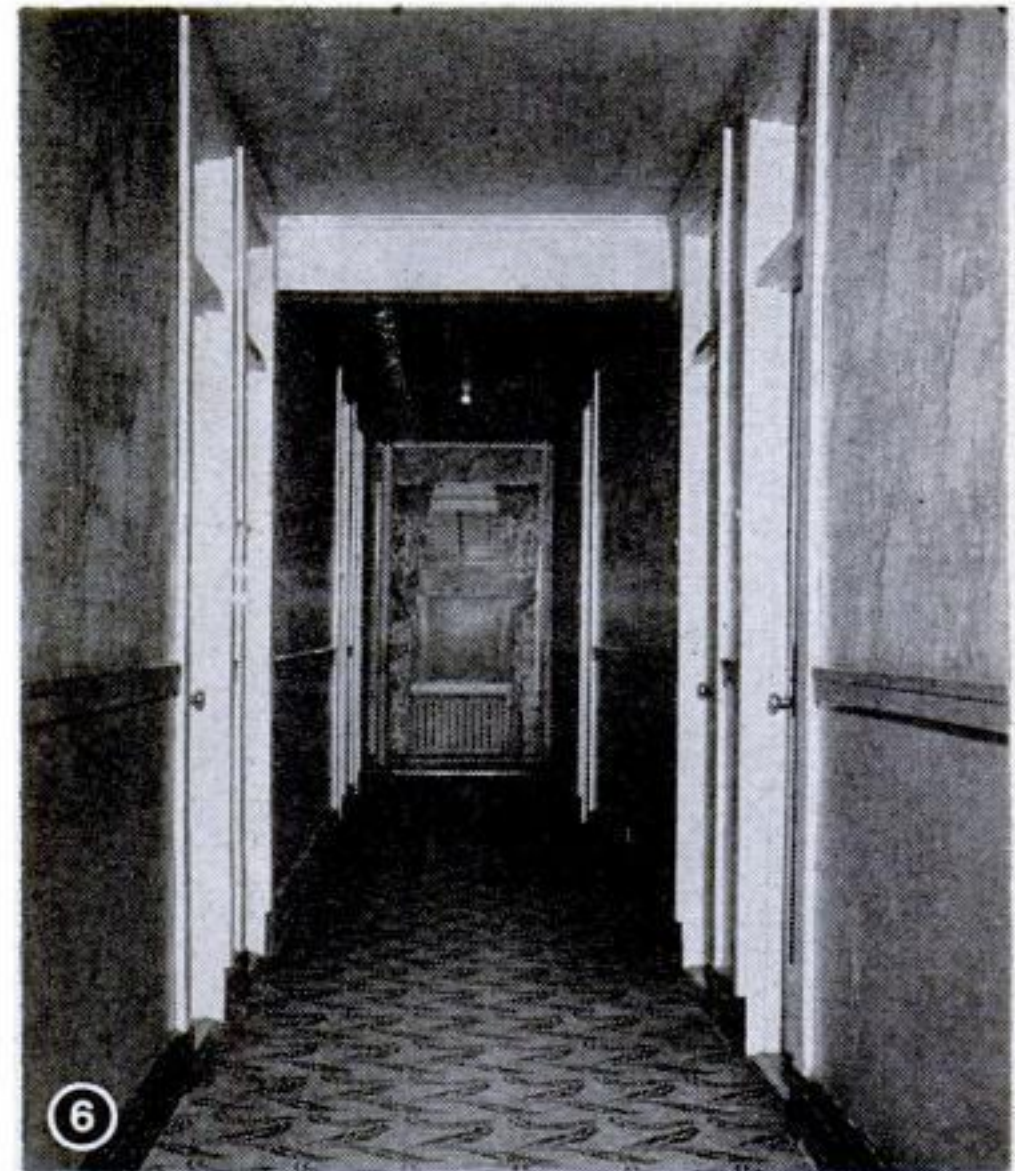
3
LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR Melvin Thompson (center) holds a hotel-room conference with his followers. At left is ex-Governor E. D. Rivers, one of his chief backers.



4
TALMADGE HEADQUARTERS in the Grady Hotel is mobbed by army of Ol' Gene's friends and ambitious politicians who overflow rooms and mill in corridor outside.



5
THOMPSON HEADQUARTERS, on the same floor of hotel, is relatively quiet with only three of the faithful standing out in the hall at peak of the electioneering.



6
FORGOTTEN HEADQUARTERS belonging to dark-horse candidate, D. T. Bowers, looks out on empty hall. These three pictures, made same night, proved prophetic.



7
VOTE-SEEKER at crucial session of legislature wears Talmadge campaign ribbon and hooks thumbs through red galluses just as Ol' Gene used to. Talmadge supporters, especially faithful "wool-hatters" from the rural districts, poured into town for the show.



8
GENE TALMADGE'S WIDOW (left) eats lunch in gallery of legislature for fear of losing seat if she leaves. She told photographer, "You know country folks have to eat their lunch around noon." At right is Gladys Creal, former secretary to Ol' Gene.



TALMADGITES CHEER as tally of November's election returns shows their favorite son going over the top with enough write-in votes to qualify for governorship.



INAUGURAL OATH is administered at 1:55 a.m. Jan. 15 after legislature has named Talmadge governor by 161-87 vote. At right is his sister, Mrs. William Kimbrough.



LEAVING LEGISLATURE, Talmadge (center) is surrounded by his well-wishers, one of whom holds a flag over the new governor's head at an angle reminiscent of

the famed Iwo Jima victory picture. Pretty woman in foreground is Talmadge's wife. They are on their way to governor's office in capitol, where Arnall awaits them.



FIST FIGHT breaks out as Talmadgites arrive and try to crash the door to Arnall's office. Here John Nahara (fist upraised), who once served as Gene Talmadge's bodyguard, aims a punch at Arnall's executive secretary, P. T. McCutcheon (center of doorway).



PEACEMAKERS push Nahara back from doorway. Intense feeling of the moment is shown in expression of youth on right in this photo and at left of the doorway in picture 12. Ruckus ended with Arnall holding the inner office and Talmadge outer rooms.



LOCKED OUT OF HIS OFFICE, ARNALL MOVES TO INFORMATION DESK IN CAPITOL LOBBY. HERE HE IS INTERVIEWED BY TIME-LIFE CORRESPONDENT BILL HOWLAND.

TALMADGE FORCES MOVE IN AND ARNALL GETS EVICTED

The climax of the battle was written at night. As soon as Arnall went home, Talmadge men changed the locks on the executive offices to let Talmadge in and keep Arnall out. For a day Arnall carried on in the lobby (above). But next morning he found even this desk taken over by a 237-pound Talmadgite. At

the same time Talmadge used state troopers to effect a change of tenants at the executive mansion (below) and got busy swearing in his own assistants (opposite page). At week's end Arnall resigned. Thompson was sworn in as his successor and the fight went on toward a final settlement in the courts.



NEW TENANTS, Talmadge's wife and son, arrive at the governor's mansion with police escort. Said the new first lady, "Mrs. Arnall certainly left things in apple-pie order."



OLD TENANT, Arnall, finds two state troopers blocking him at mansion door. Talmadge cohorts took over during the night while Arnall and family were out of town.



NEW OFFICIALS are sworn in posthaste by Talmadge. Here he administers oath to Labor Commissioner Ben Huiet while Huiet's assistant, Berry Holbook, a midget, stands

by on the desk. Many former Arnall appointees quickly shifted allegiance. But Attorney General Eugene Cook stuck by Arnall, filed suit challenging Talmadge's claim to office.

THE STATE OF SPORTS

ARE FIXERS AND COMMERCIALISM ENDANGERING OUR AMERICAN STANDARDS OF FAIR PLAY?

When a member of Congress (Hebert, D., La.) in all seriousness introduces a bill to make athlete-bribing a federal offense, it is time to take a look at the state of sports in the U.S. This bill was prompted, of course, by indignation over the case of one Alvin J. Paris, who is in a New York jail for trying to fix the big game (Giants-Bears play-off) of the professional football season. Two years ago five young "amateur" basketball players from Brooklyn College were caught in a similar bribery scandal. Both incidents invited wide comparison with the Black Sox tragedy of 1919. As in that postwar year, so today: such big money is bet on U.S. sports that characters like Paris can afford to invest heavily in the most tedious and elaborate chance-reducing operations. He spent hours bombarding two key backfield men with all manner of character-weakening attentions, among them glamour girls who might have inspired some real college tries in the happier days of Dink Stover, whereas nowadays to win the girl it seems you have to—but let's stick to the subject.

The subject is not at all frivolous. Sports are a palladium of one of the great American values, fair play. If one could rank these values by the importance Americans attach to them, fair play would surely be found near the top of the list, far above, for example, chastity or soap. That is why a local incident like the Paris case can reverberate in the halls of Congress. It is also why there is so much hypocrisy on the subject of sports, for hypocrisy—the "homage which vice pays to virtue"—is found only in the neighborhood of genuine values. If the standards of sports in America are really changing, a change in the American character will not be far behind.

What Is an Amateur?

There are two issues here, and they need to be kept separate. The first is commercialism, which actually has little or nothing to do with fair play but which has agitated the moral watchdogs of sports for a generation and is responsible for a lot of hypocrisy still. Only two weeks ago the National Collegiate Athletic Association met in New York under the shadow of the Paris scandal and also of the cancellation, forced by West Point, of the great national institution and bookmakers' Christmas, the Army-Notre Dame football game (there won't be any after this year). Professor Wilbur Smith of Wyoming, outgoing president of N.C.A.A., spoke in favor of outright subsidies for college football players, a level of realism already reached by the Southeastern Conference colleges, which are proud of being "openhanded in the matter of subsidization and other dealings with athletes."

But Dr. Smith was swamped by a rush of piety to the gavel. The N.C.A.A. adopted a new "purity code," reaffirming ancient standards of amateurism and even condemning the off-campus recruitment of promising ivory by college coaches. Almost every sports writer in America laughed a little angrily at this code, for none of them expects it to be adhered to. The president of Notre Dame, Father Cavanaugh, frankly denounced it. "We at Notre Dame make no apologies about wanting winners," said he. Obviously there is a serious lag between the real and professed standards of amateurism in American sports.

The classic authority on this subject is Paul Gallico, whose *Farewell to Sports* (1938) contains a chapter called "Amateurs? There Ain't None." He would not even allow the sportswriters' definition of an amateur: "A guy who won't take a check." His own definition of an amateur runner was a commuter running for the 8:13. His term for "going pro" was "turning square." Two things, he reasoned, had made true amateurism impossible: the increasingly rigorous standards of proficiency in all organized athletics, and the increasing gate receipts. "Only a rich boy or a loafer can devote all his time to play," and so the American athlete is working for somebody, whether he gets an overt and adequate cut of those gate receipts or not.

Rackety Rax

Since Gallico wrote, both gate receipts and proficiency have been increasing; indeed almost all sports had a record year in '46 and anticipate another in '47. A new sport, basketball, which did not even rate a chapter in Gallico's book, has achieved a measure of prosperity and proficiency which makes it almost the No. 1 national game.

In *Rackety Rax*, Joel Sayre's satire on commercialism, a gangster named Knucks McGloin put big-time football on a rational basis by founding a college (Canarsie) around 11 bruisers. He fixed it so the score of each of Canarsie's victories was dictated by the betting odds, instead of the other way around. At length a rival gangster muscled in on this good thing, and in the final game the two teams destroyed each other with Tommy guns and Mills bombs. But before Knucks died, he was looking around for ways to branch out, and it struck him that "there ought to be something in this here basketball for us." This prophetic hunch is worth recalling today, for Alvin Paris was also interested in college basketball, and that sport has not changed its ways any since the Brooklyn College scandal. It is at least as far from either amateurism or forthrightness as football was when Gallico bade that "last stronghold of hypocrisy" goodbye. Certainly every college basketball team that makes Madison Square Garden is in effect working for the bookies and for Garden Vice President Ned Irish, whether Irish pays them anything or not.

Is that bad? Not necessarily. Competition of the Garden and Rose Bowl type puts a stimulating spotlight on a fast game and a fast player. The dollars that accrue from them undoubtedly exaggerate the educational value of these sports in the minds of college presidents, but it is worth remembering that the crowds came before the bookies, and the game came before the crowds. If there were not a real game at the bottom of it, the crowds would decline to the proportions which attend professional wrestling "exhibitions." And any educator who thinks commercialized sports are dangerous has one sure way out. The way to de-emphasize is to de-emphasize, i.e., abolish the varsity. The University of Chicago did it.

So much for commercialism. It is not the real issue. The issue is fair play, which is characteristic of both "amateur" and professional sports and which (as the two scandals illustrate) is threatened in both. It is threatened not just by a few bookies and touts but by the same things that always threaten everybody's values,

such as the fast buck and the blonde. During the Brooklyn College scandal the newspaper *PM* ostentatiously refrained from repeating the names of the bribed players on the grounds that the boys (three of them veterans) were not responsible for their sins but were instead "victims of a vicious racket." Seldom has the environmental theory of morals been carried to so puritanical an extreme. Obviously sin is sin, wherever you find it.

But a clean world of sports is important to America precisely because the major lesson of all clean sports, whether commercialized or not, runs against the Alvin Parises. This lesson is, that the means (fair play) is more important than the end (winning). As victory-loving Father Cavanaugh put it, Americans "worship a winner so long as he wins honestly according to the rules." It is when the rules are broken that Americans get sore.

Keep Them Clean

Respect for fair play is not exclusively American but, along with competitive sports, it has been most developed in the English-speaking world. Many foreign people seem to have no concept of it at all. That is why international athletic contests, notably Hitler's 1936 Olympics, often produce such dismal results from the standpoint of international goodwill. When a Russian soccer team played in England a year ago, the "misunderstandings" almost reached the level of Foreign Office protests. Other peoples, or so it often seems, are for winning at all costs. They also misunderstand another value which Americans learn from their games, namely team play. This was illustrated in Berlin recently when U.S. soldiers began teaching German boys to play baseball. The Russians objected on the ground that baseball is a "paramilitary activity," involving "regimentation!"

Organized sport is accused of many crimes, among them Jim Crowism. But it is significant that sport is the first great business—next to minor branches of the entertainment industry—in which Jim Crowism is being attacked from within. Branch Rickey has four Negro baseball players on Brooklyn farm teams; Yale has Levi Jackson; the bars are lowering slowly, and that is natural because Jim Crowism is inconsistent with the basic morality of sport. So are a lot of other evils. Hobbes, the superrealist, called human society a "war of all against all." Perhaps sportsmanship may be defined as the voice that answers, "Parts of it aren't." For our own and everybody's sake, we will do well to defend and promote clean sports in America.

PICTURE OF THE WEEK: ➡

Last week scenes like this were growing common at airports all over the U.S. At LaGuardia Field, where this picture was taken, planes were taking off with well under half of their seats filled. Operators attributed lack of business to the ending of the wartime boom and bad weather that grounded many planes. But another reason was that headlines of recent plane crashes had made the public jittery about flying. At week's end both the Senate and House of Representatives were assigning committees to investigate causes of the crashes and find a way to prevent them. For some of the causes and some means of prevention, turn the page.



A SYMPTOM OF THE DECLINE IN U.S. AIR TRAFFIC:
44-SEAT AIRLINER TAKES OFF WITH 13 PASSENGERS



WHEN THE WEATHER CLOSES IN, this is what can happen and did. On Jan. 5 a DC-3 carrying 21 passengers left La Guardia Field, New York City, bound for Balti-

more and Washington. It made its stop at Baltimore and took off. But at Washington five planes already were trying to land on the rain-shrouded field. The DC-3 flew back



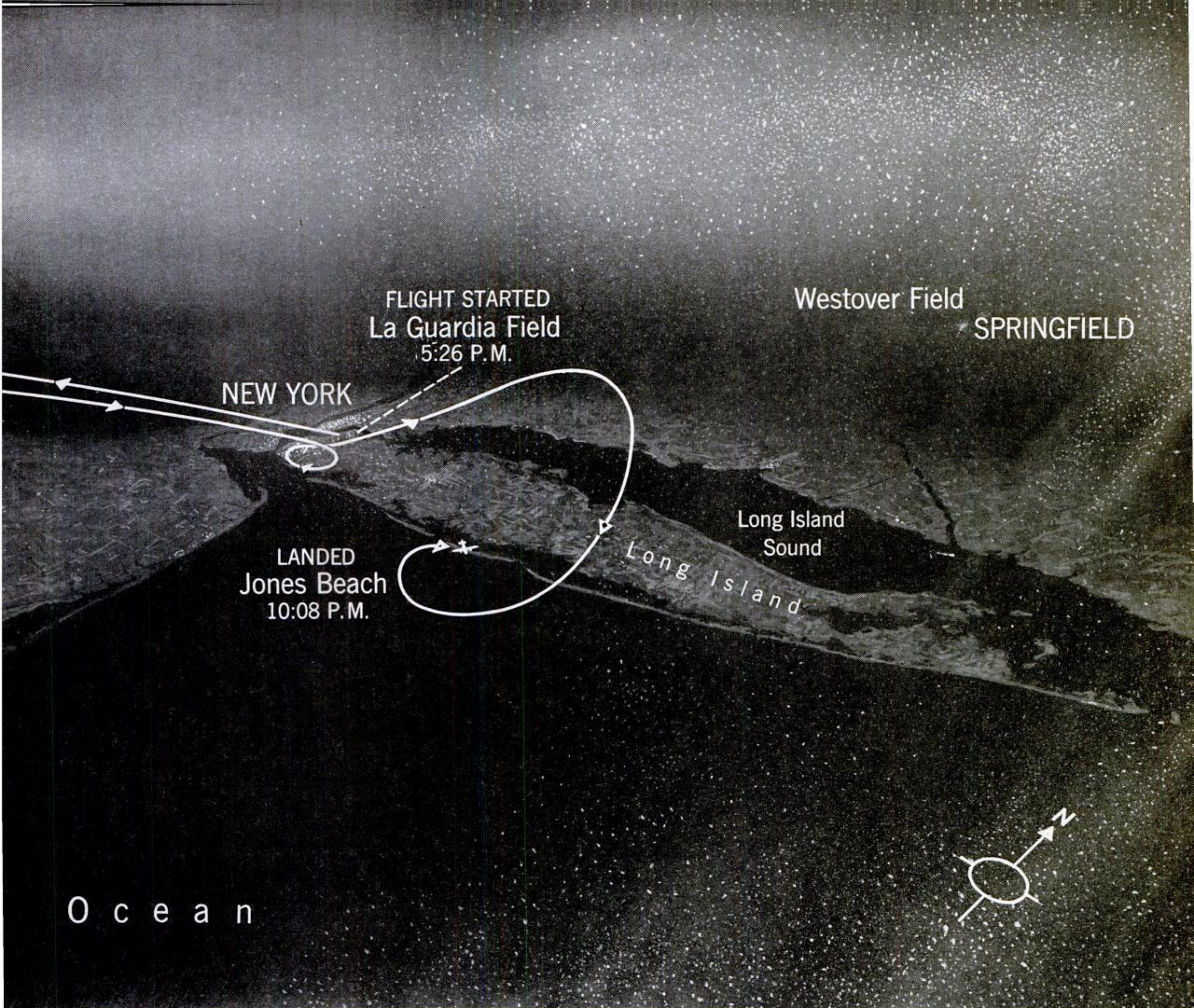
ON THE BEACH the DC-3 attracted the curious, had to be roped off. Its starboard engine was torn loose, both pilots suffered minor cuts. There were no other casualties.

WEATHER CAUSES CRASHES

Blind flying aids may solve 1947's major air problem

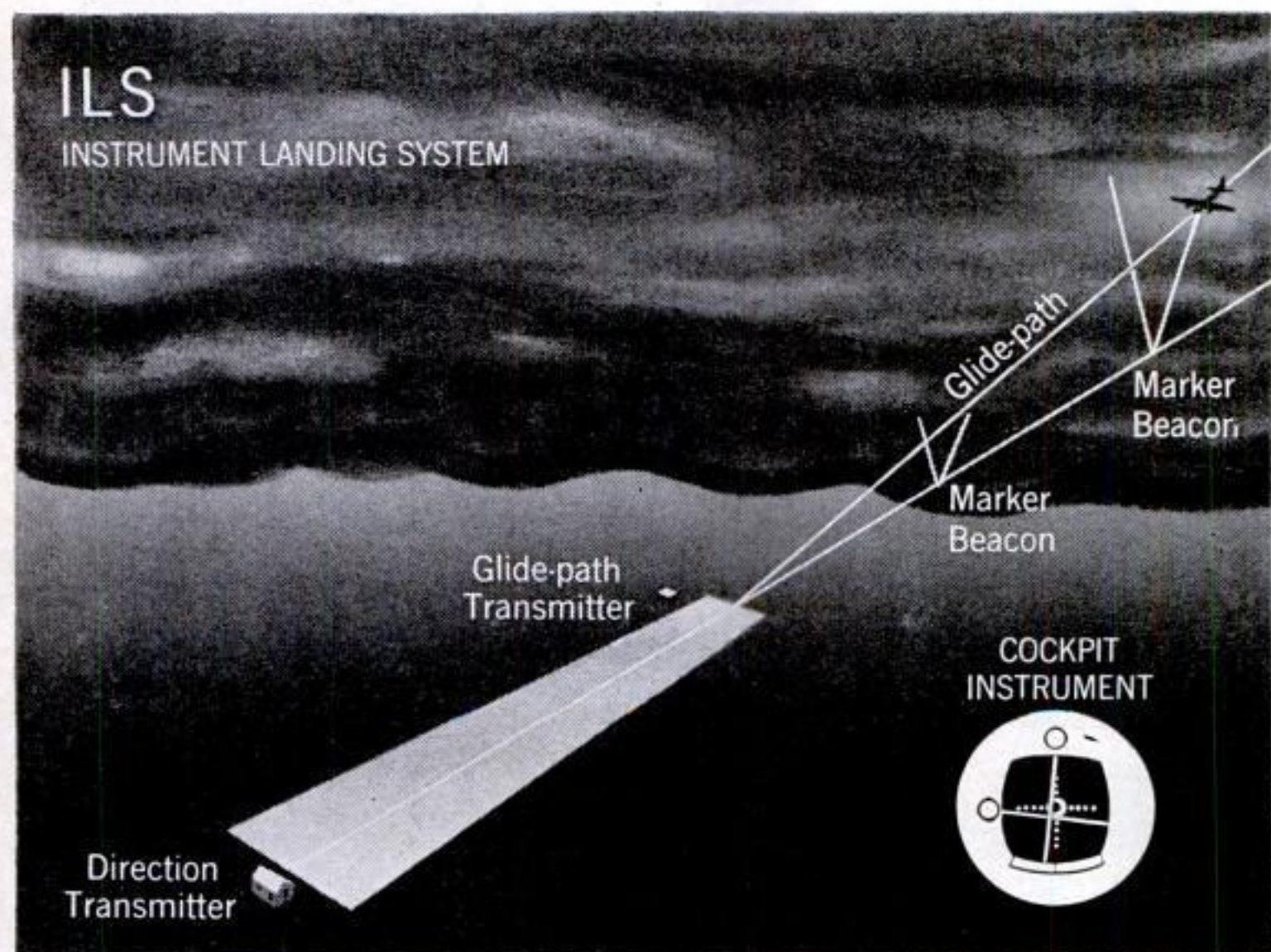
This winter's series of domestic airline crashes, some grotesque (*above*), most of them tragic, have killed 45 passengers. They also brought the problem of air safety forcibly home not only to the public but to the men who make their living in the airlines. Said David Behncke, president of the transport pilots' union, "The public is already jittery about air travel. . . . They have to be shown that honest-to-God efforts are being made for the maximum safety."

Two factors seem to have caused most of this winter's crashes: "pilot error" and thick weather. Pilot error, often the result of static-garbled radio beams, "stacking" of planes above overcrowded airports and the modern airliner's enormously complicated instruments, is difficult to correct. But two landing devices, Ground Controlled Approach and the Instrument Landing System (*right*) offer solutions to the weather problem. Both of them were used by U.S. air forces and since the war have been installed in a few civilian airports, where they have worked successfully. Last week Civil Aeronautics Administrator T. P. Wright said that such devices would have prevented 25% of last year's crashes. Both GCA and ILS are costly, both have flaws. But used together they offer one way to make flying a little safer and airline business a little better.

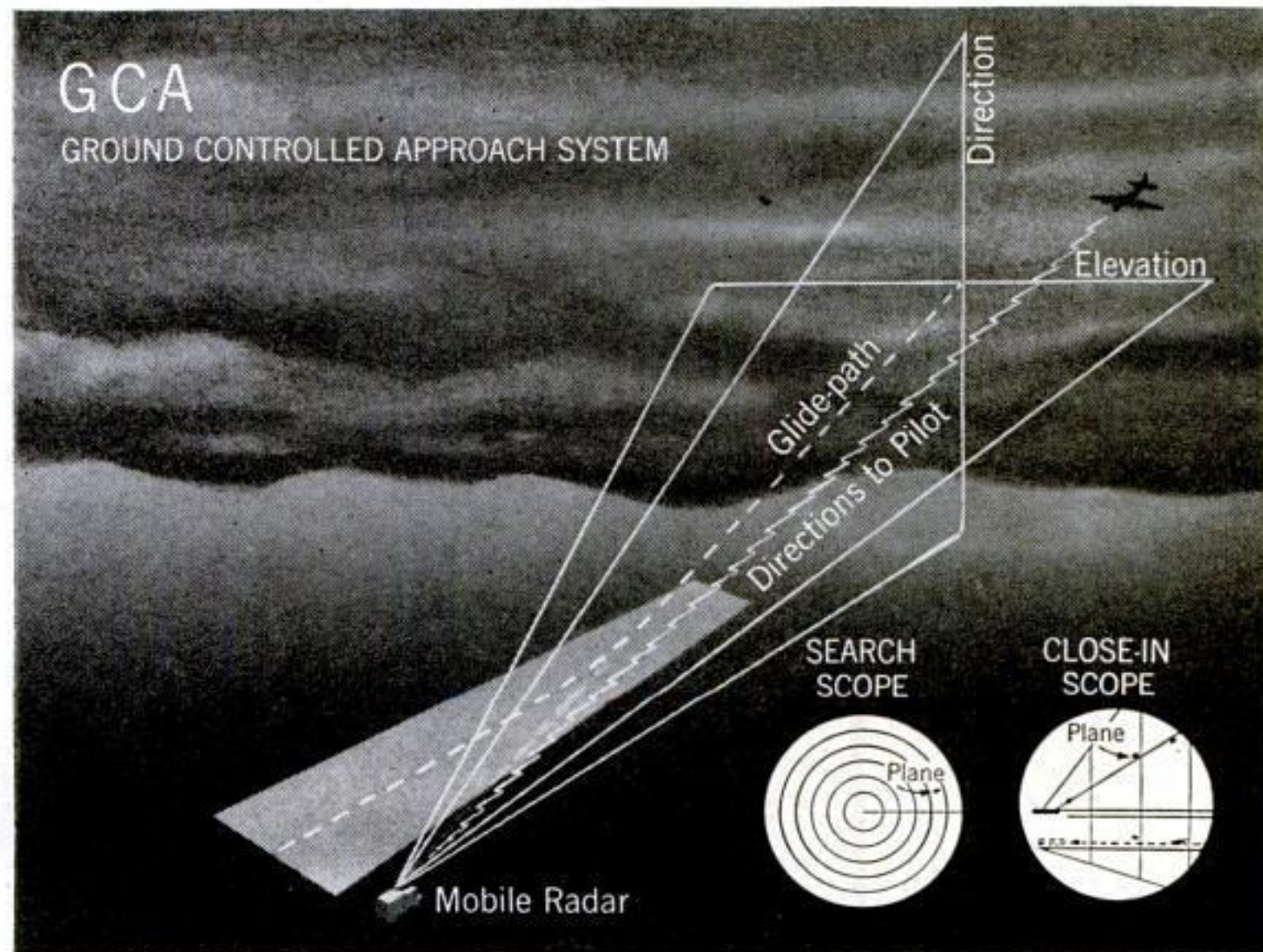


to Baltimore, could not get in because other planes were making emergency landings, vainly tried Philadelphia, went on to New York. But it was snowing at La Guardia. The

pilot headed for Westover Field, Conn. but, almost out of gas, had to make a crash landing on Jones Beach, 23 miles from where he had started out nearly five hours before.



TWO RADIO BEAMS connecting ground and pilot are basis of ILS system. One transmitter sends the frequency that determines path of plane's descent, and the other sends the frequency that determines direction of approach. Two needles of a cockpit instrument tell pilot if he is on right path. Marker beacons give him check on position.



THREE RADAR BEAMS working on the ground are basis of GCA system. First sweep beam picks up the plane 30 miles away, indicates it on the search scope (*inset, left*). Then the "close-in" scope (*inset, right*) picks it up, showing its elevation, direction and distance. Watching it, controller talks the pilot down onto the field landing strip.



ELECTRICALLY CHARGED WATER, SPOUTING FROM A SHEARED-OFF HYDRANT THROUGH HIGH-TENSION WIRES OVERHEAD, FALLS ON A WRECKED CAR IN SAN DIEGO

ELECTRIC RAIN

Motorist runs into a hot shower

On the night of Jan. 14 Sailor LeRoy Edmonds lost control of his automobile in the suburbs of San Diego, Calif., grazed an electric power-line pole and whacked into a fire hydrant. Two seconds later the public utilities joined forces and struck back at him. Sheared off at ground level, the hydrant loosed a booming 100-foot geyser which soaked and

short-circuited high-tension wires directly overhead. Thousands of sparks danced in the roaring waterspout and smothered the car in a cascade of incandescent rain. Sopping wet, Edmonds got away fast enough to escape injury, but before emergency crews were able to shut it off half an hour later, the crackling geyser had drenched his ruined car.



LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

"Our Latchstrings Out Again!"

"What fun to entertain once more! And how good it is to have such a marvelous soup as Campbell's Cream of Mushroom to add to the welcome! I simply never tasted such wonderful blending of mushrooms and cream.

Of course it's a 'must' in entertaining. And my husband practically commands this soup at least once a week, even when there's just the family—'because I like it', says he, giving a man's best reason!"



Campbell's

CREAM OF MUSHROOM SOUP

Made from tender hothouse mushrooms and extra-heavy sweet cream . . . Have you served this luxury soup lately?



KILLARNEY CASTLES

with egg
and olive sauce

1 box Birds Eye Spinach
1 teaspoon grated onion
1 cup boiling water, salted
1 tablespoon butter
1 teaspoon lemon juice

Remove spinach from carton. Cut block in 1-inch cubes with sharp knife. Add onion and cubes of spinach to boiling water, bring again to a boil, and boil 4 minutes, or until spinach is just tender; drain. Add butter and lemon juice. Mold spinach in greased custard cup and unmold on platter. Serve with Egg and Olive Sauce. Makes 4 servings.

Egg and Olive Sauce. Melt $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons butter in saucepan, add 2 tablespoons flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, and a dash of pepper and stir until smooth. Add $\frac{1}{8}$ cup water and $\frac{3}{4}$ cup chicken stock (or bouillon cube and water) gradually, stirring constantly. Then cook and stir until thickened. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon lemon juice, 6 sliced stuffed olives, and 4 sliced hard-cooked eggs. Heat thoroughly.

FOR 4 HUNGRY PEOPLE  -TRY KILLARNEY CASTLES!
(made with that very special Birds Eye Spinach)

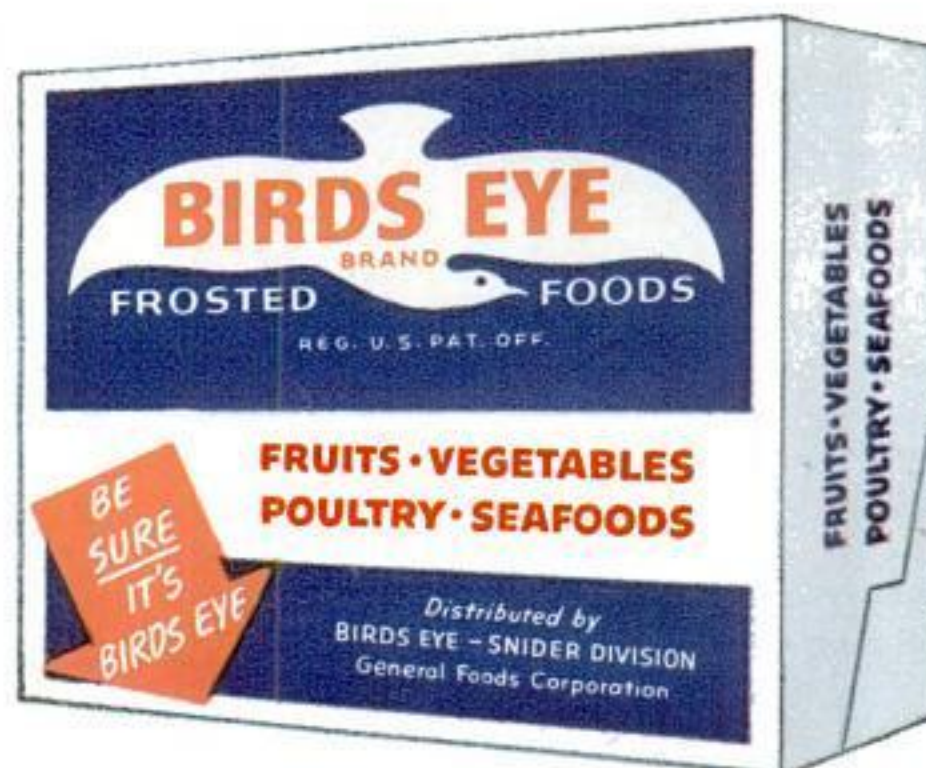
Here's springtime eating guaranteed to captivate jaded January appetites—

Mounds of tender, "thick leaf" Birds Eye Spinach with a lively, hearty egg and olive sauce.

You can fix 'em in a breeze. For Birds Eye super Spinach comes to you with every crisp, green leaf as free of grit as *showers* of icy water can clean it. Shed of stems, *singing* with *dawn-fresh* flavor!

It's a flavor you couldn't improve on—not even if you just gathered the spinach in your own June garden . . . a *glorious, just-picked* flavor that's sealed in by Birds Eye *within 4 hours* of the time the tender green stuff is snipped from its bed.

Serve Killarney Castles tonight, and get compliments that will be definitely *not* blarney!



DON'T BE A YES-GIRL!

When someone declares up and down that other brands of quick-frozen foods are "the same as" Birds Eye—well, you know better! If you've compared, you're **SURE** only the box marked Birds Eye is Birds Eye—and offers that wonderful Birds Eye quality.

CHIN UP, WOMAN!

Ask for Birds Eye, and be sure you *get* Birds Eye. Then you know you're getting the *very best* in quick-frozen vegetables, fruits, poultry, and seafoods—always guaranteed to satisfy or money back!





KNEELING BEFORE THE ORNATE GOTHIC ALTAR IN WASHINGTON CATHEDRAL, BISHOP SHERRILL SAYS PRAYER OF THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH'S PRESIDING BISHOP

NEW HEAD BISHOP

Henry Knox Sherrill is installed
as leader of U.S. Episcopalians

Long after the heralding trumpet was quiet Henry Knox Sherrill, about to be installed as presiding bishop of the U.S. Protestant Episcopal Church, knelt at the altar of Washington Cathedral last week (*above*). In an age-old ritual, used in England by new archbishops of Canterbury, he repeated the humble plea of Episcopal clergymen. It began: "Lord my God, I am not worthy. . . ."

Then, through an elaborate ceremony, Bishop Sherrill, grandson of a Congregational minister,

became the titular head of some 2,500,000 Episcopalians, succeeding his friend, white-haired Henry St. George Tucker. Unlike his predecessor, who served as Bishop of Virginia for seven years while holding the highest office in his church, Bishop Sherrill will shortly resign his place as Bishop of Massachusetts, take his seat in Washington Cathedral for a 12-year term. There he will continue his hard fight to unite America's churches, particularly his own Episcopal Church and Presbyterians.



CEREMONY OF INSTALLATION, patterned after old English service, begins in cathedral chancel. Here former U.S. Supreme Court Justice Owen J. Roberts, head of church's House of Deputies, reads formal certificate of Bishop Sherrill's election.



OATH OF OFFICE is taken by Bishop Sherrill. His right hand rests on the master copy of the *Book of Common Prayer*, kept in Washington, as the cathedral dean solemnly intones, "Whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister."



AS PRESIDING BISHOP Sherrill stands in a 20-foot-high oak stall to join in the singing of "We praise thee, O God." In rear row left is his family. In the challenging sermon he preached later, he asked other bishops of the church, the clergymen and

the congregation, "Where do we stand? What do you believe?" and urged each of them to reaffirm his Christian faith. Then all adjourned to a less formal ritual which, like the long and elaborate religious service, was borrowed from England: high tea.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 36



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The doors to better travel, on America's finest trains, are marked by the Pullman-Standard nameplate. You'll notice it on the door to the car vestibule—the stamp of quality built in by Pullman-Standard.

“Quality” in Pullman-Standard cars means finer, smoother railroad travel

You can walk a quarter-mile on some passenger trains, through fascinating cars that provide every facility for social enjoyment . . . sleeping cars, dining cars, lounge cars, cocktail rooms. Because of the over-all quality of Pullman-Standard construction, most of these cars have been Pullman-Standard built.

Quality means the right materials, correctly used; the craftsmanship of expert carbuilders. It means designing for restful passenger accommodations and beauty of appointments to please the eye. It involves the ingenious use of space; the control of vibration, sound, weather and light; the mastery of engineering problems in which absolute safety is a vital MUST.

Quality is the heart element in these cars which makes them excel in service to the railroads and to millions of travelers. You'll find it in cars bearing the Pullman-Standard nameplate.

PULLMAN-STANDARD CAR MANUFACTURING COMPANY • CHICAGO
Offices in six cities from coast to coast • Manufacturing plants at six strategic points

World's largest builders of streamlined railroad cars . . . **PULLMAN-STANDARD**



New Head Bishop CONTINUED

HE BELIEVES IN CHURCH UNITY AND IN LIBERAL CHRISTIANITY

At 56, Henry Knox Sherrill is young to be head of one of the richest and most powerful (and seventh largest) churches in the U.S. He was only 39 when he became bishop of Massachusetts after having refused two other bishoprics in order to stay at Boston's great Trinity Church, the pulpit made famous by the preachings of Phillips Brooks. There he wisely trained himself to preach forceful sermons that filled the collection plates, to steer clear of intrachurch disputes and to take a nonclerical interest in fishing along with a deeply religious stand against swearing. When the House of Bishops convened to choose its head last September, it elected Henry Sherrill in record time.

As a Brooklyn boy, born in 1890, young Henry at 3 wore a velvet and linen suit with a ministerial look (*below*), early showed a ministerial bent. He worked his way through Yale and then went on to Cambridge Theological Seminary. He played catcher on seminary baseball team for which William Lawrence, now bishop of Western Massachusetts, was pitcher. While still a student, he became absorbed in the beliefs which still motivate him: the ideal of worldwide Christian unity, which John R. Mott, grand old man of Protestant youth movements, taught him, and a faith in liberal teachings, which he absorbed from Presbyterian Henry Sloane Coffin. He achieved notable success at his first parish, the Church of Our Saviour in Brookline, Mass., where his sermons made a parishioner exclaim, "I don't like him. He keeps me awake."

THE RIGHT REVEREND HENRY KNOX SHERRILL IS A THOUGHTFUL, WELL-LOVED CHURCHMAN



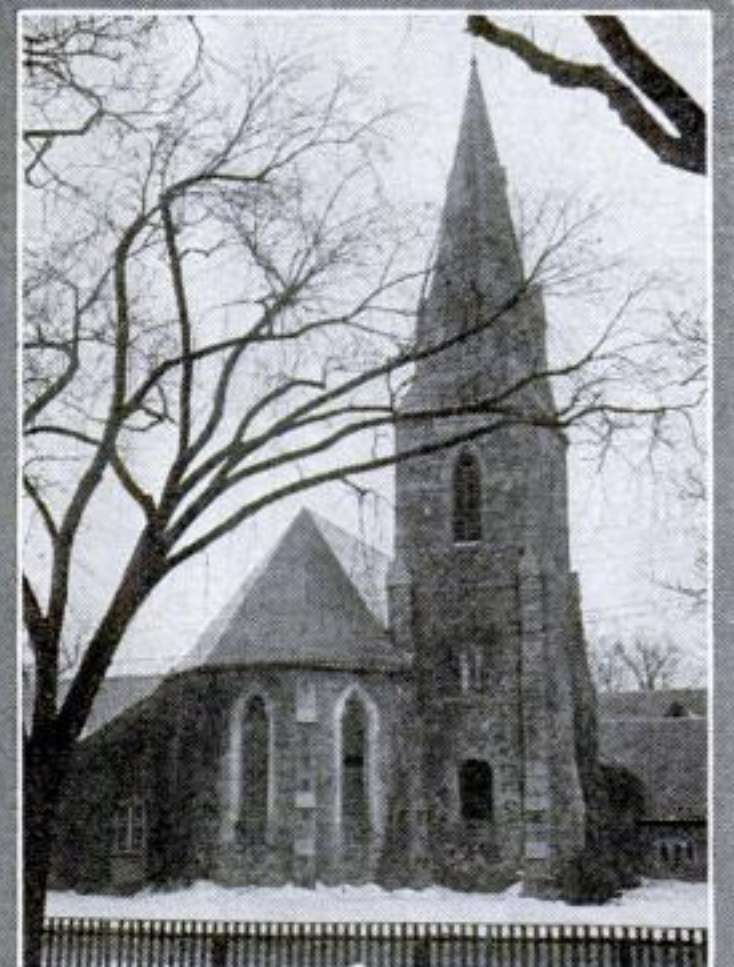
A CHURCHLY LOOK was given to baby Henry Sherrill by velvet suit which he wore in Brooklyn at tender age of 3.



AS DIVINITY STUDENT, 1911-14, at the Cambridge Seminary, he played baseball and learned liberal Christianity.



AS YOUNG CURATE in 1915, he assisted at Trinity Church in Boston, 8 years later returned there as rector.



FIRST PARISH was in Brookline, Mass. He took it over in 1919 after two years as Army chaplain in France.



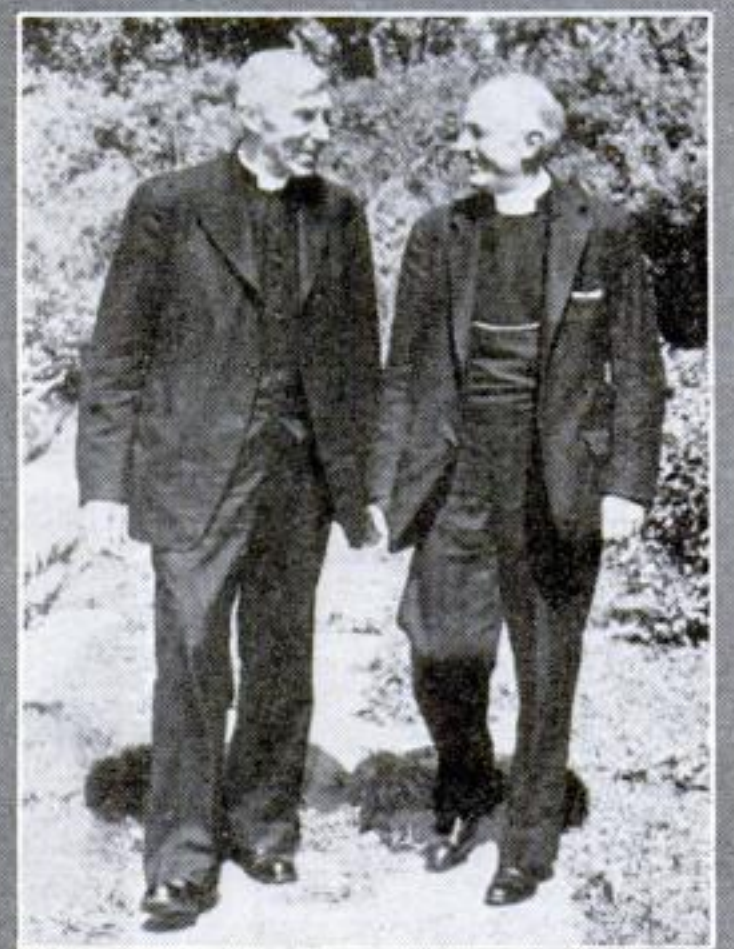
MARRIAGE to Barbara Harris in 1921 climaxed courtship conducted in grandstand of Fenway Park to avoid parishioners.



BISHOP of Massachusetts at the age of 39, he led one of the most active dioceses in Protestant Episcopal Church.



IN LAST WAR as chairman of Army-Navy chaplain commission, he confirms new member at GI altar in Aleutians.



AT CONVENTION which elected him last September, he chats with the retiring presiding bishop Henry Tucker (*left*).

RCA Victor
65X2



*FINEST
TONE SYSTEM
IN RCA VICTOR HISTORY*

This symbolizes the "Golden Throat"—RCA Victor's exclusive 3-Way Acoustical System. This thrilling development is explained technically in an illustrated booklet attached to RCA Victor instruments.

Twin Values...

in beauty and performance...
the lowest priced radios with the

"Golden Throat!"

● Here's a hard-to-beat pair of aces! These beautifully designed table sets—less than twelve inches long—have RCA Victor's exclusive "Golden Throat" tone system! Plenty of volume, too, with automatic volume control... yet they're low in price! Extra-large Magic Loop antenna... no ground wire needed. The colorful, straight-line dial, big knobs, mean easy, accurate tuning.

Choose the smooth Antique Ivory-plastic cabinet for your bedside table... tuck it into a kitchen shelf and listen while you work... on the breakfast table, it takes little more space than a toaster! The neat, walnut-plastic cabinet is at home in modern or traditional living rooms. It's an ideal "extra" set for children's room, guest room or den.

These compact table sets are at your RCA Victor dealer's now... small in size and price, but full-toned star performers!



RCA Victor
65X1

RCA VICTOR



Division of RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA



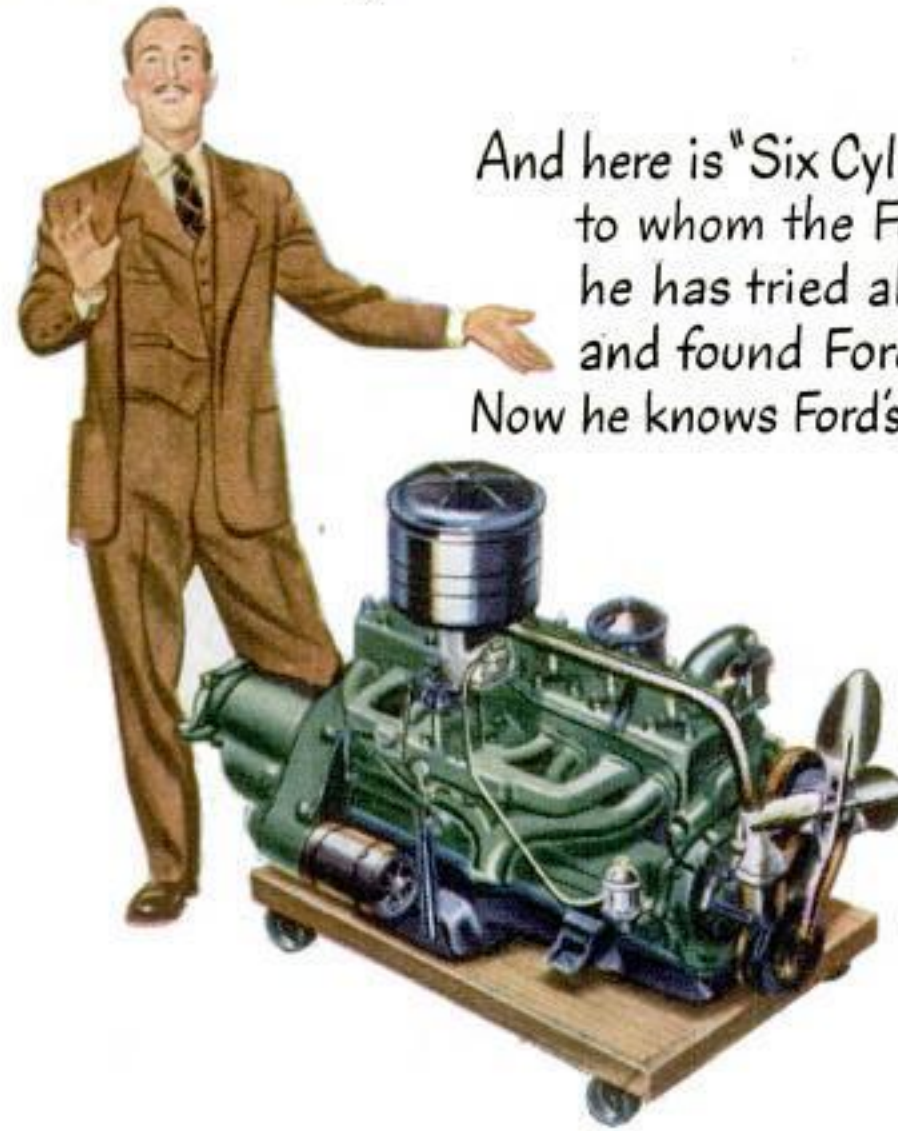
ONLY RCA VICTOR MAKES THE VICTROLA*

*"Victrola" T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

There was a young fellow named Tate
who said "I prefer a V-8
It's a wower for power
with a hundred horsepower
And brother, for hustlin'...that's great!"



And here is "Six Cylinder" McShield,
to whom the Ford Six has appealed..
he has tried all the rest,
and found Ford the best..
Now he knows Ford's ahead in the field.

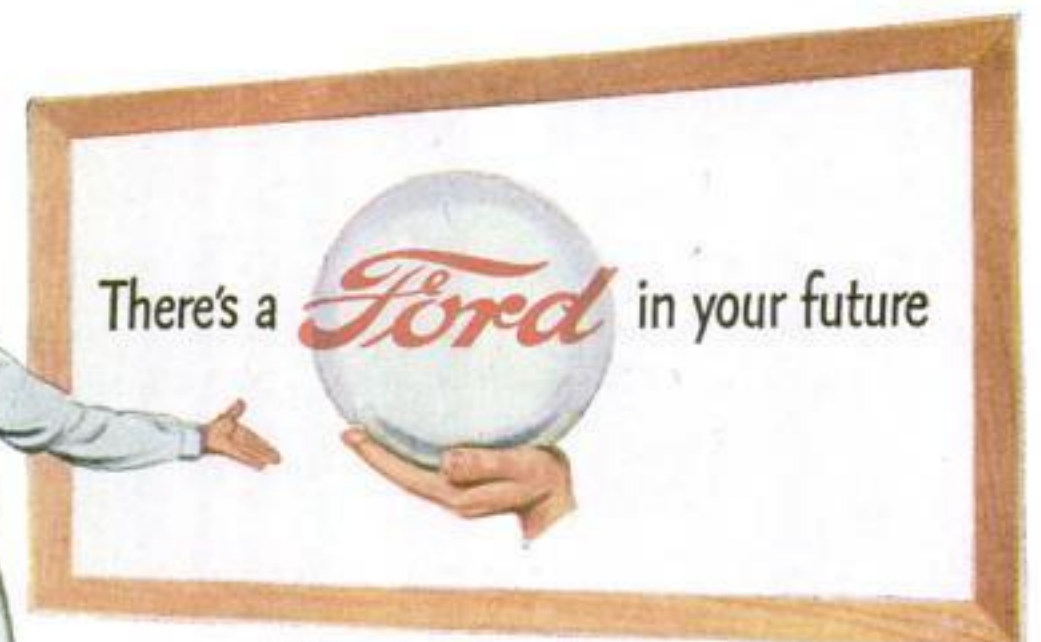


**Ford's out Front
with a famous V-8
And a brilliant, new 6
Folks say is great!**

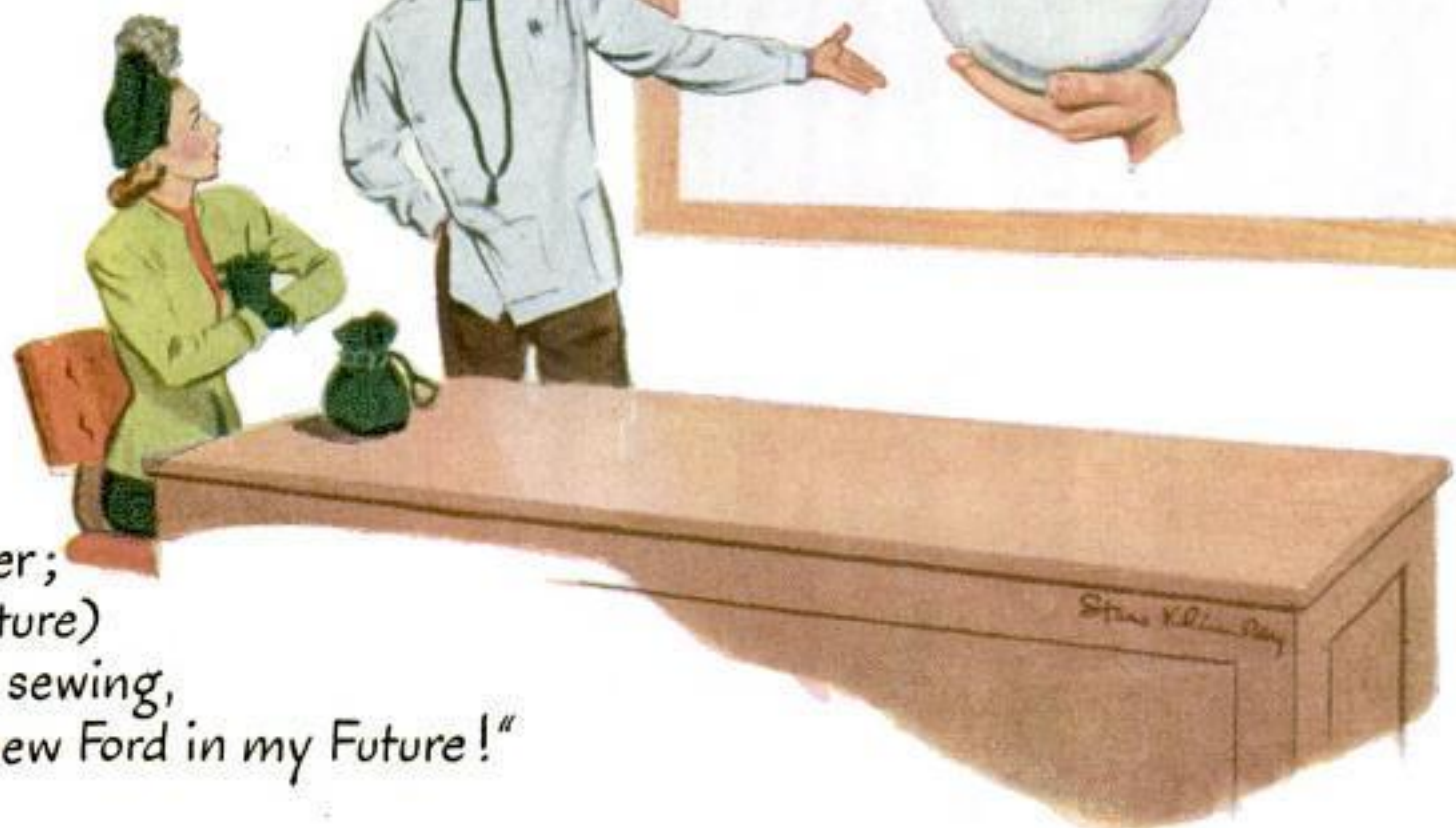
There was a technician named Boyce
who said in his technician's voice
"Choose the Six or the Eight
They're both of 'em great
It's simply a matter of choice!"

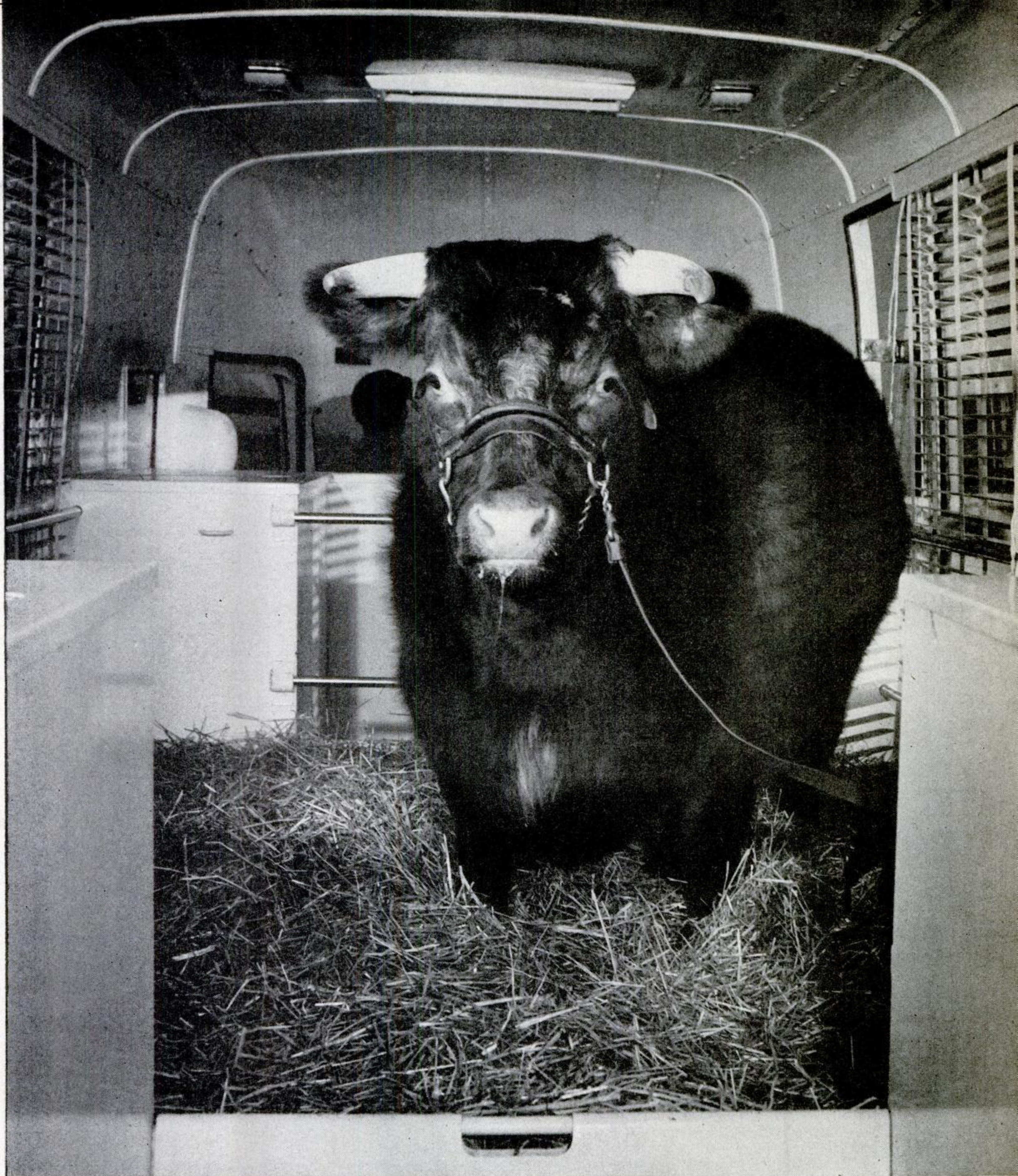


Said a penny-wise man from East Liston,
"The 4-ring aluminum piston
saves oil and saves gas,
gives you power to pass,
So a Ford Eight or a Six
I'll insist on!"



Said a young doctor named Bloocher;
(a whizz with a needle and suture)
"I'm done with my sewing,
Away I am going to buy the new Ford in my Future!"





GRAND CHAMPION STEER, ROYAL JUPITER, STARTS TOUR IN VAN WHOSE EQUIPMENT INCLUDES PHONOGRAPH TO PLAY HIS FAVORITE SONG, THE "BLUE DANUBE"

FANCY CATTLE CAR

A champion steer goes on a tour of 20,000 miles in a de luxe van

The current campus glamour boy of Oklahoma A. & M. is a 1,380-pound hunk of beef named Royal Jupiter. Born in the college's animal husbandry department and reared by the students, Jupiter became this year's International Grand Champion Steer. As a publicity stunt the Firestone Tire & Rubber Company promptly bought the champ for \$14,490 and is taking him on a 20,000-mile tour of the country to show farmers and Four-H Clubs

how prize-winning beef looks. To keep him happy Firestone gave Jupiter a luxurious truck (*above*) and an attendant to keep his coat fluffily marcelled and his hoofs daintily manicured while on the road. Then, before he left college, hundreds of students turned out to give him a big send-off (*see p. 40*). But the students' celebration was mixed with sadness. When he finishes his triumphal tour, Royal Jupiter will wind up on the dinner table.



You'll
love
this
slip!

Lovely to look at...
delightful to wear...
figure-proportioned slips
...for everybody's
Valentines! Bur-Mil*
rayon...at better
stores...about \$4

seamprufe*

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



Fancy Cattle Car CONTINUED



SEND-OFF in proper style is given Jupiter as his attendant, Herbert Carrier, leads him to his van. Jupiter netted \$14,490 for college when sold as prime beef.

*Stay Sweet
with*

LEAF
CHEWING GUM

THE FLAVOR LINGERS LONGER



WELCOME for Jupiter (in truck, rear) includes parade led by drum major-ettes in Perry, Okla., first stop. Schools let out to observe King Jupiter Day.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 42

At last—that glorious “drink-it-and-sleep” 

Sanka Coffee in new instant form!



*What aroma! What wonderful flavor!
So convenient! And 97% caffeine-free!*



This news is a coffee-lover's dream come true!

For now you can enjoy rich, flavorful Sanka Coffee in instant form!

What glorious aroma and flavor!

To get it—just put one teaspoonful of Instant Sanka (more if desired) in your cup. Add boiling water, stir.

Presto! You have the most glorious cup of coffee imaginable.

But more than *that*! You can drink Instant Sanka and *sleep*.

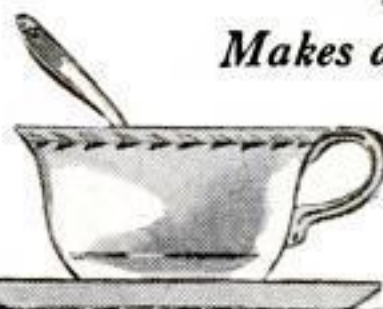
Like regular Sanka, Instant Sanka is *all* coffee...*real* coffee; nothing added, nothing removed but the caffeine.

Both Instant Sanka and regular Sanka are at your grocer's or super-market. Try Sanka today. Ask for it at good restaurants everywhere.

MADE INSTANTLY IN THE CUP!

*Look for Instant Sanka
in this small jar.*

*Makes about as many cups
as a pound of regular Sanka.*

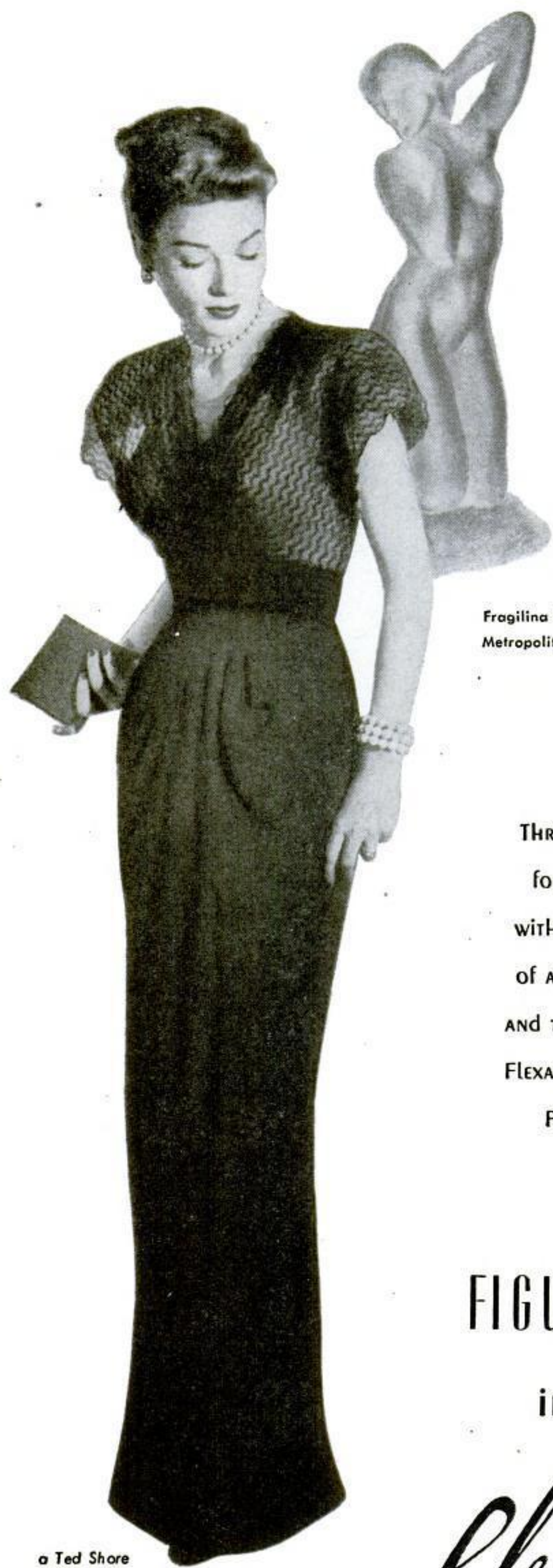


new!

INSTANT SANKA COFFEE

*Use
Regular Sanka
for flavorful
drip or percolator
coffee!*

Listen to Instant Sanka's New Thriller—"The Adventures of the Thin Man," CBS, Fri., 8:30 p.m., E.S.T.; 7:30 p.m., C.S.T.; 10:30 p.m., M.S.T.; 9:30 p.m., P.S.T. Don't miss this half-hour of chiller-diller entertainment!



Fragilina by Attilio Piccirilli
Metropolitan Museum of Art

THRILLING NEW BEAUTY
for your figure...
with the firm flattery
of a FLEXEES girdle...
and the lovely lift of a
FLEXAIRE BRA in the new
PULCHRA Design.

FIGURES

in

flexees

a Ted Shore
Original



FLEXEES* world's loveliest foundations

Fancy Cattle Car CONTINUED



BACK DOOR of Jupiter's truck has ramp to use when steer goes strolling. Equipment includes food storage bins, a fan, medicine cabinet, phonograph.



CROWD'S VIEW of Jupiter is through large side window. Most farmers wanted to pinch him to see if flesh felt "mellow" as good beef should. It did.



JUPITER'S VIEW of crowd is equally good. He stared back phlegmatically at people watching him. When blinds were lowered, he peeked between slats

"Mmm! Alligator?"

"no, even better...it's

Firestone
Velon"



Better than leather? Well, if a material wears practically forever . . . doesn't scuff, crack or peel . . . wipes clean with a damp cloth . . . never needs a shine . . . it's better than leather! And it's Firestone Velon, in leather-like textures that are the favorite of top-flight handbag, luggage and shoe designers! And versatile Velon, in its three other forms, improves on nature, too. All of them keep new-looking with years of use and abuse; even wipe clean with a damp cloth! Velon tinted plastic screening, six times stronger than metal, never needs protective paint. Color-fresh fabrics woven of Velon fibre make lighter, brighter upholstery practical. Pliable, soft Velon film . . . sheds water like a duck . . . in kitchen, bath or rainy weather! Look for Velon products in leading stores everywhere!

LISTEN TO THE VOICE OF FIRESTONE MONDAY EVENINGS OVER NBC



Firestone Velon*

*TRADE MARK

Vegetable variety? Lady, you're looking at it! Choose any one with confidence—they're all in the Del Monte family



1-We put extra care here

Extra care where? Right at headquarters—where sharp eyes and trained tastes make a final "re-review" of the many foods our many canneries pack.

You'd think it would be enough to check quality at every step inside the cannery doors. But not for a brand like Del Monte. Each plant laboratory must first make its own quality check of each day's run. Then samples of that same pack are rushed to our main headquarters' laboratory for a last "master-inspection." Not until then does any product earn the Del Monte label.

Characteristic? Yes indeed! Because flavor is our responsibility—to you and to our brand. We know every bit of extra care we take means greater enjoyment for you.

2-You get extra flavor here

You're never at a loss for garden goodness with so many Del Monte Brand Vegetables to choose from! A variety for every taste, every need—all with the same flavor-sure Del Monte Quality. Enjoy 'em one by one—or round up several in a bright get-together like

VEGETABLE VARIETY SALAD BUFFET

Arrange your choice of chilled Del Monte Vegetables, salad greens and garnishes on a large plate. Very handsome—and so good it deserves something really special in the way of dressings! Here's one everybody likes:

- | | |
|---|--------------------------------|
| 1 cup mayonnaise | 6 tbsps. Del Monte Chili Sauce |
| 1 hard-cooked egg, chopped | 2 tbsps. chopped onion |
| 4 tbsps. thinly sliced stuffed green olives | 2 tbsps. vinegar |
| | ¼ tsp. Worcestershire sauce |

Combine ingredients; stir till thoroughly blended; chill.

Extra flavor? Sure—Del Monte always puts

flavor first

Del Monte

VEGETABLES





THREE DOORS FROM THE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE, CLIFFORD SITS READY FOR ANY ASSIGNMENT

CLARK CLIFFORD

Though critics have jeered at "the pretty boy in the White House," he has turned into the Hopkins and Rosenman of the Administration

by ERNEST HAVEMANN

CLARK McADAMS CLIFFORD, the St. Louisan who has suddenly become top adviser to the Truman administration, has been called the most gorgeous hunk of man to hit Washington since Paul McNutt. If anything, this is an understatement. McNutt's good looks were a sort of middle-aged afterthought compounded of prematurely silver hair and some expensive porcelain fancywork by his dentist. Clark Clifford, who was 40 on Christmas Day, is still in the full flush of his youth. The passing years have only turned his hair, which looks as if it had been waved with a micrometer, from taffy to buttered toast. He has all his own teeth, which are enough to send McNutt's dentist back to bricklaying, and scarcely an ounce of spare fat on his long and remarkably graceful

frame. Newcomers to White House conferences, dazzled by Clifford's appearance from the wings, sometimes have the momentary illusion that they have wandered by mistake into a musical-comedy rehearsal and are about to watch a young leading man pick up a football and sing *Boola Boola*.

Clifford, a man of versatile talent, could oblige them if he chose. Though he never played football, he stands 6 feet 2 inches, weighs 184 pounds and could doubtless have succeeded anywhere from end to fullback. As for singing, he has a rich baritone voice and was actually engaged at one time, in an offhand way, in the musical-comedy business. He sang in the Quadrangle Club at Washington University in St. Louis, where he took his law degree, and during

his early years as an alumnus helped direct the club's annual musical show. He was their best matinee idol of the last three decades, and later the shows he helped produce were the nearest thing to professional in the Quadrangle Club's history.

Like many men to whom nature has been almost too generous, Clifford views his endowments with mixed emotions. When he was a boy, he had to get used to having adults exclaim, "My, what a beautiful baby he must have been!" Today he runs the constant risk, when introduced to a Washington dowager, of having her proclaim, as if she were just discovering something new, "I'll bet the girls were crazy about you in college!" Naturally he has trouble getting people to take him as seriously as he would

PERSONNALLY Speaking:

"I only shave downward—
South, that is!"

says

**Senator
Claghorn**

Kenny Delmar star of
"IT'S A JOKE, SON!"
an Eagle-Lion Production



"Yes, sir...that southern stroke plus a Personna Blade is the greatest combination for smooth shaves I ever saw. Even when I face Nor... the opposite of South, that is...I get slick shaves from Personna. Smooth as a Georgia peach, I say.

"Lots of 'em, too. Smooth shaves, that is. Why, I figure I get so many extra shaves from every Personna Blade that they cost me even less than ordinary blades. 'Specially since I pay for 'em in Yankee coin, instead of good old Confederate money.



"And d'you know why Personna Blades are so good? Keen, that is. Well, they're made on South River Street—South River, that is—in Plattsburgh, N. Y., just south of the border. That makes 'em southern blades, son...so they're twice as good!"



**Twice
as many shaves
guaranteed!**

Yes, if you don't get twice as many smoother shaves from Personna than from your present blades... we'll buy you two packs of any blade you choose. That's a guarantee! Buy Personna today, for the smoothest shaves of your life!



10 for \$1

NOW! double edge and single edge

PERSONNA

Precision Blades

Personna Blades are made in the U.S.A., Canada, Great Britain and South America, and are sold all over the world.

CLIFFORD CONTINUED

like. Although he has been at President Truman's side for 19 months, first as naval aide and now as special counsel, his name had hardly appeared in a newspaper dispatch until last November, when his role in the White House fight against John L. Lewis became so prominent that even reporters prejudiced against beauty in any form could no longer overlook it. By that time he had helped draft the President's policy on military training, had written the famous speech at the time of the railroad strike last spring and the veto of the antiunion Case bill and had done all the heavy work of selecting the Atomic Energy Commission, whose members are perhaps the most felicitous choice for the most im-



AT 2, Clark lived in Fort Scott, Kan. The family soon moved to St. Louis.

portant job in all governmental history. Yet even then, during his preliminary skirmishes with John Lewis, labor people dismissed him contemptuously as "that pretty boy in the White House." Not until John Lewis caved in against superior force did the labor people rub their eyes, take a second look and realize that Clark Clifford, handsome or not, was a factor to be reckoned with.

At the moment Clifford is serving Mr. Truman as a sort of combination Harry Hopkins and Sam Rosenman, available for advice, trouble-shooting or speech-writing. Though he does not live in the White House, he spends most of his time there. His office, once occupied by Judge Rosenman, is only three doors away from the President's, and traffic between the two has grown increasingly heavy in recent months. The President is likely to call Clifford in at any moment, on almost any problem, and say, "Clark, I want you to handle this." Sometimes, as when he worked on decontrolling meat prices, he helps set policy. On other occasions he is called on to execute a policy already decided upon, as when he wrote the statements announcing Wilson Wyatt's demise as housing administrator.

In the presidential group Clifford is something of a freak. Though he makes a studied use of profanity, he takes no part in the ribald prankery with which Military Aide Harry Vaughan helps enliven the White House day. He does not enjoy the old-crony status of Snyder or Jake Vardaman, or talk the President's political language as does Secretary Matt Connelly. About all he seems to have in common with Mr. Truman is the same middle-road philosophy of government and a detailed knowledge of American history. Yet the two have become fast friends and mutual admirers. They lunch together two or three times a week, often in the White House basement restaurant. About once a week Clifford has dinner in the President's family dining room and frequently, though an ulcer keeps him from drinking, he takes part in late-afternoon or evening sessions when the President and his friends relax around a bottle of bourbon.



COLLEGE DAYS found Clifford noted as tennis player, glee-club singer.

In his rise to this position of influence, Clifford has naturally inspired a great deal of envy, first in St. Louis law circles, then in the Navy, where he rose from lieutenant j.g. to captain in 21 months, and finally in Washington. Among his detractors it is popular to say that he gets by on his looks. A large segment of the St. Louis legal profession, for example, believes to this day that he has his hair curled—a complete misapprehension and possibly the prettiest tribute ever paid to the beauticians' trade. The detractors are wrong. Clifford has an unusually quick and logical mind and a passion for self-improvement. He has always worked much harder than most men can drive themselves. In his present job he is no mere presidential whim but a solid and energetic administrator who may help Mr. Truman erase his early mistakes and become one of the best lame-duck presidents in history.

Yet it is undoubtedly true that Clifford's appearance has helped

CONTINUED ON PAGE 46

*"I've lost my
self-respect..."*

There was a ring on "Angel's" finger . . .

but she was cherished too little . . .

left alone too much . . .

Every woman knows her torment . . .

many men know her too well . . . !



Walter Wanger presents

SUSAN HAYWARD · LEE BOWMAN

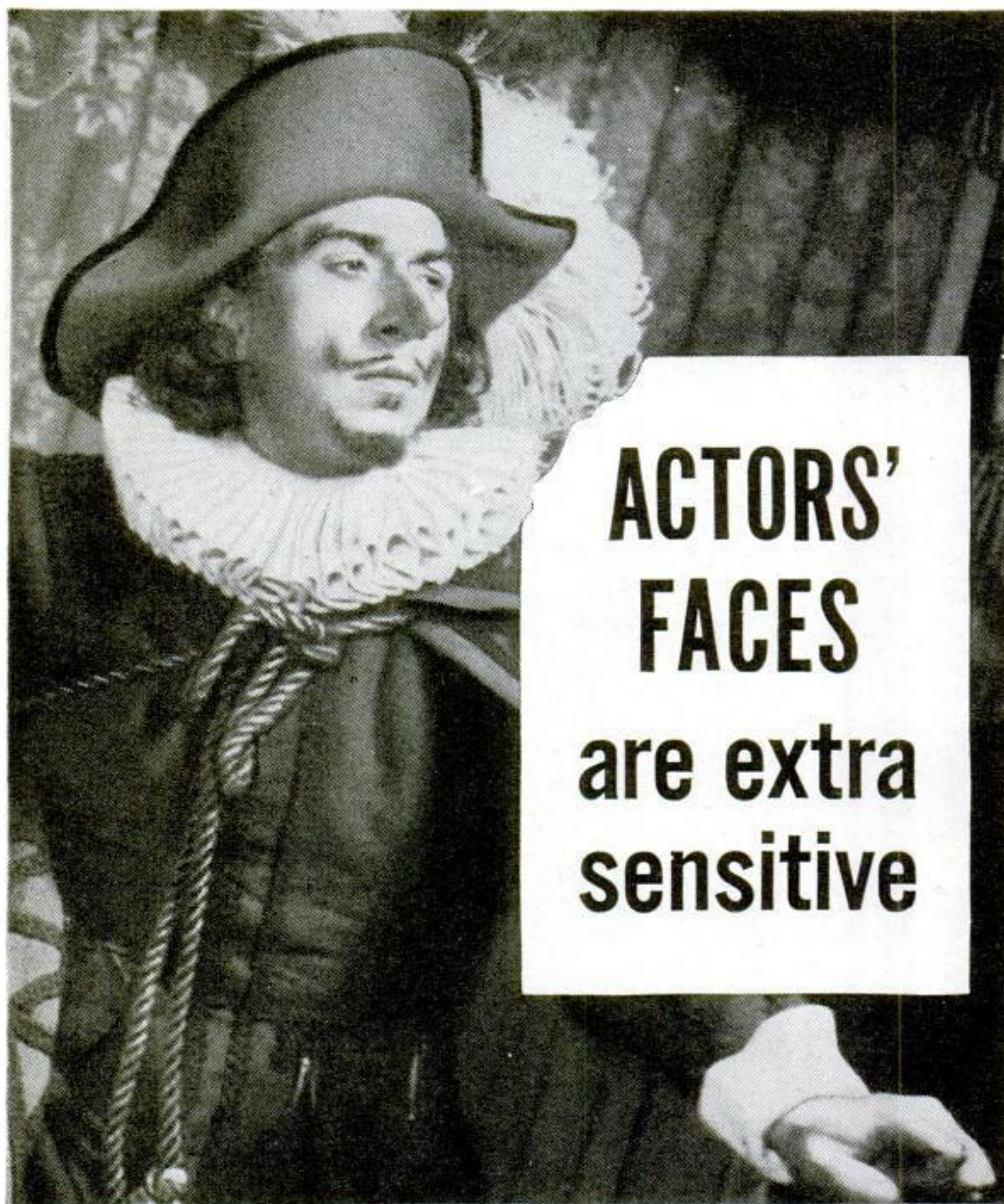
MARSHA HUNT · EDDIE ALBERT



in
SMASH-UP
The Story of a Woman!

with CARL ESMOND · CARLETON YOUNG · CHARLES D. BROWN

Screenplay by John Howard Lawson · Additional Dialogue by Lionel Wiggam · Original Story by Dorothy Parker
and Frank Cavett · Directed by Stuart Heisler · Produced by Walter Wanger
A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE



*—that's why José Ferrer
shaves with soothing WILLIAMS*

COMPLETE to the traditional false nose, José Ferrer's appearance in the title role of "Cyrano de Bergerac" is a make-up triumph. But such artistry has drawbacks. Mr. Ferrer explains: "Removing my stage make-up leaves my face sore. I can't take chances with irritating shaving creams so I always use Williams. It never stings or irritates."

Williams is so completely easy on the face because it's made with mild-to-begin-with ingredients, carefully blended in precise amounts. Williams

gives you the benefits of over 100 years' experience in manufacturing fine shaving preparations.

Smooth, Comfortable Shaves

Rich, heavy-lathering Williams soaks whiskers thoroughly soft. It lets you get a close, clean shave in comfort . . . leaves the face feeling smoother and softer, refreshed.

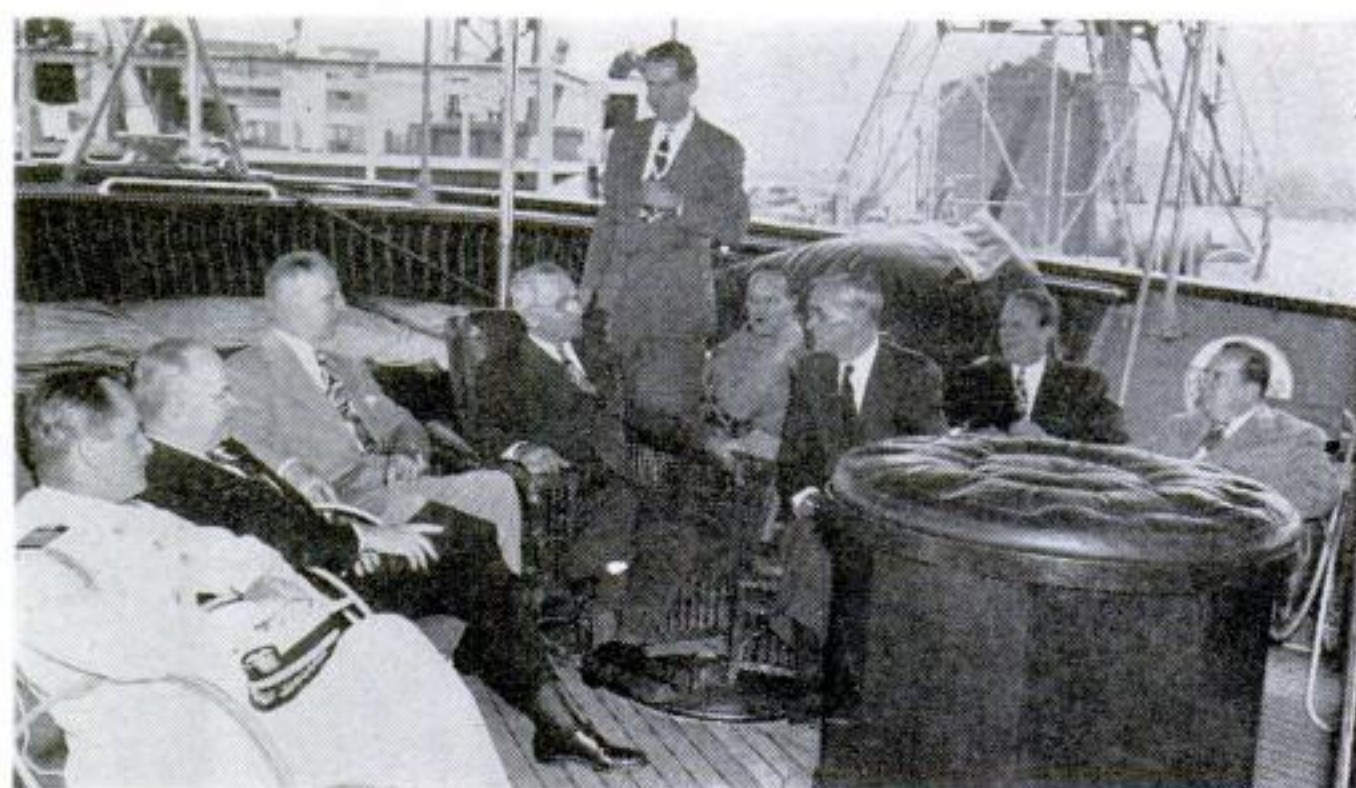
Treat your face to a tube of Williams today. If you prefer a brushless shave, try the new Williams Brushless Cream.



RALPH BELLAMY, star of the Pulitzer Prize-winning comedy, "State of the Union," says: "Taking off make-up after every performance leaves the face sensitive . . . but I can shave closely without soreness when I use Williams Shaving Cream. It doesn't sting or irritate."



★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★
NOTE — BRUSHLESS SHAVERS — Williams has the same luxurious shaving cream qualities in a new Williams Brushless Cream.



ON PRESIDENT'S YACHT last summer, Clifford joined the White House inner circle. John Snyder is second from the left, George Allen at far right.

CLIFFORD CONTINUED

him in one peculiar and important way. Since his profile made him a marked man from birth, he has acquired a self-confidence which drives him upward as relentlessly as a helium tank. He is almost completely oblivious of criticism or the possibility of failure. This quality, while it often infuriates men of greater humility, has helped him all through his career and is now one of his greatest assets. It enabled him to team with Interior Secretary Julius Krug and stand up against John L. Lewis—something that no other government official in recent history had dared to do—with no qualms whatever. Although many of the nation's corporation lawyers, despite their prejudice against Lewis, thought that the government's legal case against the mine union leader rested on shaky grounds, Clifford has never doubted for a moment that the government's brief would be upheld by the trial judge, the Appellate and Supreme Court and, if things ever came to such a pass, by the 12 disciples. During the crucial stages of the battle, when many outside observers feared that the government's impudence might be driving John Lewis to keep his miners out all year and when even some of the presidential advisers who helped plot the strategy were wavering, Clifford held the White House team together like an old coach daring anybody to intimidate his boys. When Lewis finally called off the strike, Clifford was moderately pleased but not a bit surprised.

It helped to have the chips down

CLIFFORD grew up in the west end of St. Louis, which is the most fashionable. His father, now dead, was an auditor for the Missouri Pacific Railroad, his mother a lecturer and story-writer of considerable local fame. His uncle on his mother's side was the famed Clark McAdams, late great liberal editorial writer of the *Post-Dispatch*. Young Clark got out of high school a few days after his 17th birthday and then decided on the law. A middling student his first year, he moved up fast as his interest increased. In the state bar examinations, when the chips were really down, he ranked second among 350 applicants.

Although the law field was already crowded when Clifford got out of school in 1928, he managed to pester Jacob Lashly, a thriving downtown attorney who was later to become president of the American Bar Association, into granting him the job of cleaning up the office library and running errands—in return for telephone privileges and a salary of no dollars a week. From this lowly beginning, Clifford started to branch out by offering his services as public defender in the criminal courts. His manner of volunteering was not too apt—he told the judges, "If you ever have a defendant who can't afford a lawyer, I hope you'll call on me." The judges smiled at this ingenuous way of putting it but soon gave Clifford his first case.

The client was a sullen individual accused of stealing an automobile. In fact he had been caught red-handed at the wheel of the stolen car, whose back seat bore a set of burglar tools which a veteran St. Louis detective was prepared to describe on the witness stand as "the most expert I ever saw." On the face of it the case looked hopeless. But Clifford chose to regard the trial as another Dreyfus incident. He spent a month sifting the facts for extenuating circumstances. He read, somewhat dreamily, the biographies of Clarence Darrow, Marshall Hall and John Philpot Curran, the famed defense attorneys.

As the trial progressed and he poked holes into the district attorney's arguments, he could see the jurymen's admiring glances.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 51



"Hmm—more smart people making tracks for Calvert!"

The sensible trend's to Calvert! Sensible...
because it's the "whiskey of moderation"...blessed with
friendly lightness...congenial taste...all-around
whiskey agreeableness. We suggest you try it. Then you,
too, will understand why...

Clear Heads Choose Calvert

Calvert
BLENDED WHISKIES
Reserve **OR** *Special*

Calvert Distillers Corporation, New York City. BLENDED WHISKEY '86.8 Proof. Calvert "Reserve"—65% Grain Neutral Spirits... Calvert "Special"—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits

How to cook "fluff-up" rice...

use **Club
Aluminum**

You've wondered how some people put the snow-white fluffy tenderness in rice. Lady, you don't have to be a Chinese expert or know a deep-dyed secret to do it yourself. You just need a Club Aluminum saucepan and these simple directions:

Rinse rice in cold running water until water is clear. Then put it in your Club Aluminum saucepan. Add, not oceans of H₂O but just twice as much water as rice and a teaspoon of salt per cup of rice. Bring to a boil, then let cook for five minutes with heat very low. Turn off heat, leave on cover, and let stand for 35 minutes.

The "Full Flavor" principle of cooking in **Club Aluminum Hammercraft Waterless Cookware** is fine for other foods, too, as more than 3,000,000 women have already found.

Get it for more fun, flavor and form in food. Nine different pieces, all with that exclusive hammered "jewelry store" look. And what a "natural" for gifts.



FULL FLAVOR



See how the heat curls evenly around food on all sides. "Waterless" principle means vitamins and minerals don't drain down the sink. Low-heat method saves fuel.

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CLIFFORD CONTINUED

His final plea, though rehearsed for weeks, had a quality of impromptu sincerity which left them limp in their seats. As they filed out to start their deliberations, he sat back weary but flushed with success. He barely had time to mop his brow. The jury was back in 15 minutes. His client got 20 years.

The verdict was perhaps more shattering to Clifford, who did not have to serve the sentence, than to his client, who did. His next experiences were equally disillusioning; looking back at his first dozen trials he recalls, "I sent a steady stream of men to Jefferson City"—home of the Missouri penitentiary. Yet he stuck doggedly to his guns. In his last 10 cases as public defender he got half his clients acquitted.

In his first six months as a lawyer Clifford earned \$30 gross. The next year, 1929, he was still doing so indifferently that he could afford to take the summer off, without appreciable financial sacrifice, and go to Europe. He returned just in time for the October stock-market crash, which threatened to make his first six months seem like the good old days. But even through the murk of the Great Depression, his reputation as a public defender finally got back to the law firm which had been granting him its begrudging shelter. When the firm had a case which called for all-out presentation in the courtroom, young Clifford began to get the job. Jacob Lashly was led to remark, "Juries find Clifford well-nigh irresistible." Washington University invited him to lecture its students on trial psychology. In 1938 the firm made him a partner.

On his 1929 trip to Europe, Clifford went excursioning on a Rhine steamer and ran into a party of a dozen American girls, mostly from Smith. He found four of them playing bridge, cut in and thus met a tall Massachusetts girl named Margery Pepperell Kimball. He was more or less roughing it and wore a three-day growth of beard at the time. But Miss Kimball, who up to the moment had been chiefly dating a budding young bridge player named Oswald Jacoby, was impressed. For the rest of the summer Clifford pursued her through most of Europe, meeting her in Lucerne, Venice, Nice and Paris before the girls' tour ended. They were married in 1931, by which time Clifford's earnings had leaped to \$175 a month, and have lived happily ever after.

Saturday afternoons with Vardaman

MRS. CLIFFORD is the ideal wife for a man newly admitted to Washington's high places. Though she has three daughters aged 14, 13 and 6, she looks more like their sister than their mother. With the help of a single cleaning woman, she manages the rambling, 13-room house they have rented in Chevy Chase, gets the children off to school and does all the cooking. Thoroughly reconciled to Clifford's passion for success, she did not rebel, during the two-month period of work on the President's messages to Congress, when he spent every evening at the White House except Christmas Eve, Christmas night and New Year's Eve. When left on her own in this fashion Mrs. Clifford meets the family's social obligations singlehanded.

In the course of Clifford's rapid professional and social rise, he became a director of the St. Louis Symphony Society, and his wife president of the St. Louis Grand Opera Guild. In these musical circles they met Jake Vardaman, then receiver for a bankrupt shoe company. Soon they had a standing invitation to spend winter Saturday afternoons at Vardaman's farm, where a group of St. Louisans gathered to listen to the Metropolitan Opera broadcasts over a Capehart radio. Among the guests was John Snyder, then vice president of the First National Bank of St. Louis. Vardaman hired Clifford to represent him in shoe company legislation and later, when he joined the Navy, left all his affairs in Clifford's hands.

Clifford himself entered the Navy in early 1944. Though his quick dry-land advance through the officer grades has been the subject of considerable satire, actually he served with distinction. Almost immediately after being commissioned he was sent to the West Coast to investigate the various units responsible for getting supplies into the Pacific, which was about to become the Navy's chief theater. He spent two months on the Coast and returned to Washington with a thick report which told, in remarkably clear and logical terms, exactly what was wrong with the supply system and how it could be improved. After his report was submitted, Admiral Royal E. Ingersoll, who had been commander in chief of the U.S. Atlantic Fleet, was sent to San Francisco to straighten out the tangle. Naturally Admiral Ingersoll read Clifford's report and took him along. In the new setup Clifford played a key role, and Ingersoll would have been an ingrate had he not raised his assistant to lieutenant commander as rapidly as possible.

In July of 1945 Clifford was called to Washington on Navy or-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 53

How to
build a
BACARDI*
cocktail

You don't have to be an engineer to make yourself the most exciting drink that ever graced a glass. Just follow the simple recipe, or have your bartender do the honors . . . tonight!

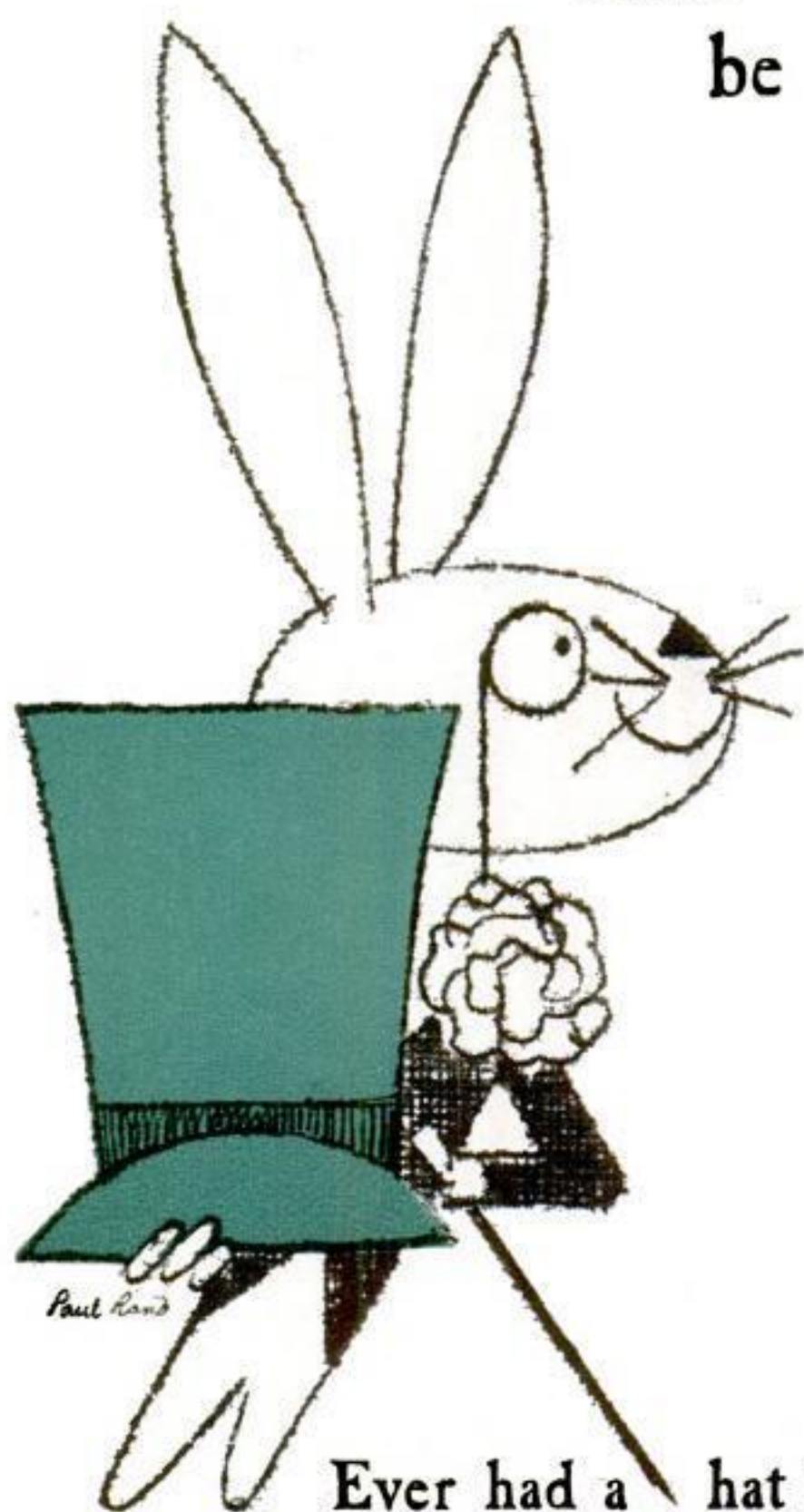
The World's Smoothest Drink!

Juice of half a lime; dash of grenadine; a generous jigger of BACARDI, White or Silver Label; mix thoroughly and shake well with finely chipped ice; strain and serve. If you prefer it dry, simply substitute ½ teaspoon of sugar for the grenadine.

*A Bacardi Cocktail MUST be made with BACARDI (Ruling of the N.Y. Supreme Court, April 28, 1936).

RUM, 89 PROOF . . . BACARDI IMPORTS, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y.

The
crease
that
can't
be
lost...



Ever had a hat look "beat up" just a few days after you first proudly wore it? A bump against the top of your car... a careless hat check girl's rough handling. With a Lee Pre-Shaped Hat, you needn't worry. A light touch of your fingertips... and presto! your Lee Pre-Shaped snaps right back. It has to. Because it is pre-creased *for keeps* by expert craftsmen at Lee... when the hat is made. Pre-Shaped... originated by Lee... another reason why Lee Hats look better longer.

Priced at 8.50 to 20.00

LEE Pre-Shaped Hats... don't take less than a Lee

Frank H. Lee Co., Fifth Avenue, New York



Tune in Drew Pearson and his "Predictions of Things to Come" every Sunday, coast to coast over the American Broadcasting Company's (Blue) Network.

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ders which came out of the blue. It turned out that his old friend Jake Vardaman, then become naval aide to Harry Truman, was about to accompany the President to Potsdam and needed a replacement during his five-week absence. Clifford entered the White House on this brief tour of duty and, as always, tried to make himself useful. At the moment Sam Rosenman, a Roosevelt holdover who was still writing Mr. Truman's speeches, was working on the universal military training message which was going to Congress in October. Clifford pitched in and helped, so successfully that his White House assignment became permanent. He first became assistant naval aide, with the rank of commander. Then, when Vardaman was moved to a governorship of the Federal Reserve Bank, he succeeded Vardaman as naval aide and became a captain. Last February, after Rosenman finally made good his threat to leave the government for private practice, Clifford got Rosenman's old job of counsel.

Clifford's first big job on his own hook was preparing the President's railway strike speech which threatened to draft the strikers into the Army. This speech is now recognized as a bad piece of improvisation under pressure. However, it did great things for President Truman. To his great relief the President had discovered an intelligent and articulate adviser who did not regard him as a pale carbon copy of Franklin Roosevelt, duty-bound to carry on the whole Roosevelt heritage. Mr. Truman had found an associate of his own type, with grave misgivings about the New Deal, who had the courage of his convictions.

In the preparation of the President's messages to the new Congress, Clifford played a major part. It is significant that these messages, while they may never rank among the world's great documents, nevertheless established a basis on which Mr. Truman may be able to live with the Republican majority and the dissident elements of his own party with a certain amount of dignity and prestige. It is also significant that they found Mr. Truman, after his early misfortune of stepping on everybody's toes as he zigzagged from left to right, striding firmly down the middle. Like most presidential advisers and probably even like Mr. Truman himself, Clifford is said to be reconciled to going back to Missouri shortly after Jan. 3, 1949. In the meantime he is convinced that the President's Gallup popularity rating, which recently rebounded to 35% from its low of 32%, is going considerably higher, and he is dead set on helping its rise.



AT HOME Clifford poses with (from top) daughters Margery and Joyce, Mrs. Clifford, daughter Randall. Dog was a stray which has been adopted by family.



"I love you!"
said Pete

"I like you, too!"
said Ann



Pete, "There's a label—the er-Sanforized label. It assures Arrow wearers of no fabric shrinkage over 1%. Now kiss me, and I shall tell you more fascinating secrets!"

"I am *very* sorry, dear," said Ann, revealing woman's ancient perfidy. "But I am marrying Bill, and I want him to

"Tell me more," said Pete.

"You look *so* nice, especially around the neck." "Ah," said Pete. "That is my Arrow Collar."

"And," said Ann, "you look very shipshape around the waist for being three years out of the Army. How come?"

"Oh—that?" said Pete. "That is the Arrow special 'Mitoga' design. It is cut to follow the body's lines. I love you, Ann!"

"That's nice," said Ann warmly. "But won't the shirt shrink up and choke you and give you the creepers?"

"By no means, pretty child," said

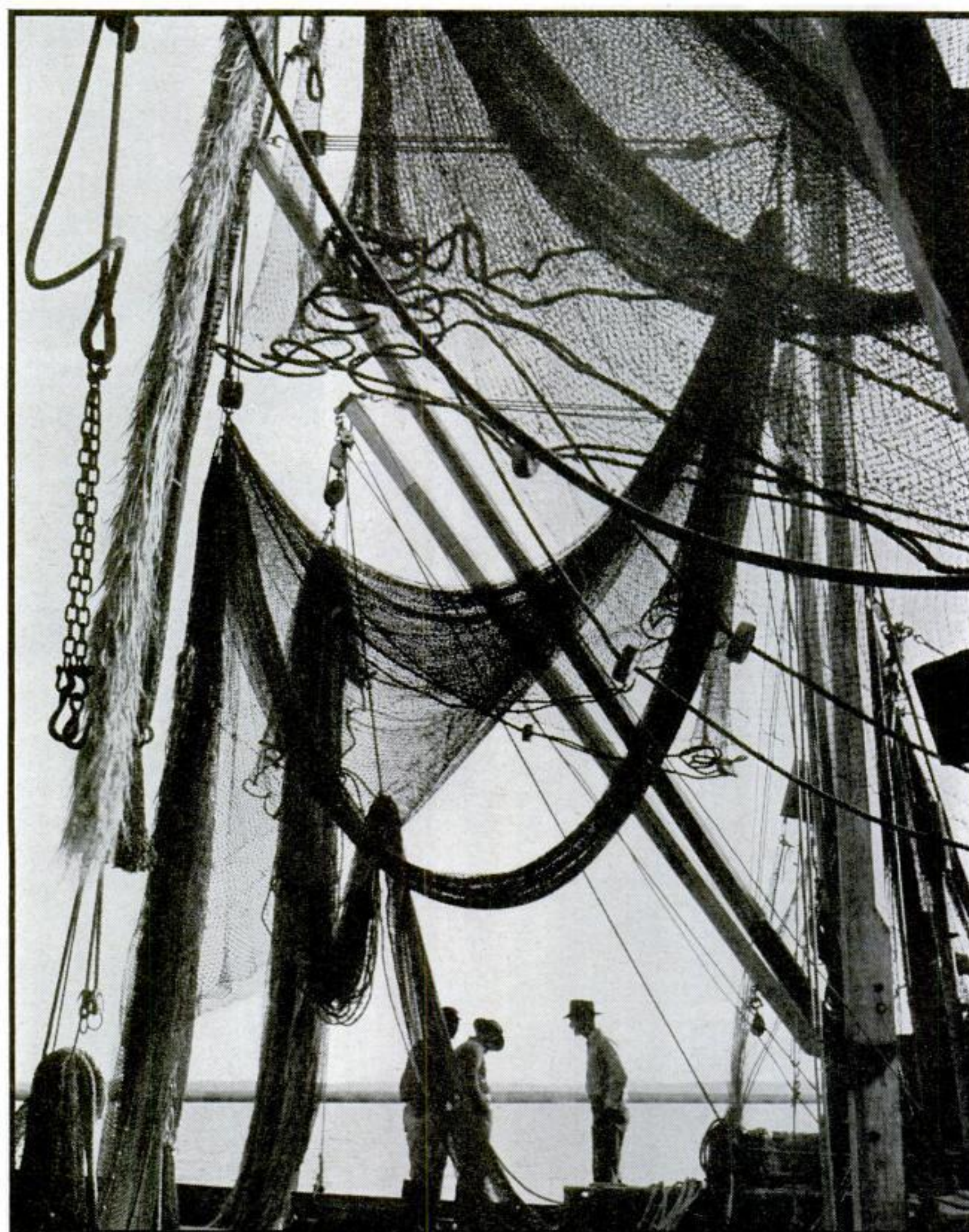


look just as nice as you do. He shall wear *nothing* but Arrows!"

P. S. Tough, Pete. But remember—where there's an Arrow, can a girl be far behind? *Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.*

ARROW SHIRTS

\$325 • \$375 • \$395 • \$475



GEORGIA FISHERMEN, LIKE ALL ON THE COAST, ARE DWARFED BY GIANT NETS

The Atlantic Coast

In midwinter it has the beauty of all seasons

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR LIFE BY ELIOT ELISOFFON

THE great sweep of the Atlantic Coast, down 11,600 miles of U.S. shoreline, inlet and island beach, from the 45th parallel almost to the 24th, can best be observed in winter. Then the mists roll in over New England, turning the colors of land and water to a cold and lonely pastel. Calais, Maine, at the northern tip of the U.S., is white with snow, and winter storms break over the rocks in a crash of icy spray. Off Cape Cod's Race Point (*opposite page*), far out from the mainland, the setting sun filters through a gray-blue fog. A battered fence, erected to keep the sand from blowing away, stands as a fragile barrier against January gales. The shore is barren of human life, and across the slate-gray seas a stray ship is silhouetted against the faint and distant sun. The Cape lies frozen and dormant, awaiting spring.

Southward from New England the coastline curves and twists in a

pattern of endless profusion. By turns the sea is gray, green and blue. The land along the water varies from bleak rock promontory to shifting sand dunes and low-lying marshes. New York's great harbor bustles with the nervous darting of tugs and the stately sweep of ocean liners. The big bays, Delaware and Chesapeake, lie calm and shallow, reflecting a leaden sky. Then, still farther to the south, the sun comes closer and the colors brighten. Off Georgia the fishermen, under their acres of nets (*above*), head to sea. Winter flowers bloom along the coast and the trees hang heavy with Spanish moss. In Florida the air is balmy, the water sparkles and the sun beats down on beaches flowing with crowds. The Atlantic Coast stretches through such an endless range of landscape and weather that in January it has the beauty of all the seasons of the year.





MARTHA'S VINEYARD, an island five miles south of Cape Cod, is a busy resort by summer, a lonely scallop-

fishing ground by winter. On the bitter cold day when this picture was taken, sea spray had frozen on the pilings

in foreground and breakwater at left. The blinker light at center rear marks entrance to the island's best harbor.

Its north has a rich variety

The northern part of the coastline, from Maine to Delaware Bay, contains all the rich variety of design that nature has been able to create from water, land and rock. In these pictures the colors have taken on some of the subdued but magnificent loneliness of winter's grip on the northern coast. But the geometrical pattern ranges from the raw surf

and the white chunks of ice at Martha's Vineyard (*above*) to the calm, flat beaches of Delaware (*opposite page, lower right*).

New England, where the rocky landscape has been eroded through the centuries into fantastic shapes of hill and valley, has a coast of deep inlets, long and rocky points and innumerable islands



RYE HARBOR, N.H. is bordered by marshy flats on which a thick carpet of marsh grass grows bright green in

summer, turns to golden russet in winter. The pilings are remains of an old footbridge once used by clam diggers.



NEW YORK has the coast's finest harbor, formed when mouth of Hudson River sank and ocean flowed over it.



VINALHAVEN, a Maine island with an exceptionally long, irregular coastline, is dotted by lobster houses like

this where fishermen keep the ancient and evil-smelling herring they use for bait. Lobster traps are piled up at

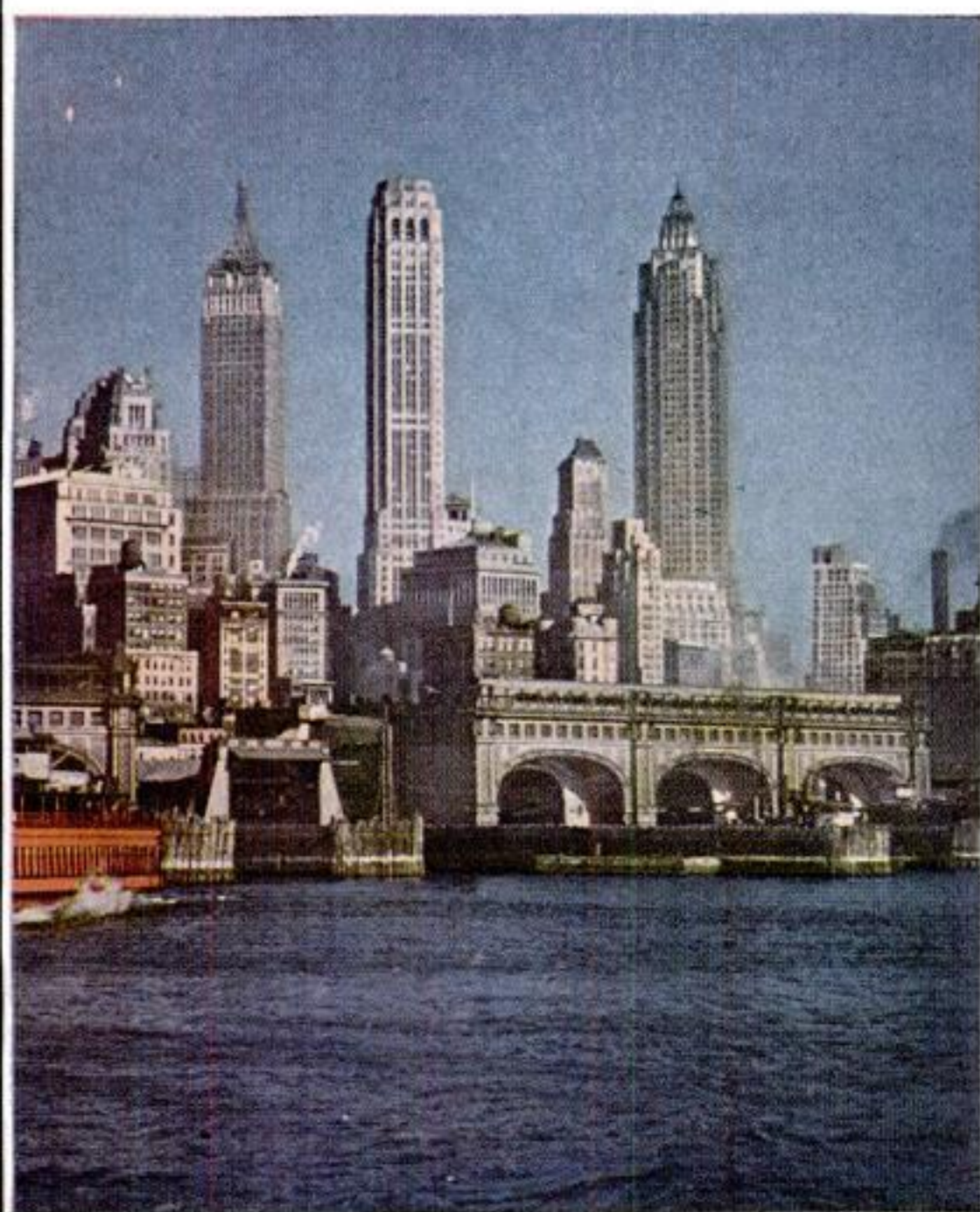
center rear. The floats hanging from cross pole are used to mark location of traps when they are set out at sea.

which were the mountains of another geological era. Maine's island of Vinalhaven (*above*) is eight miles long and five miles wide, yet it is so deeply cut and scalloped by the waves that nowhere on its soil can a man be more than a half mile from the water. Like many New Englanders whose homes border the coastline, most of its 1,800 inhabitants

live by fishing and catching lobsters—even in winter months when lobsters can only be found 12 miles out and 40 fathoms down, and pulling up the traps involves the danger of frozen hands.

Sometimes the rocky coast of New England gives way to low-lying marshlands like Rye Harbor (*opposite page, lower left*), where clams can be found and

grass blankets the shore like a great fur robe. Below New England, where the glaciers halted, lies the immense harbor which nature created at New York and which man has bordered with the most famous skyline in the world. Still farther south lies placid Delaware Bay with its gently sloping shore and water as shallow and clear as a wading pool.



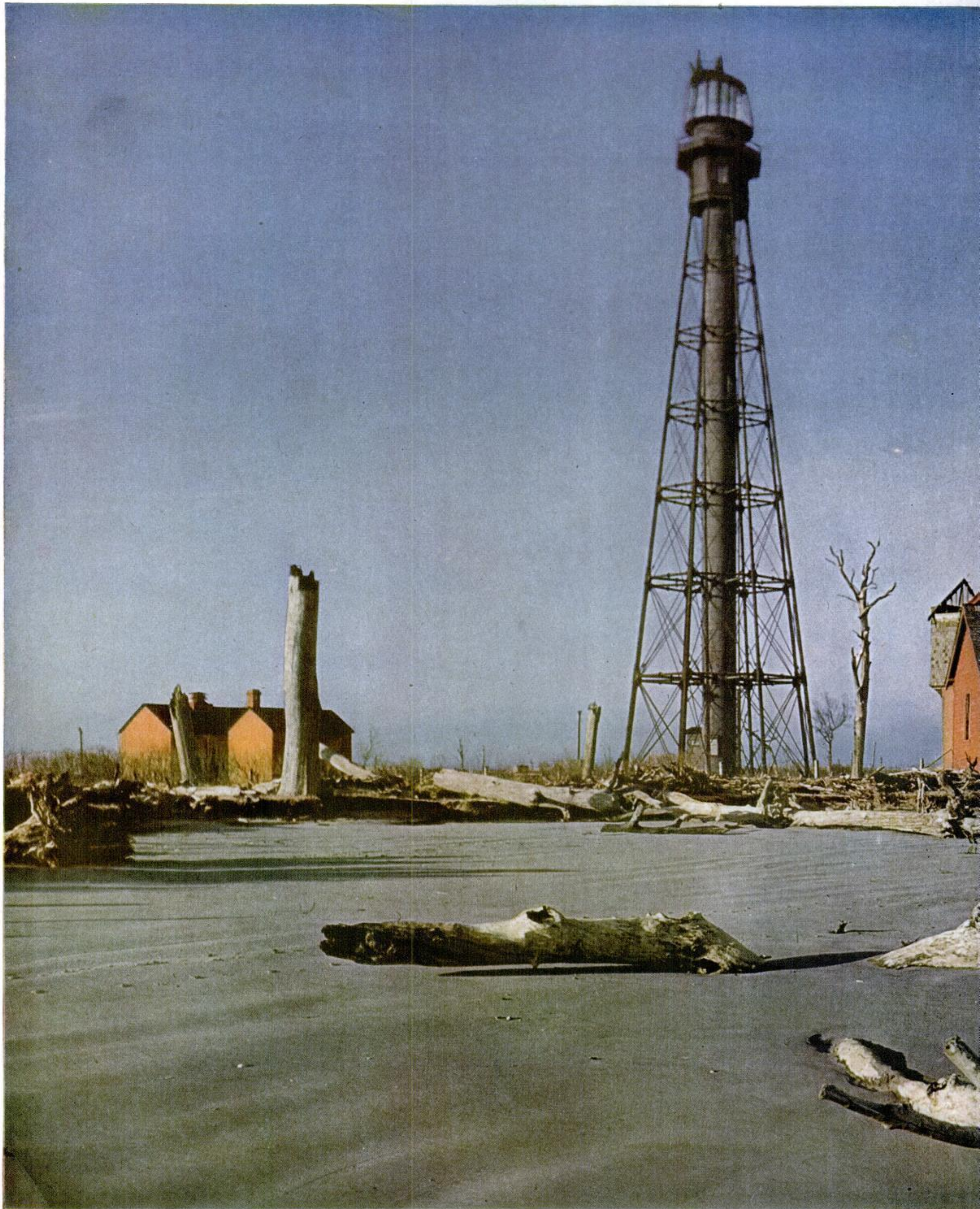
From harbor, ships can go up Hudson and East Rivers to pier space which lines both sides of Manhattan Island.



DEWEY BEACH, Del. lies near one of the big bays formed many centuries ago when the land along eastern

seaboard dropped and the ocean flowed into the valleys of old coastal rivers. The water here is shallow and quiet.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



STRUGGLE OF LAND AND SEA, which goes on eternally along the coast, has been bitterly fought on Hog Island, Va. Less than two decades ago this big lighthouse,

180 feet tall, was more than a mile from the shoreline. The houses at right were the neat and substantial residences of the lighthouse keepers. Now ocean winds have blown



away the sandy beach. Storm tides have hacked away at the shoreline, swept across the island and left it a flat wasteland littered with the skeletons of dead trees. When a heavy

tide is running, water covers this entire desolate stretch of land and swirls menacingly around the lighthouse base. Eventually the ocean will win and the island will disappear.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



SHIPWRECK on Cape Hatteras, N.C. is all that remains of a proud three-master beached a half century

ago. According to local legend, the crew rebelled against short rations, locked up the captain and deliberately

ran ship aground. Scene is near Rodanthe, a town where nearly every family has at least one man in Coast Guard.

Its south lies flat and sunny

HATTERAS BANKS are a long, narrow reef which extends for 50 miles along the North Carolina coast

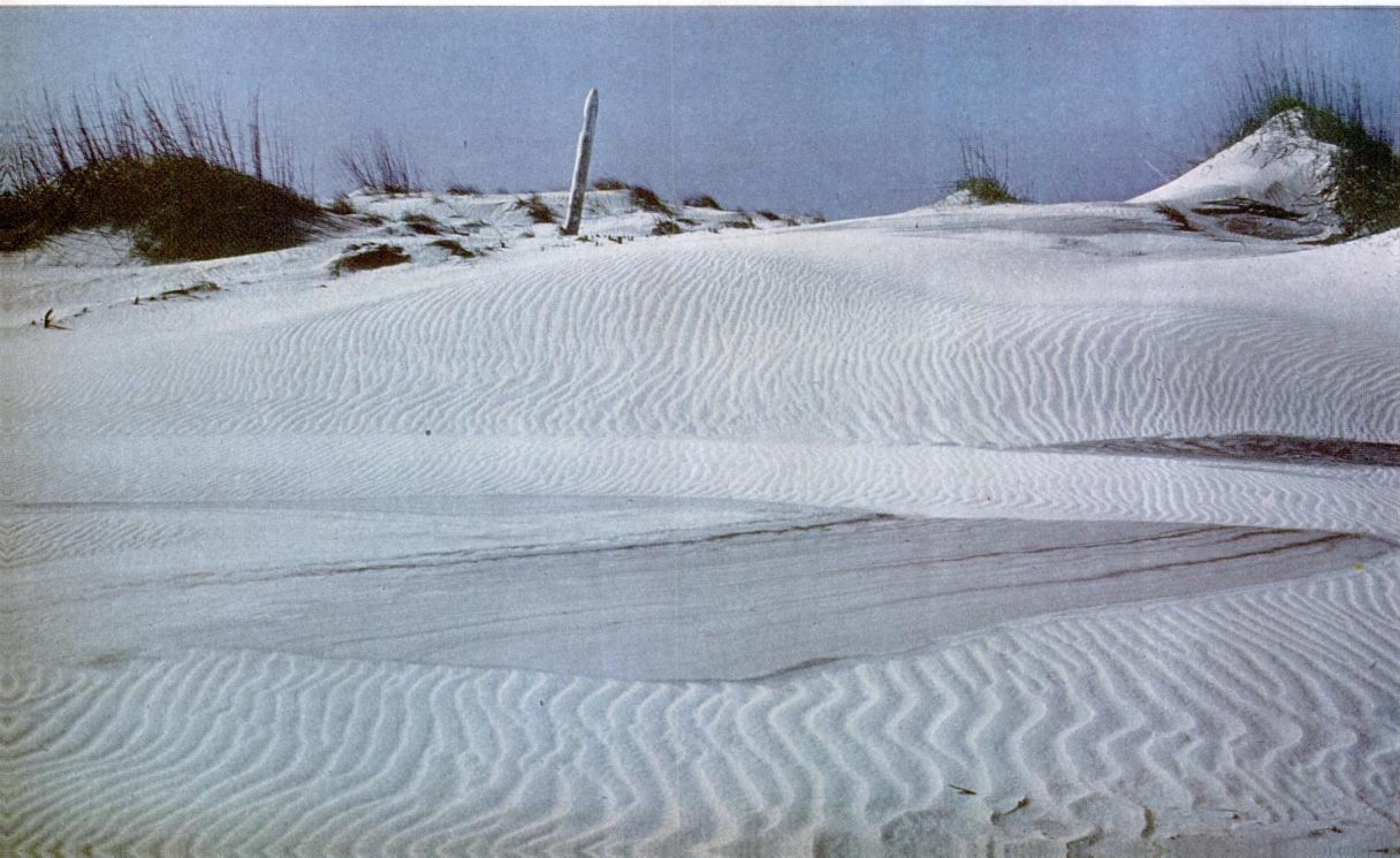
Moving south from Delaware Bay, the coastline takes on a placid appearance which grows increasingly benign as it moves toward the sub-tropical climate of Florida. This is the region of broad, quiet bays full of oysters and shrimp. But many a sailor misled by appearance has come to grief. Many bays are blocked by barrier beaches and

in a curving line broken only by an occasional inlet. The surface is a shifting pattern of sand dunes which

reefs and out to sea lie tricky, dangerous shoals.

Largest of the reefs are the Hatteras Banks (*below*), part of a chain which stretches the length of North Carolina. Off Cape Hatteras, easternmost point of the reef, lie the Diamond Shoals, most treacherous on the entire coastline. In the days before shipping was protected by modern

the wind often blows into such intricate designs as the one shown here. The region is famed for its wild birds.





SPANISH MOSS hangs from live oak trees in great contrasting strands against the blue water at Beaufort,

S.C. In this old farming and fishing town, established in 1521 by Spanish explorers, the coastal landscape is

lush and colorful even in midwinter. The sun shines almost every day and flowers bloom the year round.

safety devices, local wags used to say that "the chief importation of the Hatteras is shipwrecks." At one time the reef was alive with herds of wild ponies which had escaped from Portuguese ships beached in the shallows, and even today the bleached bones of old sailing vessels (*opposite page, upper left*) still tell the stories of the old hazards.

The land along the southern coast is flat and often swampy. Toward the extreme south the damp soil and the year-round sunshine produce an unending profusion of oleander, hibiscus and Spanish moss (*above*). Florida, which was raised from the bottom of the sea by a relatively recent upheaval of the earth, has the flattest terrain of all.

Its smooth plains are dotted with lakes, lagoons, wide beaches and, just off the coast, the great expanse of marshy wilderness called the Everglades. On this peninsula have been built the big winter resorts like Miami Beach (*below*), where the nation's vacationers can bask in a hot sun at a time when the temperature on the Maine shore is below zero.

MIAMI BEACH, with its palm trees, white sand and gentle surf—and its expensive hotels and restaurants—

is the most famous of all East Coast winter resorts. Near the southern tip of the Florida peninsula, which

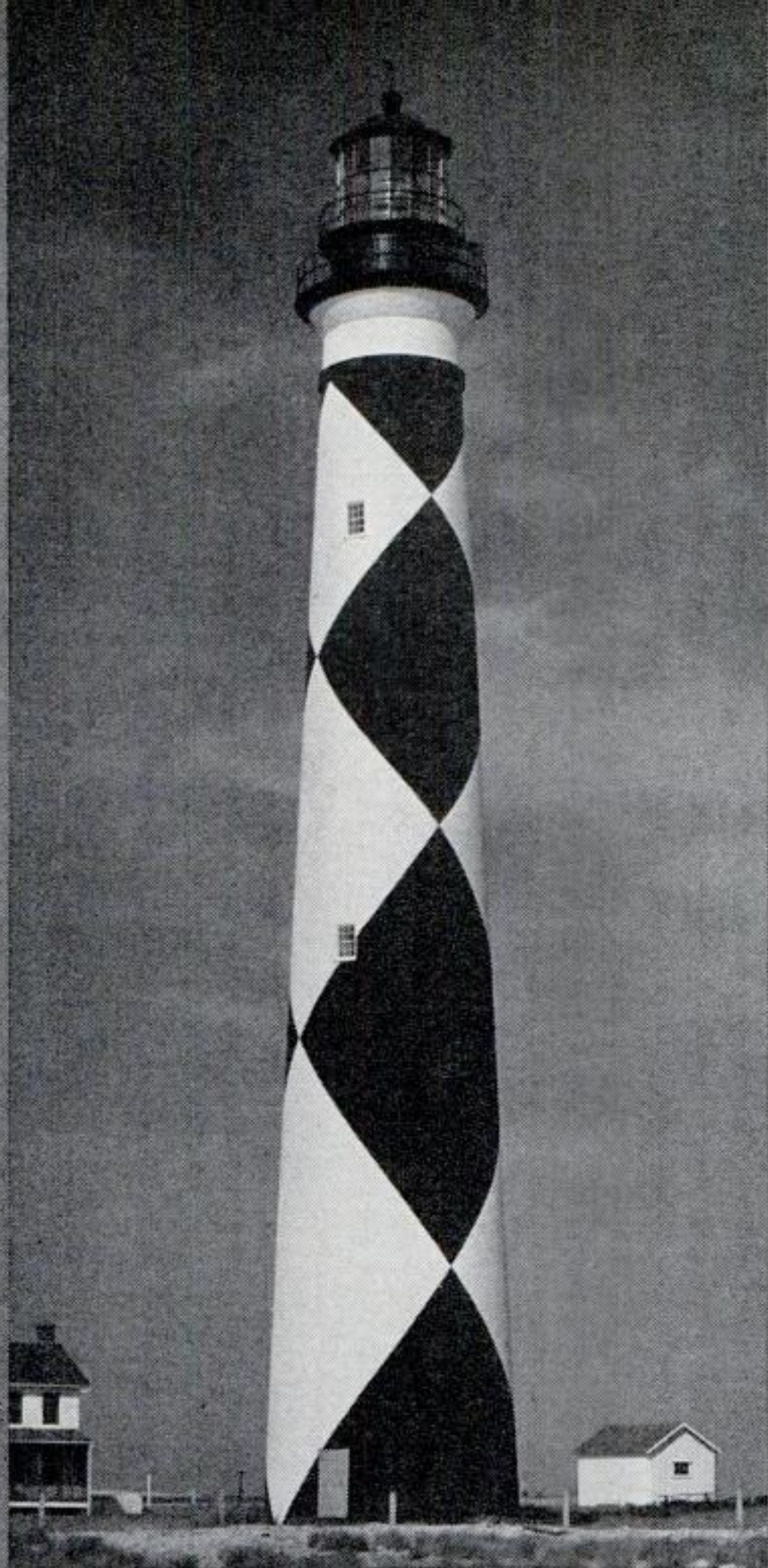
is washed on all sides by the warm waters of the Gulf Stream, the winter temperature averages about 70°.





JUPITER LIGHT, 80 miles north of Miami, is well known to coastwise sailors because southbound ships have to stand in close to the shore at this point to avoid the

powerful northward sweep of the Gulf Stream. Its red brick tower was finished in 1859 and has cast its light ever since except during four years of the Civil War.



CAPE LOOKOUT, N. C.



TYBEE, GA.



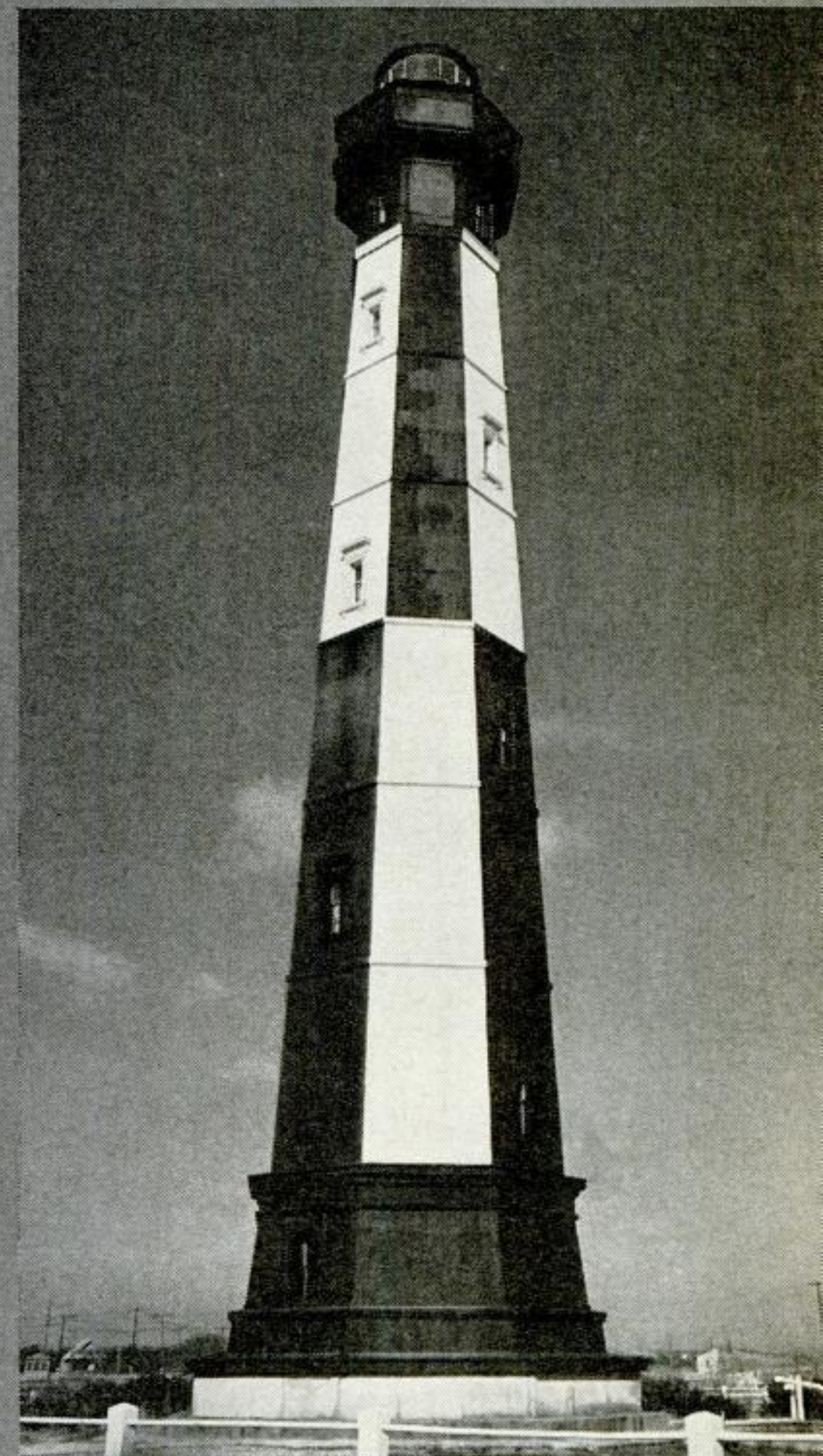
CAPE HATTERAS, N. C.



RHODE ISLAND, N. C.



PORTLAND HEAD, MAINE



CAPE HENRY, VA.

ALL ALONG THE COAST the land is dotted with light-houses. Each is identified by its own color and markings

which sailors know well. At night they can be distinguished by timing and duration of their light flashes.

Most famous of the towers shown here is Portland Head, first built in George Washington's administration.

Dependable **CHAMPION**

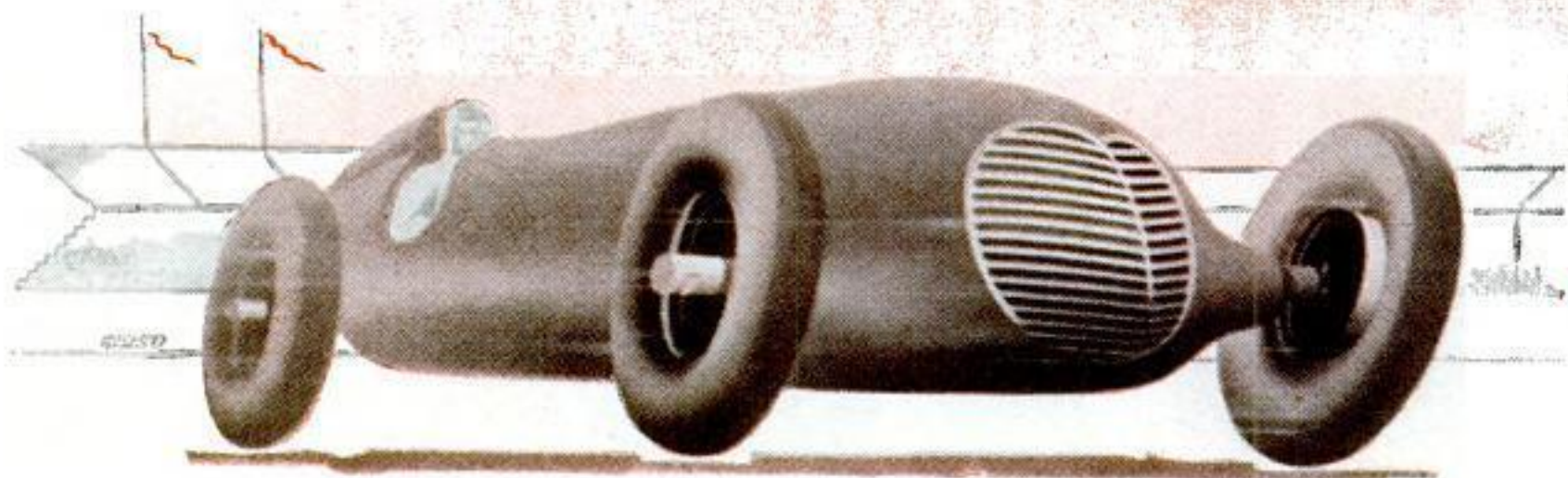
AMERICA'S FAVORITE SPARK PLUG



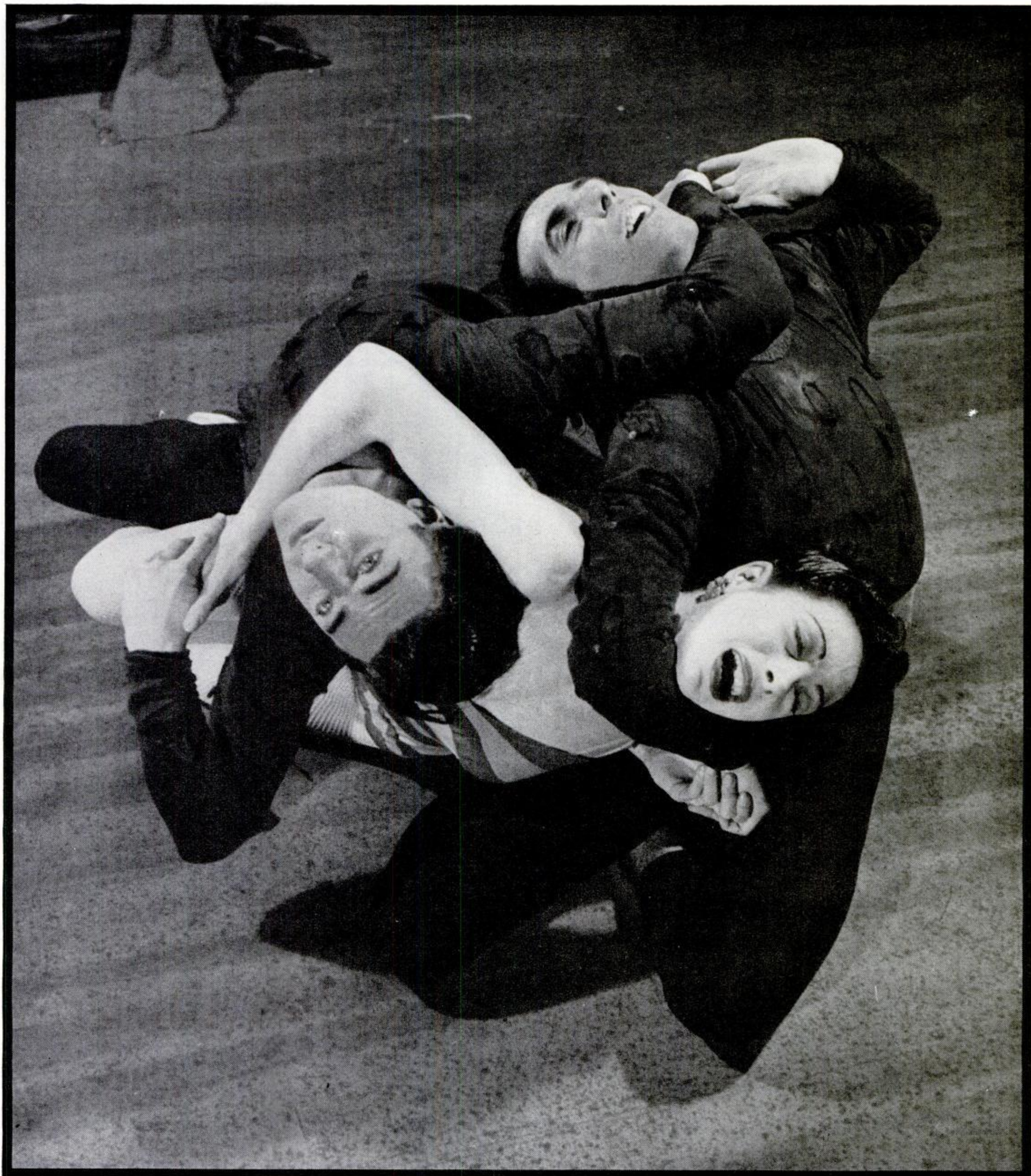
The reason why Champion is America's favorite spark plug is because of better performance and greater dependability. Proof of this is in the continuing use of Champions by those who seek and win championship events. A current outstanding example is the 1946 AAA National Championship won by Ted Horn, master mechanic, master race driver.

FOLLOW THE EXPERTS

DEMAND DEPENDABLE CHAMPIONS FOR YOUR CAR



Listen to the CHAMPION ROLL CALL, Harry Wismer's fast sportscast every Friday night, 9:55 EST over the ABC network . . . CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY, TOLEDO 1, OHIO



"FACSIMILE'S" CLIMAX ARRIVES WHEN ITS CHARACTERS ACHIEVE THIS DEFT CHOREOGRAPHIC SCRIMMAGE. CLOCKWISE: NORA KAYE, JOHN KRIZA, JERRY ROBBINS

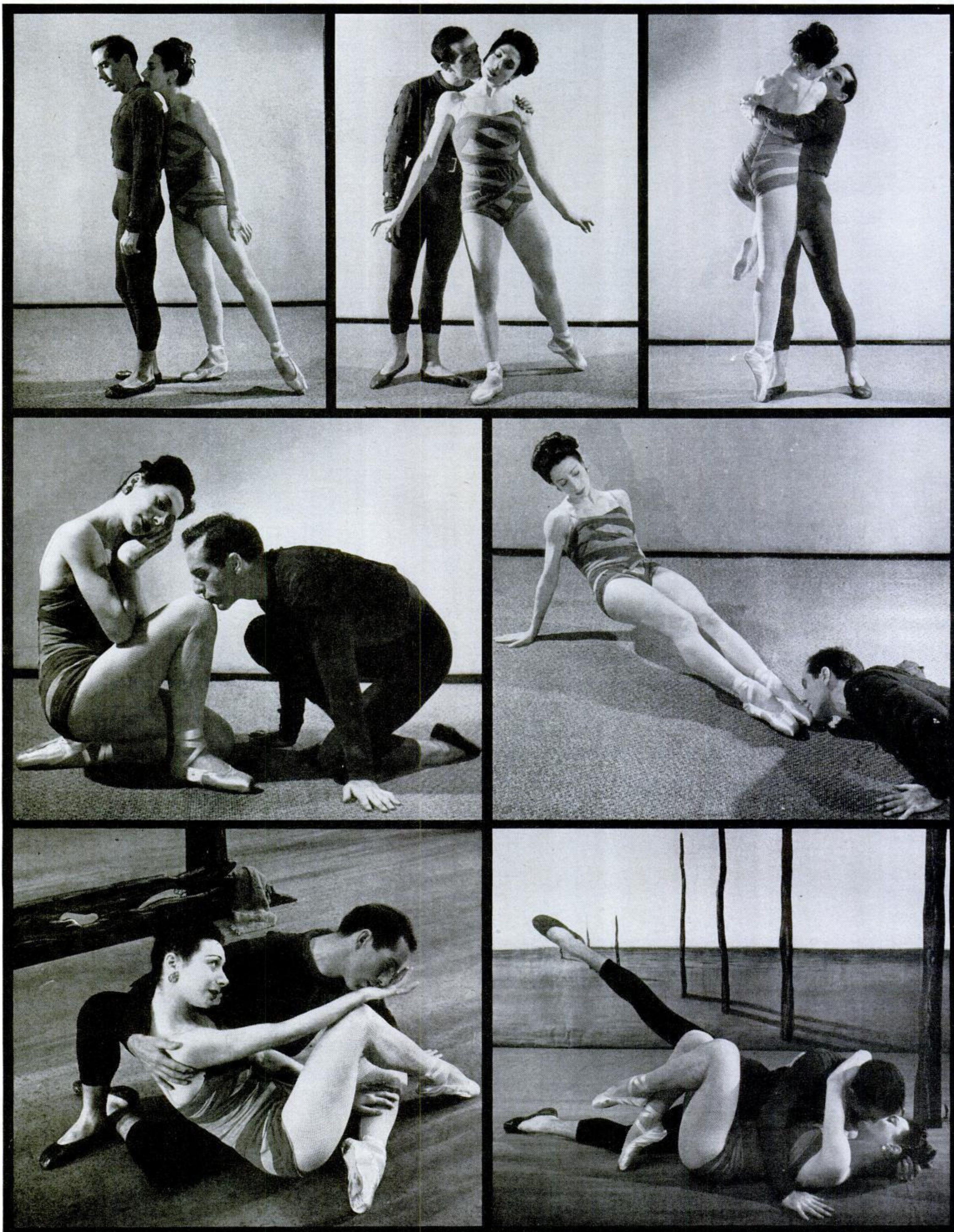
BALLET TRIANGLE

"Facsimile" grapples with problems of both frustration and insecurity

This year fashions in art will be subjective, with an accent on upswept libidos and streamlined abstraction. The trend has affected the most fashionable team of U.S. ballet makers, Choreographer Jerome Robbins, Composer Leonard Bernstein and Designer Oliver Smith (*Fancy Free*, *On the Town*). Their new ballet *Facsimile* grapples with abstract psychological ideas, portraying moods of passion, jealousy and boredom that attack three sparsely garbed "insecure people" who are trying

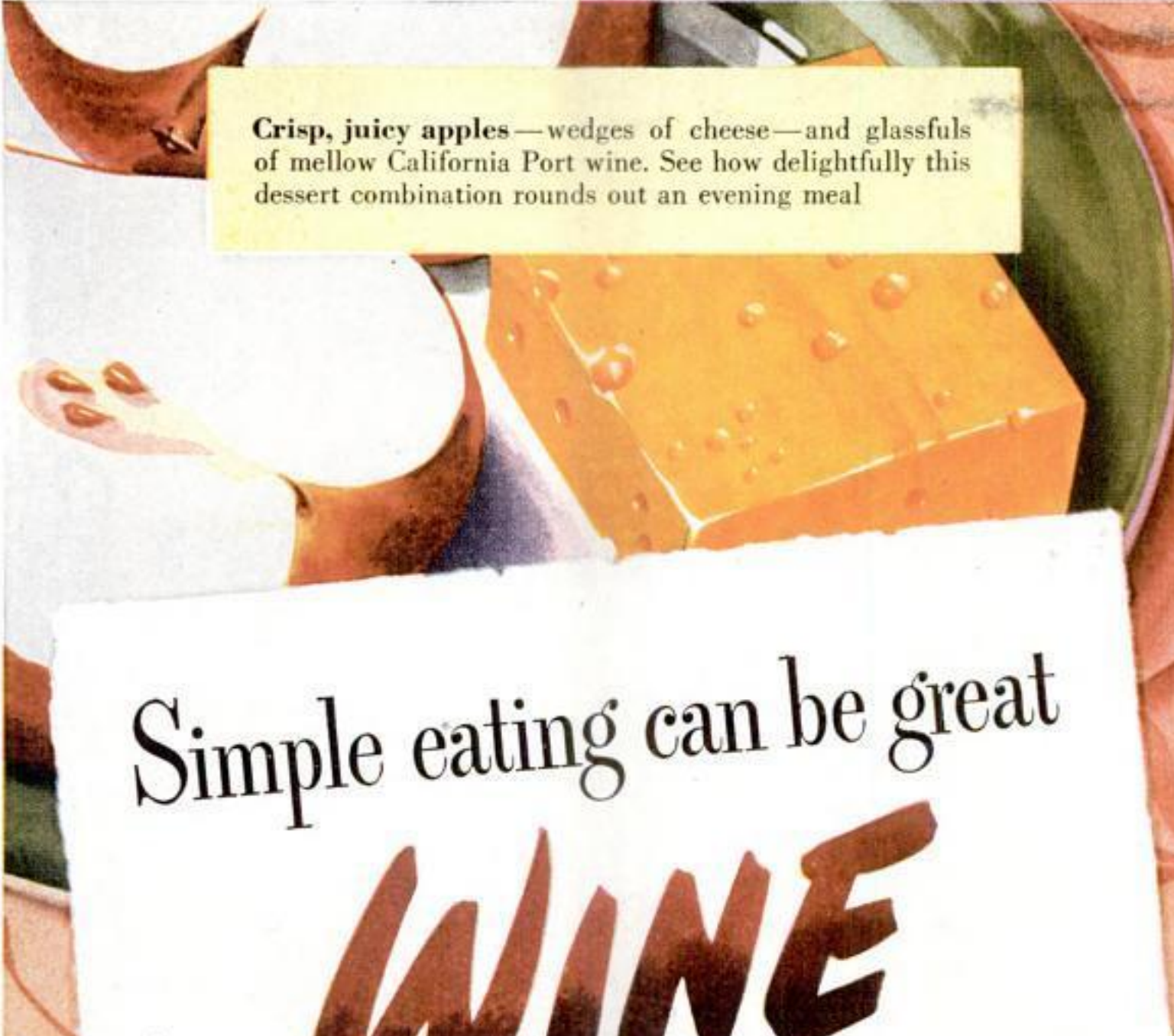
to assuage their insecurities by participating in a love triangle. The grappling produced a moment (above) which looked more like what went on in a wrestling ring than on a ballet stage.

Facsimile's inner meaning threw critics into a flurry of pompous explanation. Its outer meaning, which involves the cavorting of young people and some prolonged choreographic kissing (see next page), has made *Facsimile* a popular offering of the Ballet Theatre, now on a coast-to-coast tour.



BIG KISSING SCENE in *Facsimile*, as performed here by Nora Kaye and Jerry Robbins, runs from a diffident peck on nape (top left) through lip-pressings on neck,

knee, toe, hand and lips. The kiss at bottom right was cut out in Boston because the city's censors objected. But it was put back in the ballet for the rest of the tour.




Crisp, juicy apples—wedges of cheese—and glassfuls of mellow California Port wine. See how delightfully this dessert combination rounds out an evening meal

Simple eating can be great

WINE


is what you need



THIS IS spaghetti as you eat it in Naples — spaghetti with meat in it, and sharp cheese and the kind of sauce it has a right to. Serve it with red wine . . . with hearty Burgundy or Claret. And then set to on spaghetti and wine together, and enjoy yourself.

It's a way to discover that with simple food wine is what you need. Another way is also pictured here. It's apples with cheddar cheese and ruby California Port. And a third good way, some dinnertime soon, is to set out glasses of nutlike California Sherry to sip with cream of tomato soup.

We wine growers have a book of other tempting combinations of wine and food together. The book's a help to good living and is free to you. Write for it to Wine Advisory Board, 717 Market Street, San Francisco 3, California.



Eight people can feast: For sauce, brown a pound of ground beef in a little oil with garlic and ½ cup chopped onion. Add ¼ cup chopped parsley, small can tomato sauce, two cups tomato puree, plenty of seasonings, and a pinch of sugar; simmer

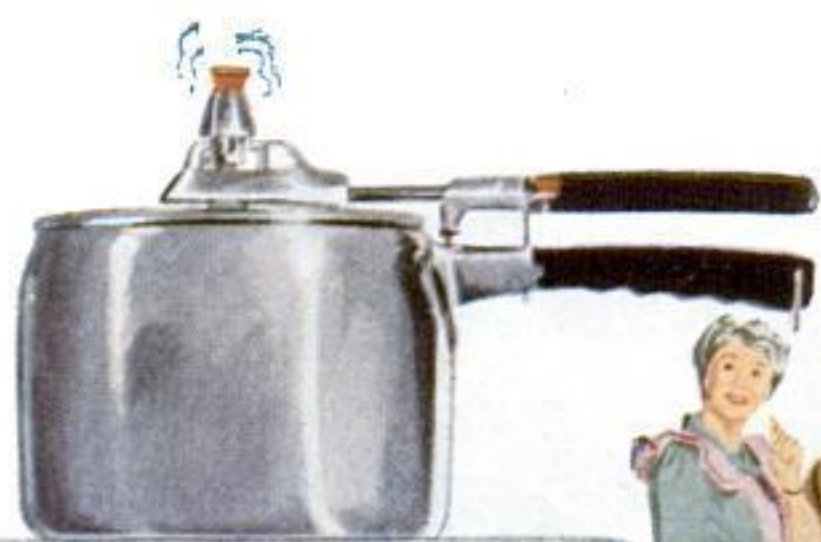
one hour. Add a cup of red table wine, simmer another hour. Cook a pound of spaghetti, drain, mix with the sauce and a cup of diced sharp cheese. Serve sprinkled with grated cheese—and glasses of California Claret or Burgundy for all

..and be sure to get a **WEAR-EVER**...the one
with the **Snap-tite cover**..."

"But why, Mom?"



Because you want your husband to say you're
the smartest, best cook ever, even though you spend
less time in the kitchen! So get Wear-Ever—there's
a name *my* mother praised! And this Wear-Ever
Pressure Cooker has the patented Snap-Tite
Cover—you can use it with just *one* hand!



and then, too, even if the lid-lock is unhooked, *this* cover can't come off while pressure's on. The youngest bride will find it easy to pressure-cook foods the Wear-Ever way. Vegetables stay dewy-fresh, meat comes out temptingly tender and juicy! *Does it save TIME?* Why, it reaches temperature *fast*, then cooks, fr'instance, *peas in 15 seconds!*

with such a simple design, the Wear-Ever's so easy to use! The temperature control has no adjustments, no moving parts. If you accidentally drop it, never mind! It won't break. This cooker saves pin-money for extras, too, by cutting food and fuel costs. *Better get yours today—the demand's enormous!*

Made of the metal that cooks best... easy to clean

WEAR-EVER

Aluminum

PRESSURE COOKER

© 1947, TACUCO



THE ALUMINUM COOKING UTENSIL COMPANY, NEW KENSINGTON, PENNSYLVANIA



WILD-EYED BULLOCKS TRYING TO CROSS AN AUSTRALIAN RIVER MILL AROUND IN THE SWIFT CURRENT. THE FEAR OF CROCODILES KEEPS THEM MOVING FAST

MOVIE OF THE WEEK:

The Overlanders

An Australian film employs mostly amateur actors and 1,500 cattle

The Overlanders is probably the first and certainly the most successful film ever made in which the principal protagonist is a lunging, bawling 1,500-head herd of bullocks. The story is based on an actual event—the incredibly difficult movement of 85,000 cattle across some 1,500 rugged miles of northern Australia in 1942, when a Japanese invasion seemed inevitable. In documentary fashion the film re-enacts a segment of this mass migration, one of the greatest in history. It shows how a tiny band of Australians overcame crocodile-infested rivers, desert, mountains, dust storms and stampedes to get the cattle to the railhead in Queensland.

To make his story authentic, British Director Harry Watt, well known for his wartime documen-

tary *Target for Tonight*, bought 1,500 head of rambunctious Australian steers, insisted that most of his partly amateur cast, including what must be Australia's handsomest girl (Daphne Campbell), be able to swim, ride and handle a stock whip. In the strange, wild outback, 2,000 miles from Sydney, the company spent five months on location, got supplies by air and ran into all kinds of trouble. Dust obscured camera lenses. Temperamental steers kept putting on unscheduled stampedes, and flies were so thick that actors had to be sprayed before each scene. By the time the picture was finished, Director Watt had spent \$300,000, an Australian film record, and was wondering where he ever got the courage to tackle it in the first place.



HEROINE DAPHNE CAMPBELL, a nursing orderly in Australian hospital, had never acted before.



when he catches you "all cream"—don't scream

to the rescue with SITROUX!
... say SIT-TRUE

THE BOX WITH THE
BOW ON TOP



BESTFORM



*no finer
fit at any
price*

BESTFORM ~ GIRDLES... BRAS... ALL-IN-ONES

"The Overlanders" CONTINUED



THE LONG TREK STARTS. The drive was undertaken to deprive the expected Japanese invaders of a big meat supply and preserve it for Australians.



THE FIRST MAJOR OBSTACLE is a swift river full of crocodiles. On the stream's bank, the party pauses to figure out the best way to get steers across.



SQUATTING ON THE GROUND, Chips Rafferty, the band's tough leader, traces out the route he expects to follow in getting big herd to Queensland.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 72



*While you
go out to market
your clothes wash
sparkling clean*

The dial's set; the soap's in.
And there's nothing more
to do! All by itself the Bendix
fills itself with water
...washes clothes...changes
its own water...rinses 3
times...damp dries clothes
...cleans itself...drains
itself...shuts itself off.
You never put hands
in water. Go where you
please...stay as long
as you like!

Only the BENDIX tumble-action principle
washes clothes so clean...so gently...with
so little hot water and soap...and no work at all!

IT'S TUMBLE-ACTION SUDSING! Clothes are tumbled through the liveliest suds hundreds of times—washing through fabrics so thoroughly that even heavy dirt doesn't have a chance. No agitator—no paddles—no suction! Nothing to pull, snag or grind delicate fabrics. That's why the Bendix washes everything from mud-stained denims to trousseau treasures so clean, so gently!

NO DIRTY WATER WASHING! Of course you wouldn't start a wash with dirty water. And, it stands to reason, you can't get clothes as clean when second and even third loads go through soil-weakened suds and chilled-off water. Every load gets a fresh, clean water sudsing in the Bendix—and clothes never get that dull, gray, dirty water look.

THE RINSING CHAMPION! The Bendix rinses three

times—with fresh, warm water. First the Bendix shower rinses away soil-laden suds. Then come two deep rinses—tumbling clothes hundreds of times through two more automatic changes of clean, fresh water. What a cure for washday gray and soil-dulled colors.

SAVE A LOT OF HOT WATER! The water saver cylinder does just that for you. It's so efficient... it uses only 7½ gallons of hot water for the big 9 pound Bendix load—only about 6 gallons more (depending upon temperature of hot and cold water) for all three rinses. And, with less water in the cylinder, you need less soap for good, brisk cleansing suds.

LABORATORY TESTS have proved it time after time—and half a million Bendix owners prove it over

and over, with every washing. Only the Bendix tumble-action principle washes clothes so clean, so gently—with so little hot water and soap. Only the Bendix has a nine-year record for wonderful, workless washing. See your dealer's Bendix demonstration.



Coming Soon:
Bendix Automatic Dryer
Bendix Automatic Ironer



BENDIX
automatic
Home Laundry



AVAILABLE IN CANADA AND MEXICO

BENDIX HOME APPLIANCES, INC. • SOUTH BEND 24, INDIANA

**PARK & TILFORD
RESERVE**

*- the finest-tasting
Whiskey of its
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WHISKEY
A BLEND
Blended and Bottled by
PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC.
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FOUNDED **P&T** IN 1840

*"The Blend of Experience"
- backed by
over 100 Years
of knowing how!*

PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y. • 70% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • 86.8 PROOF

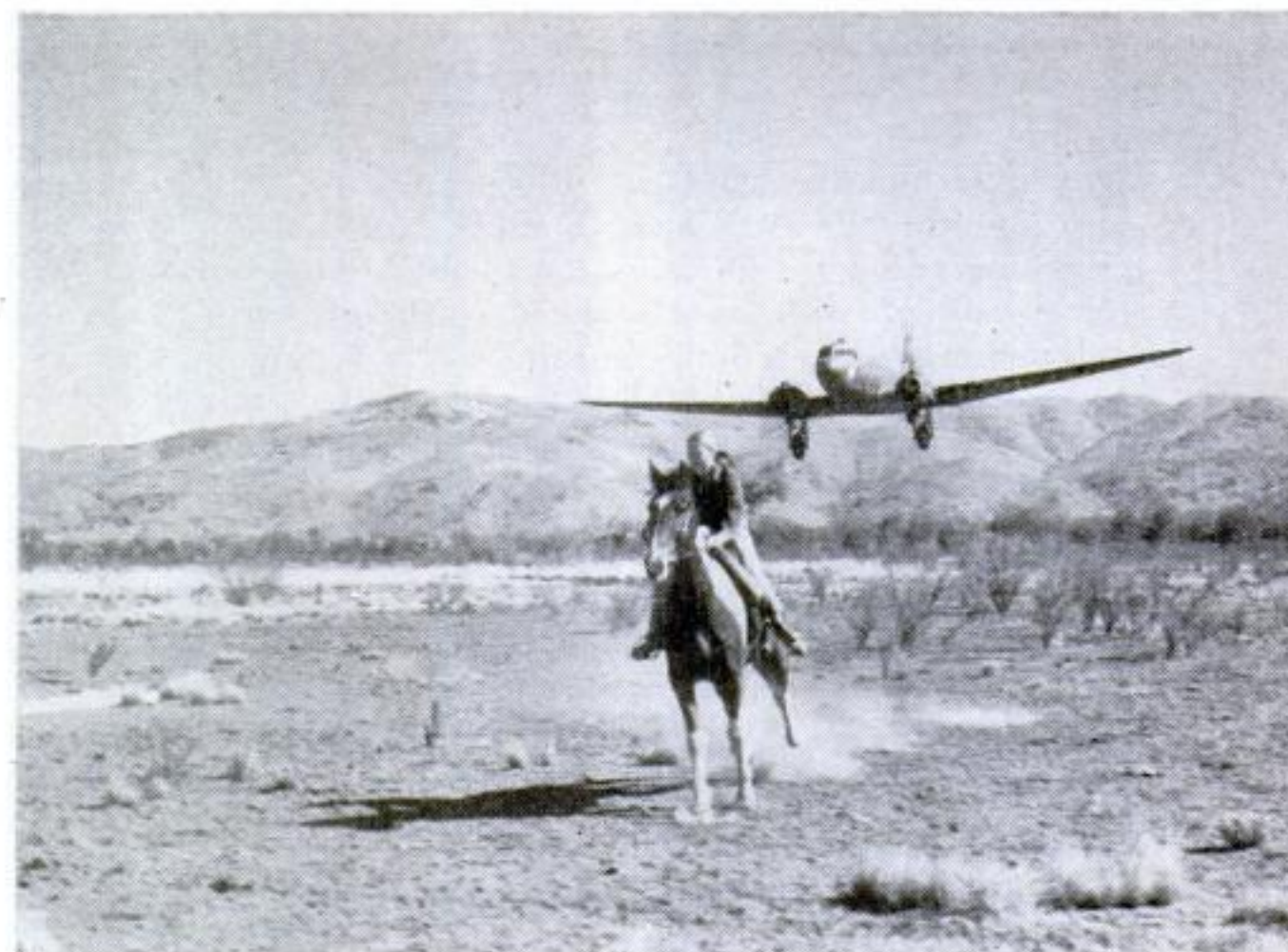
"The Overlanders" CONTINUED



PLODDING THROUGH DUST which is kicked up by cattle and continually chokes trail, Daphne Campbell cracks her stock whip like an old hand.



LOVE-MAKING, which is reduced to a minimum in the film, is indulged in by Daphne and a handsome drover. It is interrupted when the herd stampedes.



NEAR THE GOAL, Daphne greets plane which brings a veterinarian to inspect cattle. After reaching Queensland, drovers go back for another herd.



Slow "flavor-aging" gives time for taste to triumph

You know the crisp juiciness and tempting tang of apples ripened slowly on the tree.

Slow "flavor-aging"—blending rich Jamaica ginger and other choice ingredients and aging them for months—endows Clicquot Club, the quality Ginger Ale, with the luscious full-bodied flavor which has been a favorite for more than 50 years.

Clicquot Club
the "flavor-aged" ginger ale





Easy does it!



Preparing nutritious meals planned around canned foods is a pleasure. Easy to serve attractively, these delicious foods make light work of setting a mighty fine table.

Raw foods too often lose precious flavor and nutritive values in transit and storage and during home cooking. But, food authorities* agree—you can trust foods in cans.

Thank today's modern, scientific canning methods for those delicious fruits and vegetables in cans, whose vitamins, minerals and flavors are sealed in, for your protection and enjoyment.

*See September-October, 1946 issue of "Food Research"

Fit for a king... chicken, mushrooms, and pimiento for shortcake; cranberry jelly; vegetable juice; crackers; string beans; mincemeat for tarts; coffee... and they all come to you in cans.

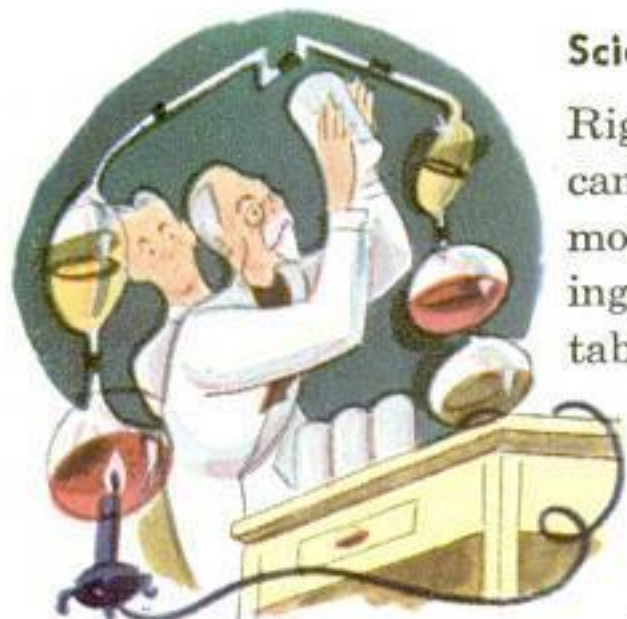
Meals Mere Men Can Make

With so many fine foods in cans to choose from, plus the agreeable fact that canned foods are so simple to prepare and serve—you can turn even a husband loose in the kitchen and expect a feast! He just can't go wrong in preparing a meal to be proud of—a most economical and nutritious meal—around canned foods.



Science Knows Best

Right from the beginning, foods chosen for canning are pampered and fussed over. Many modern canneries actually oversee the growing and harvesting of the fruits and vegetables which they can. Foods packed in cans come to you at the very peak of their goodness, for each can itself is actually a miniature "pressure cooker" which protects flavor, minerals, and vitamins.



Short Cut to Chicken Shortcake

Prepare cream sauce, add canned chicken. Heat through and pour over shortcake. Garnish with canned pimiento and mushrooms. Easy does it! And what a dish to serve proudly—good-looking, good-tasting, and good for you! Yes, canned foods do make meal planning seem like fun.



FOODS YOU BUY IN CANS ARE

SAFE from dirt, germs, odors.

SAFE from air, light, moisture.

SAFE even after a can is opened —because in the canning process, both the can and its contents are sterilized. Simply cover the top and place in the refrigerator.

BECAUSE

No other Container protects like the Can

CAN MANUFACTURERS INSTITUTE, INC., NEW YORK



TWELVE-INCH SUNBURST OF GOLD-COLORED FELT MAKES A STARTLING DECORATION ON THIS "SUSE" SWEATER OF THIN BLACK WOOL. THE SWEATER COSTS \$50

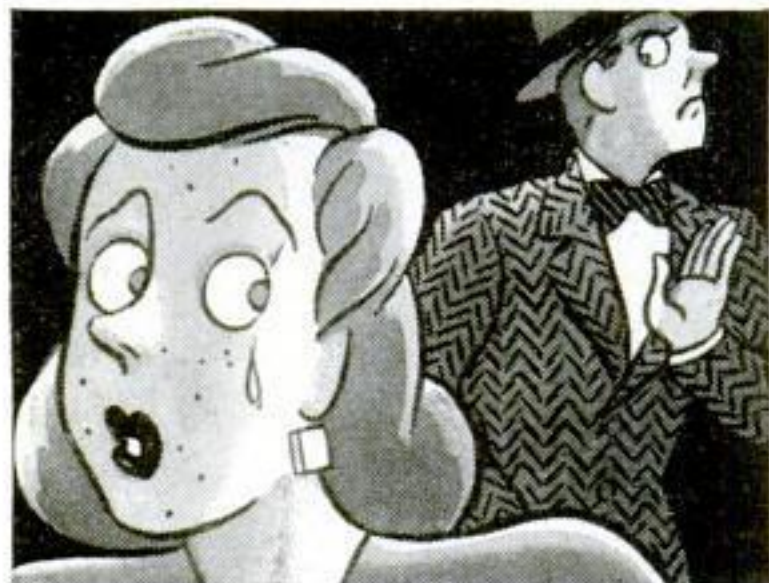
"SUSE" SWEATERS

Hollywood stars like them for their distracting, zany designs

Six years ago Susan Dannenberg of Los Angeles, who liked sweaters but did not have a sweater figure, knitted some for herself while waiting for a broken leg to mend. She decorated them with bleeding hearts, poodles, flowers and pink elephants with the idea of attracting more attention to the sweater and less to the shape of the wearer. The scheme worked so well that she made some for her friends, then began selling a few. Some of her best customers

were Hollywood women like "Slim" Hawks (LIFE, Jan. 20), Esther Williams, Barbara Stanwyck, Jennifer Jones.

By now "Suse" (pronounced Susy) sweaters are sold all over the country. They are hand-made, by 20 knitters and three girls who do nothing but cut out the zany appliques. Some are further decorated with beads and splashy fake jewels. The effect is extravagant and so is the price, from \$50 to \$70.



Mary isn't merry any more

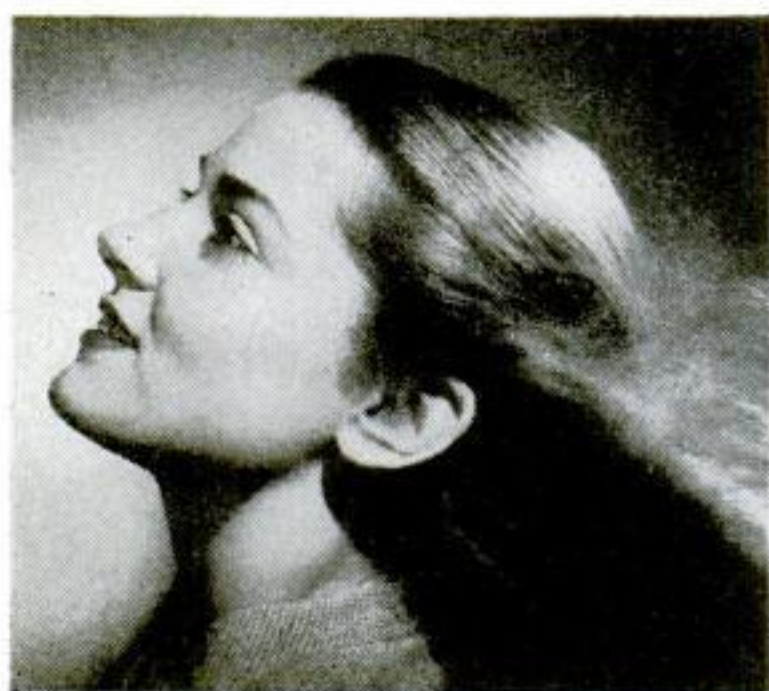
You won't have to look twice to know why. Blackheads are no date-getters. They sure get you down—and out of the inner set. Yet, most times only improper cleansing is the cause. Here's how the hep folks fix the situation:

Spread on a little Pompeian Milk Massage Cream. Massage vigorously. That clean-looking pink cream becomes an oily dirt-grey. It removes the surface accumulation of oily dirt from pore orifices, and aids in the mechanical removal of blackheads and similar skin blemishes . . . leaving your skin glowing with life and color . . . radiantly clean.

Less than 2c a treatment

A Pompeian Massage costs less than 2c a treatment. At drug and toiletry counters everywhere.

POMPEIAN
The original pink
MASSAGE CREAM



WARNING to women with hair abused by drying shampoos

Hair waves can be softer, last longer. Hair need not be dry, brittle or unmanageable. A shampoo made with three selected oils is the answer.

It's called Laco Genuine Castile Shampoo.

Principal Ingredient Olive Oil

The principal ingredient is olive oil. Just enough castor and coconut oils are present to give you a quick foam . . . a quick, filmless rinse. Remember, Laco Genuine Castile Shampoo does not dry out your hair or scalp.

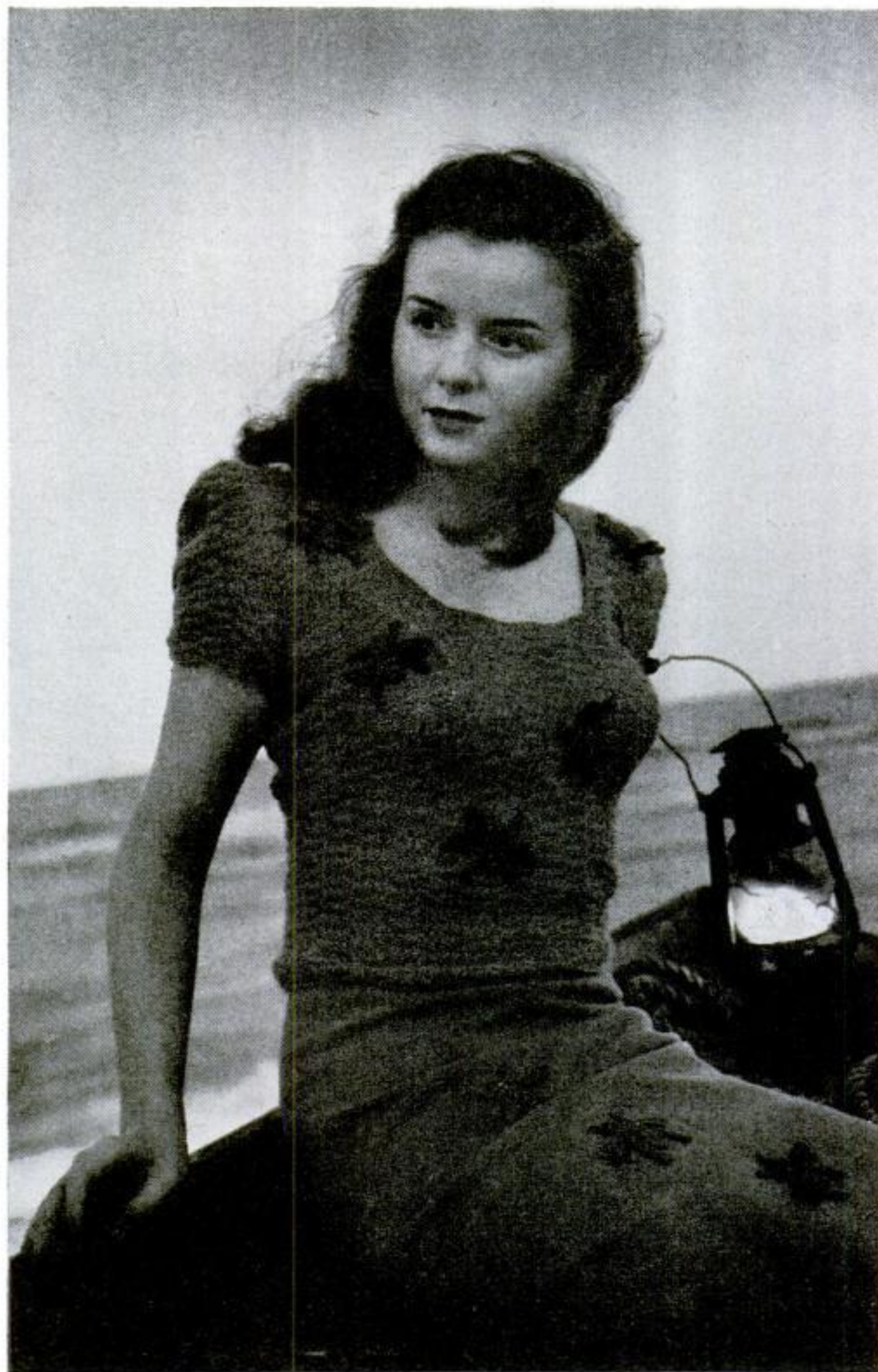
Know real hair beauty . . . get Laco Genuine Castile Shampoo . . . at drug and toiletry counters everywhere. Laco Products Inc., Baltimore 24, Md.



Laco GENUINE
CASTILE
Shampoo

for Glamorous, Manageable Hair!

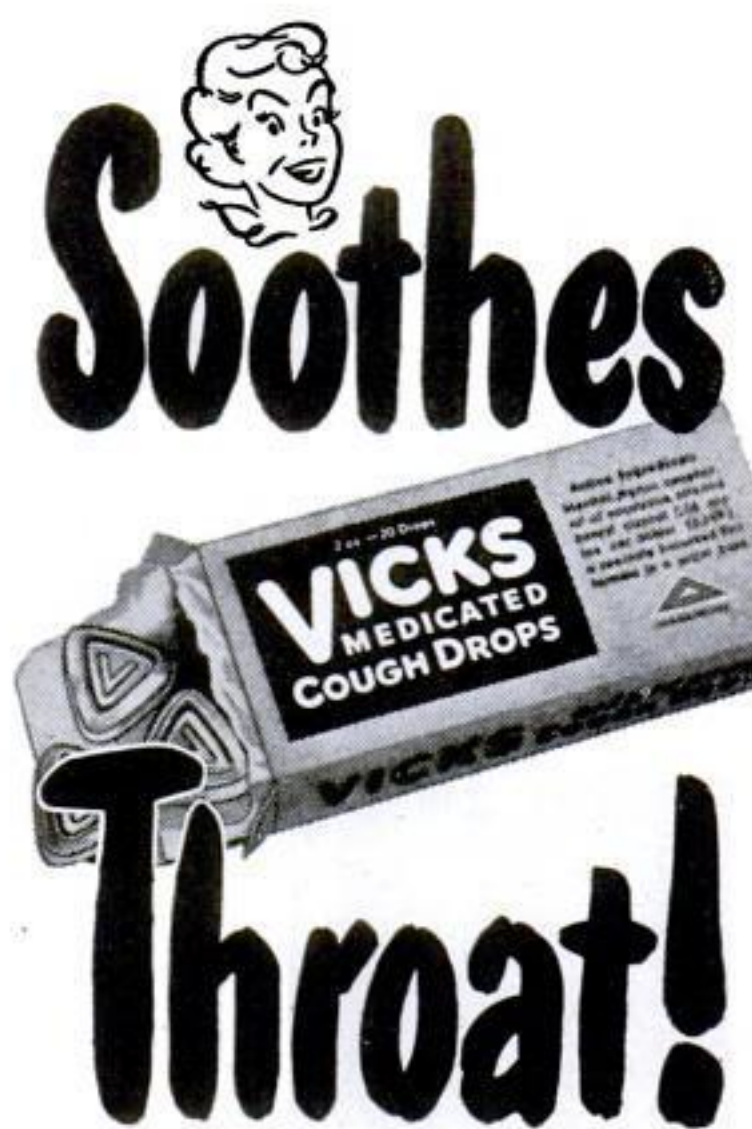
"Suse" Sweaters CONTINUED



"BUZZING BEES" is an evening sweater with honey-colored felt bees dotted with gold beads. Skirts to match sweaters are a recent "Suse" innovation.



"ROARING LIONS" is a short-sleeved royal blue sweater with a frieze of white felt lions. Outfit costs \$100. "Suse" designs both the sweaters and motifs.



Such quick, soothing relief from coughs, throat irritations, huskiness of colds or smoking with Vicks Medicated Cough Drops! . . . because they're really medicated with throat-soothing ingredients of Vicks VapoRub. Try 'em!



Chippers YOUNG PANTS LIKE DADDY'S IN ALL BUT SIZE

Newer and better long pants, man-tailored of fine wool or gabardine fabrics. "Let-out" waist seam for growth. Exclusive, colorful Chips trim and pocketing. Darted waist. All seams serged. Zipper fly. Four large pockets. Sizes 4 to 12. Regular and stoutees. About \$7.

At fine stores.
Write "Billy" for one near you.

ETON SUITS • SPORTS JACKETS
LEISURE SUITS • SHORTS • SLACKS
JUMPER-ALLS • SHIRTS • RAINSHEDS

B. SCHWARTZ & CO., INC.
1107 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

CONTINUED ON PAGE 78



IT'S THE NEW RCA VICTOR
"Dreamland" ALBUM!

66 VAUGHN MONROE'S "Dreamland Special"



"DID YOU EVER SEE A DREAM WALKING?"
"I'VE GOT A POCKETFUL OF DREAMS"
"DRIFTING AND DREAMING"
"MEET ME TONIGHT IN DREAMLAND"

IT'S FOR DREAMY DANCING!

You've heard Vaughn play some of these "dream" hits on his Saturday night Camel Cigarette show. Vocals by Vaughn, the Moon Maids and Norton Sisters. Ask for P-160, \$3.15.

"I'LL SEE YOU IN MY DREAMS"
"DREAM"
"MY ISLE OF GOLDEN DREAMS"
"MY DREAMS ARE GETTING BETTER ALL THE TIME"

"...MORE NEW RCA VICTOR HITS!"



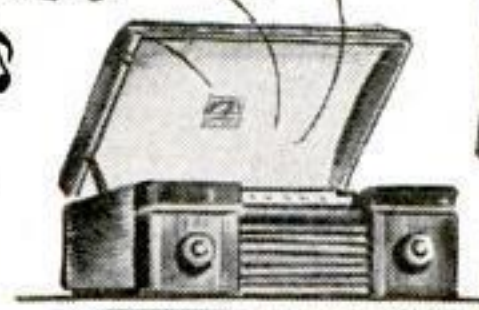
"On the Moon-Beam," by Vaughn Monroe and his Orchestra. Includes *Paper Moon*, *Racing with the Moon*, *Moonglow*, *Moon Love*, six other "moon" hits. Album P-142, \$3.75.

"Two Grand," by Whittemore and Lowe, Duo-pianists. Includes *That Old Black Magic*, *Lover*, *The Song Is You*, *In the Still of the Night*, four others. With Russ Case and his Orch. Album P-154, \$3.15.

Perry Como: *That's the Beginning of the End*, *Sonata*. 20-2033, 60¢.

Swing and Sway with Sammy Kaye: *Zip-A-Dee Doo-Dah*, *Sooner or Later*. Both from "Song of the South." With vocals. 20-1976, 60¢.

Prices are suggested list prices exclusive of taxes.



IT'S FOR DREAMY LISTENING!

Vaughn's records sound wonderfully true to life . . . because RCA Victor Records are made by the newest electronic methods. And wait till you hear 'em on a Victrola* radio-phonograph! (*Victrola — T.M. Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.)



THE STARS WHO MAKE THE HITS ARE ON

RCA VICTOR RECORDS



Petti*

magic word in

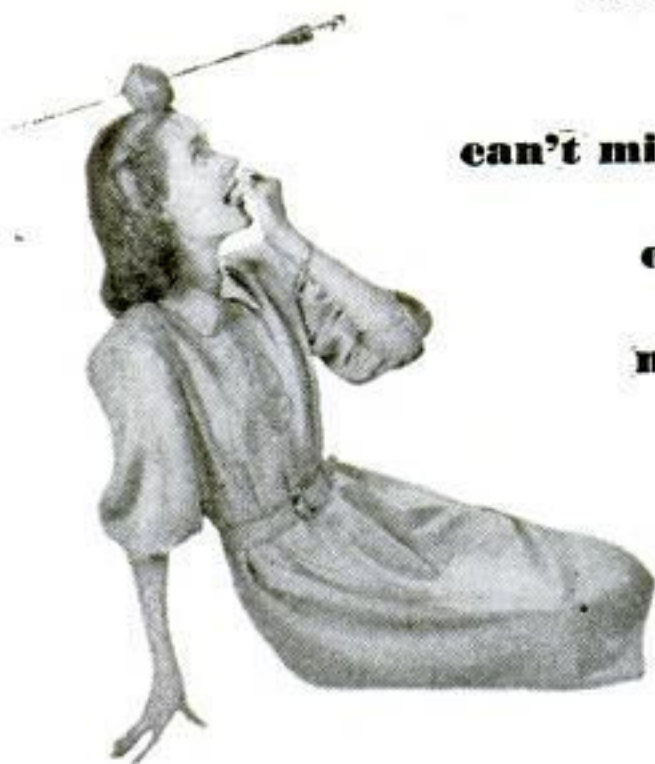
junior sportswear



you can't miss

a trick . . .

can't miss loving **Petti's** smooth young
casual, silver studded 'n' belted.
mint pastels: aqua, yellow, pink,
blue, sand . . . in *Milliken*
rayon flannel.
junior sizes 9-15
about \$15

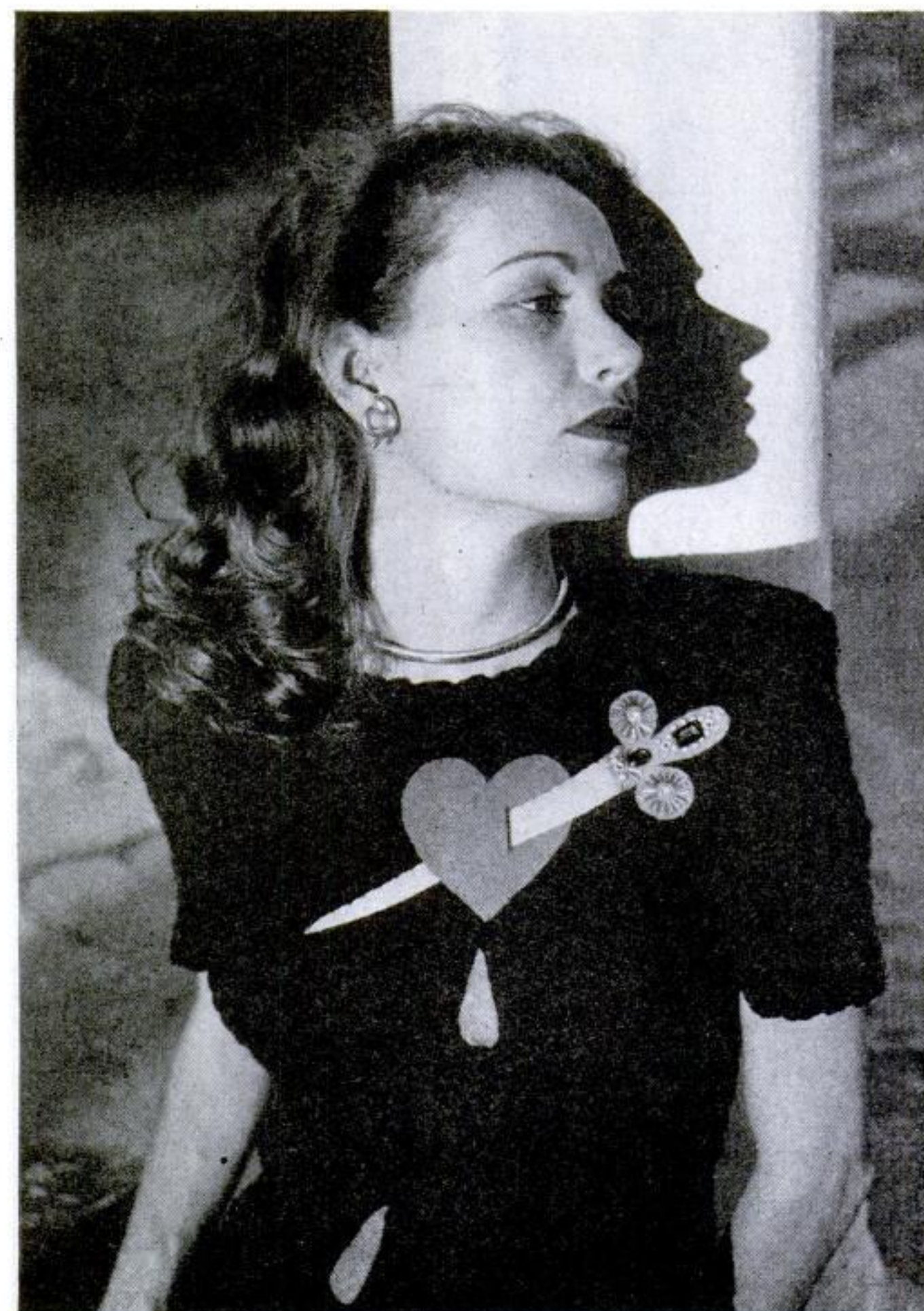


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"Suse" Sweaters CONTINUED



"GIANT DAISIES" sweater has an oversize spray spreading from shoulder to waist. All "Suse" sweaters are made to be worn over a skirt, not tucked in.



"JEZEBEL" has red bleeding heart pierced by jeweled dagger. This, "Suse's" most popular pattern, comes in a variety of colors but the heart is always red.

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The narrow, fleet-footed Air Ride tread makes this a magnificently *balanced* tire. It puts a brand new "feel" in

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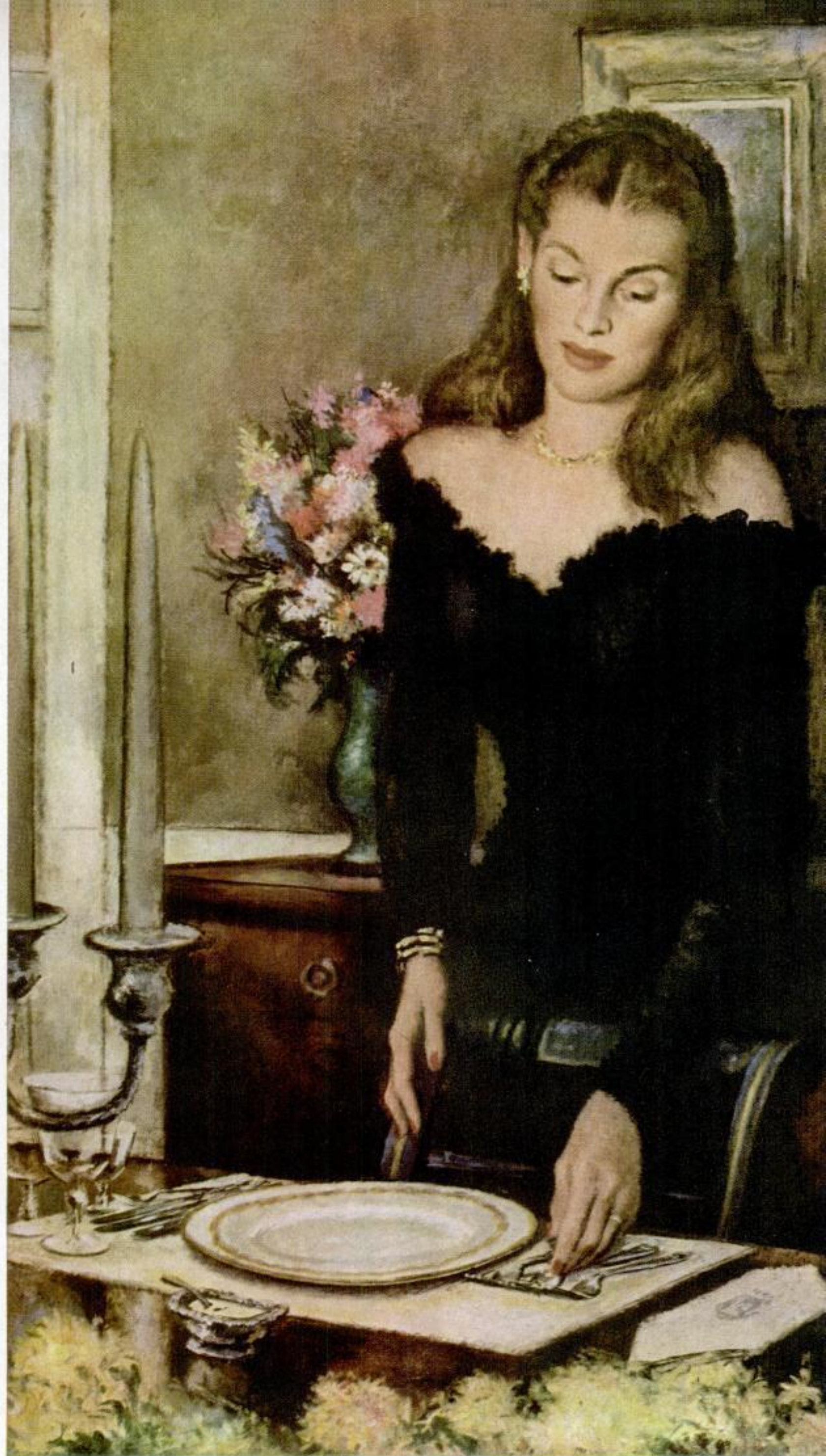
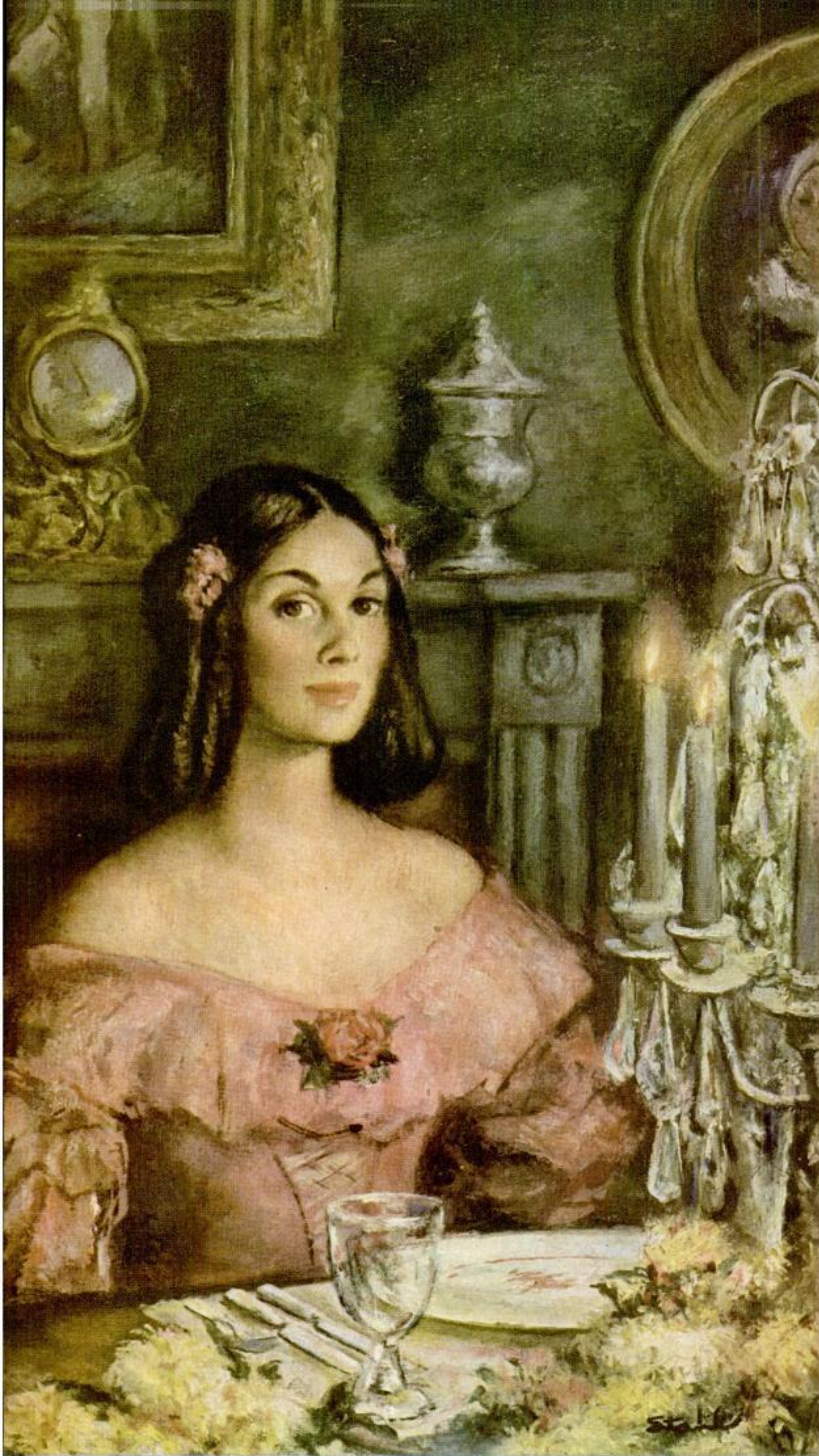
Your first mile on new U. S. Royal Air Rides tells you that here, indeed, is not merely a new *tire*—but a completely new *kind* of tire. See your U. S. Tire Dealer for a demonstration ride—discover for yourself the truly thrilling performance of this *better*, finer tire.

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ADORATION



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Each rich, modern design has magnificent quality...extra height and depth of ornament

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RATS WHICH HAVE BEEN MADE SURGICAL SIAMESE TWINS FOR RADIATION STUDIES PLAY HAPPILY ON CAGE. RATS AT LEFT HAVE JUST BEEN SEWN TOGETHER

RADIATION SICKNESS

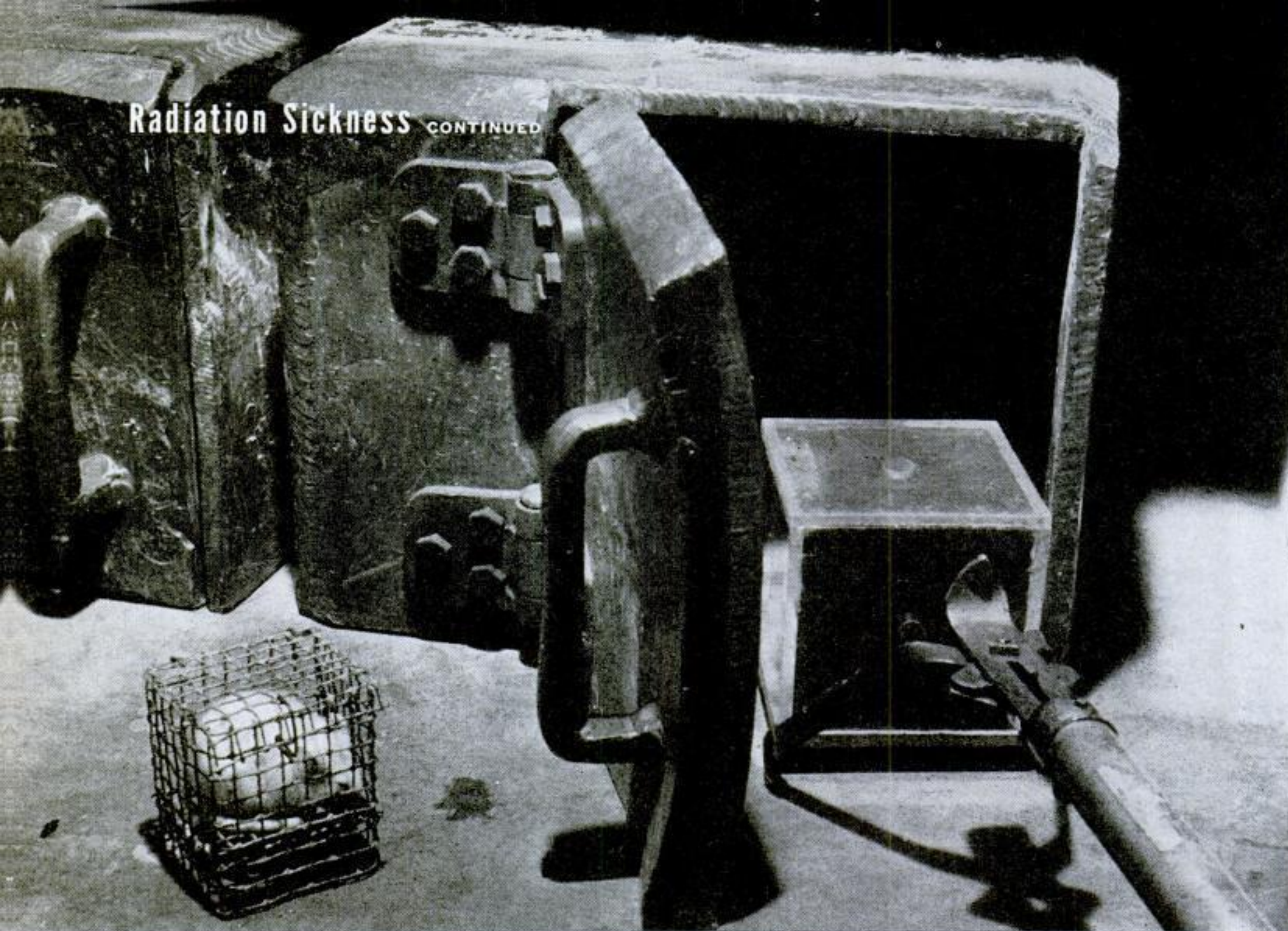
Laboratory rats save lives of atomic energy workers

When the making of an atomic bomb was proposed in 1940, many scientists thought the whole idea was impossibly dangerous. So much radioactive material would have to be handled that workers would inevitably develop the terrible sickness caused by its invisible radiations. These pictures show the kind of research which made the plants of the Manhattan District even safer than the average of U.S. industry. They were made by LIFE's F. W. Goro in Clinton Laboratories at Oak Ridge, where studies in the effects of radiation are still in progress under the direction of the Monsanto Chemical Co.

Radiation has a special meaning at Clinton. It is not everything that radiates (*e.g.*, light) but only rays and fragments given off by the disintegration of atoms. Radioactive elements like uranium manufacture radiation steadily for as long as four billion years. The explosion of an atomic bomb sends out a mighty blast of it for a few millionths of a second. How these tiny projectiles sicken or kill living things is imperfectly understood. One question is whether they work directly by breaking down tissues or indirectly by causing them to release deadly toxins in the body fluids. The Siamese rats on this page are one approach to the problem. Two rats are sewed together and one of them is exposed to radiation. If only the exposed rat is affected, the experimenters may assume that the radiation works directly. If both are affected, it works indirectly through toxins. The result: still inconclusive because of other factors involved. By such experiments Clinton hopes to find 1) better radiation safeguards, 2) what atomic bombs can do to people and 3) fundamental information to help solve biological mysteries like cancer.

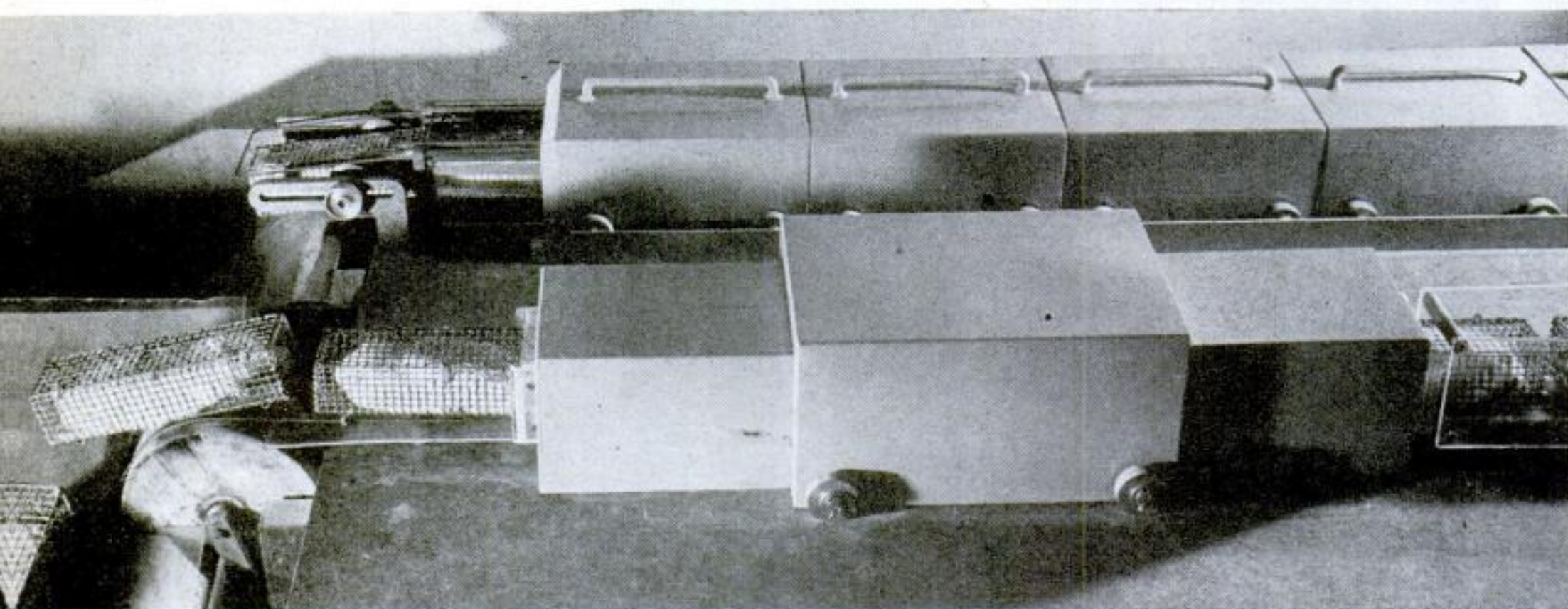


SIAMESE RATS are prepared for radiation experiment. Rat at the right is placed inside a heavy lead box for protection while the other rat is exposed to radiation source.



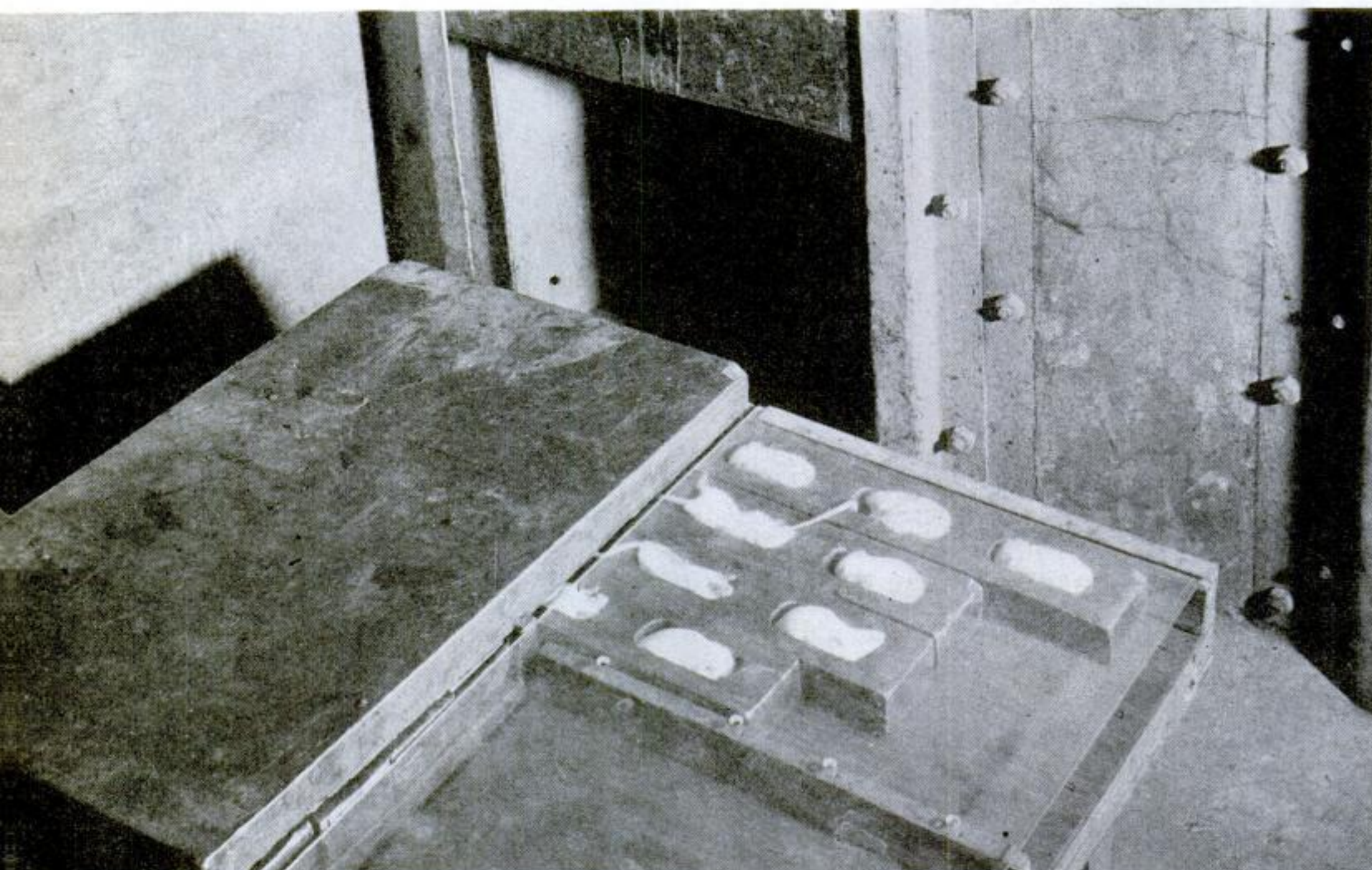
RADIOACTIVE PLASTIC BOX is taken out of lead safe to expose a mouse in the cage at left to slightly penetrating beta radiation. Impregnated with phospho-

rus which is then made artificially radioactive by placing it inside the Oak Ridge atomic pile, the box is set over the cage to give the mouse an even dose of radiation.



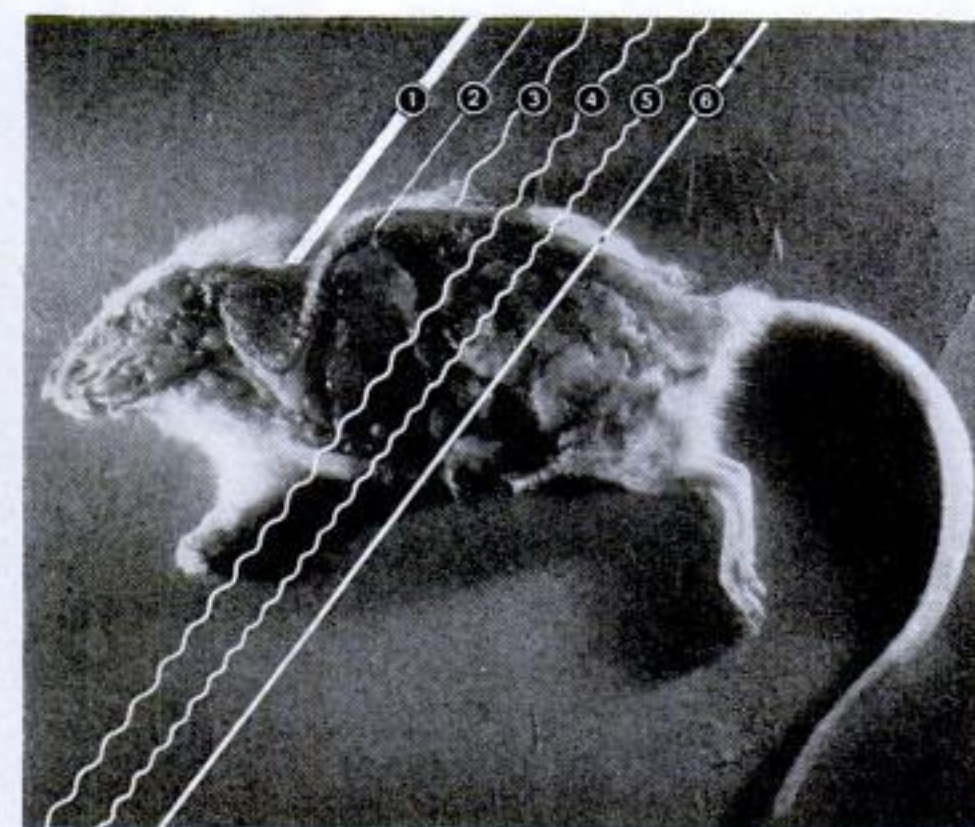
CONVEYOR BELT of cages slowly pulls rats through a tiny tunnel where they are exposed to beta radiation. The inside of the tunnel is lined with a plastic contain-

ing artificially radioactive phosphorus like the box shown at top of page. Outside of the tunnel is made of lead to shield observing laboratory workers from the radiation.



LEAD CART is loaded with anesthetized mice which are to be put inside atomic pile itself. Behind its heavy concrete shields the pile manufactures a blizzard of ra-

diation. When the mice are completely shielded by lead nearly all radiations except neutrons are filtered out. The researchers then can study effects of neutrons alone.



RADIATIONS which do not penetrate deeply are 1) alpha and 2) beta particles, 3) ultraviolet. Penetrating radiations are 4) X-rays, 5) gamma rays, 6) neutrons.

RATS AND MICE ARE GIVEN TWO KINDS OF RADIATION

There are two general kinds of radiation used by the Oak Ridge researchers for their experiments in the nature of radiation sickness. One kind can go right through the body of a rat or a man. The effect of a single massive dose is nausea, loss of white blood cells, internal bleeding and, after about a week, death. The other kind of radiation cannot penetrate the skin but causes strange burns. Both kinds have different effects in smaller doses. If a rat survives exposure to penetrating radiation, it recovers after a time. But in a year deep-seated organic damage sometimes becomes apparent. Leukemia, a wild overproduction of white blood cells, occurs and internal organs waste away. Small doses of nonpenetrating radiation have similarly delayed effects. A year or more after they have been exposed some experimental animals go blind and develop tumors (see p. 84). Whether all these things can happen to humans is still not known. Last week the Allied Public Health Section in Tokyo announced that the survivors of the atomic bombings of Japan had recovered from all of their original injuries. But many scientists think that people, like rats, may show delayed effects years after exposure to radiation.



DIRECTOR of Clinton Laboratories' animal experiments, Dr. Paul S. Henshaw, inspects sick rats. He has recently returned from trip to Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 84](#)



**Men took their lives in their hands when they took
her in their arms!**

RKO
PRESENTS

LARAINÉ DAY
BRIAN AHERNE
ROBERT MITCHUM
GENE RAYMOND in



From one man's arms to another,
she fled—trying to escape
the evil memory of the tragic
trinket whose strange power changed
her life . . . destroyed her loves!

The Locket

with

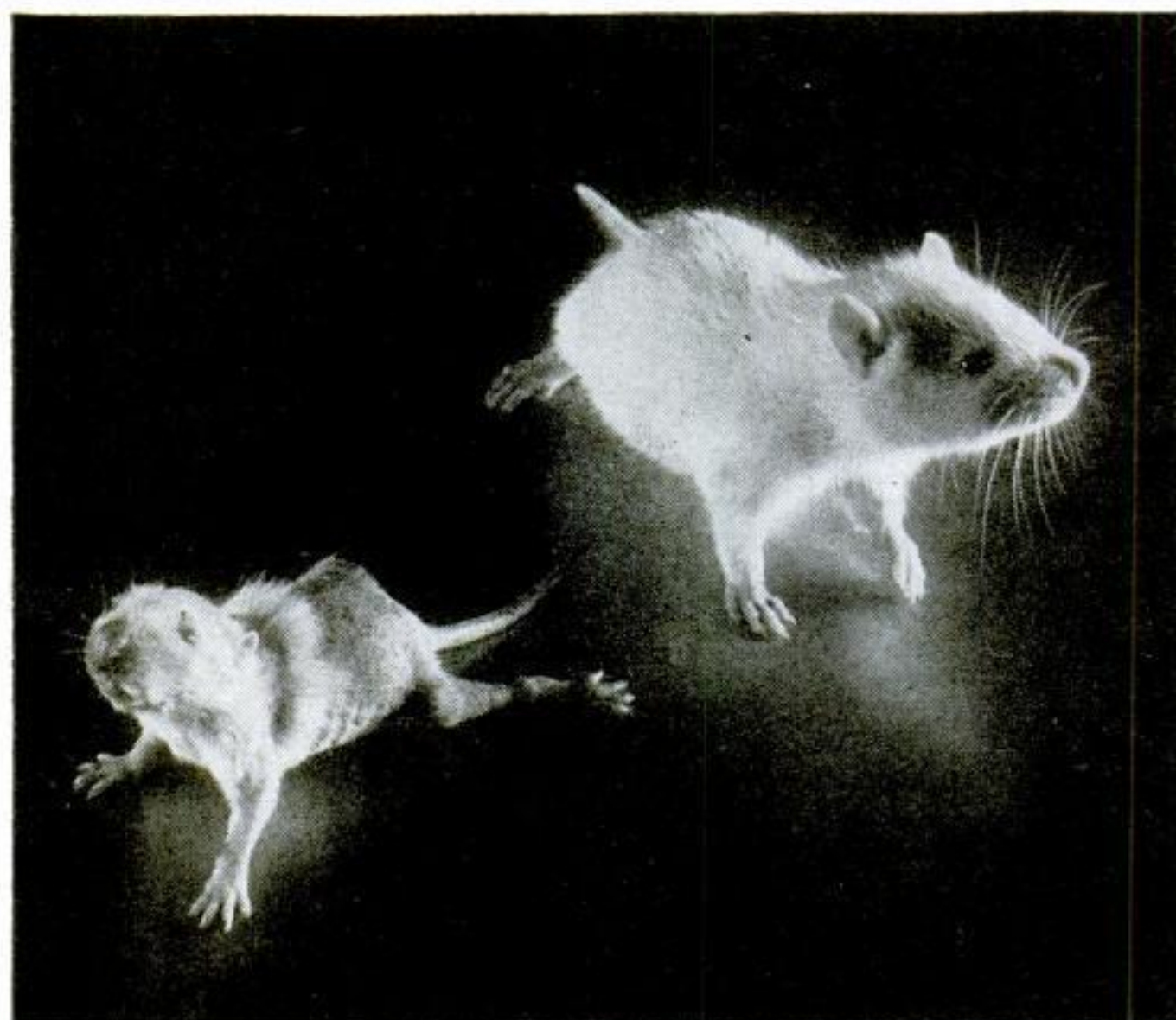
SHARYN MOFFETT • RICARDO CORTEZ • HENRY STEPHENSON

Produced by BERT GRANET • Directed by JOHN BRAHM • Written by SHERIDAN GIBNEY





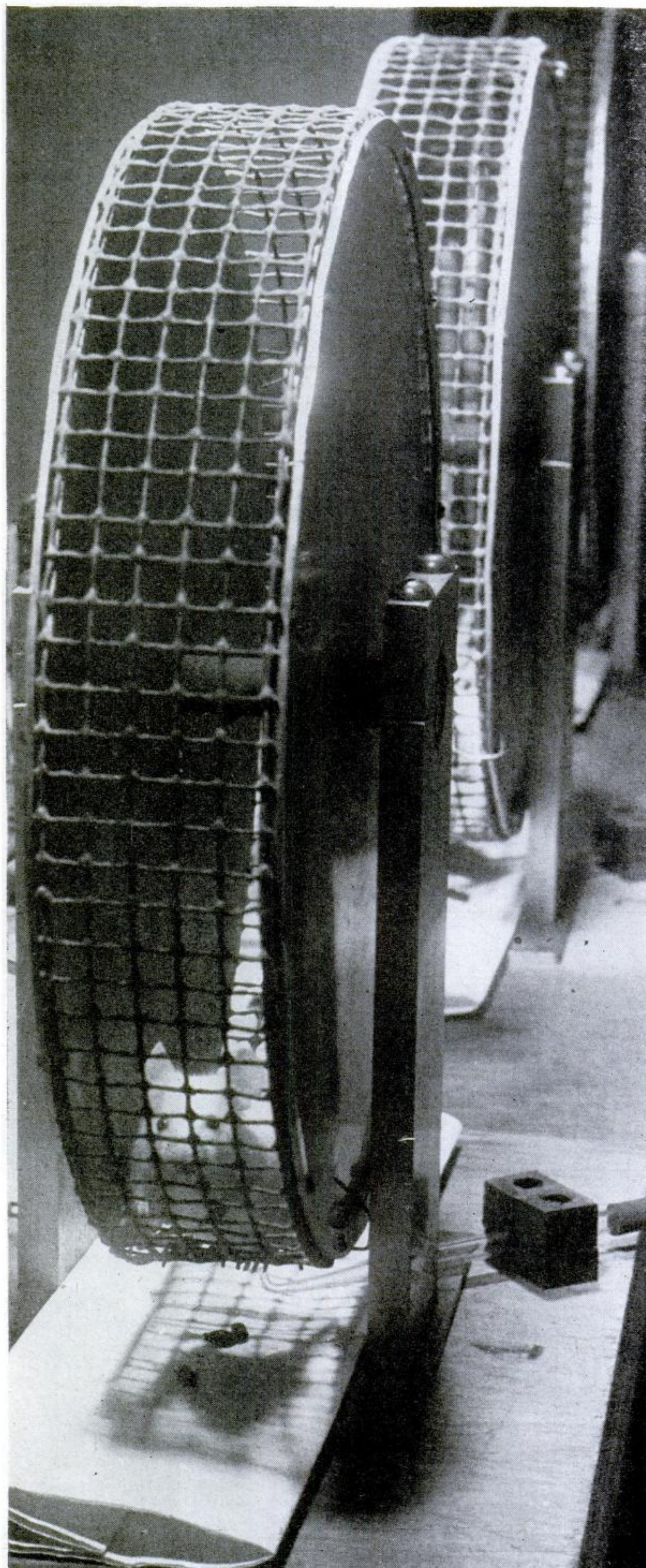
DYING RAT is in a coma four days after receiving a massive dose of penetrating gamma rays. Autopsy showed rat's liver and spleen had wasted away to a third of normal size and thymus and lymph glands were practically destroyed.



STUNTED RAT at left was exposed to dose of beta radiation shortly after birth. The effect on growth may be estimated by size of the rat at right, which was born in the same litter. Exposed rat is also half-blind and almost hairless.



CANCEROUS RAT has developed festering tumors more than a year after being exposed to a massive dose of beta radiation. Rat suffered burns after it had been exposed, recovered and lived in apparent health until tumors developed.



TREADMILL determines how exposure to radiation affects the physical endurance of a mouse. A jet of cold air is played on the mouse from beneath the treadmill to keep it running. When mouse finally tires, number of turns of the treadmill may be read from a counter.

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without a sound



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through the night. There's not the
slightest tick to tax your slumber.



BUT THE ALARM is sure to wake
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out and stop it.

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to be exact to the minute. What's
more, you never need to wind,
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Ivory-colored plastic case. No
mail orders, please . . . see your
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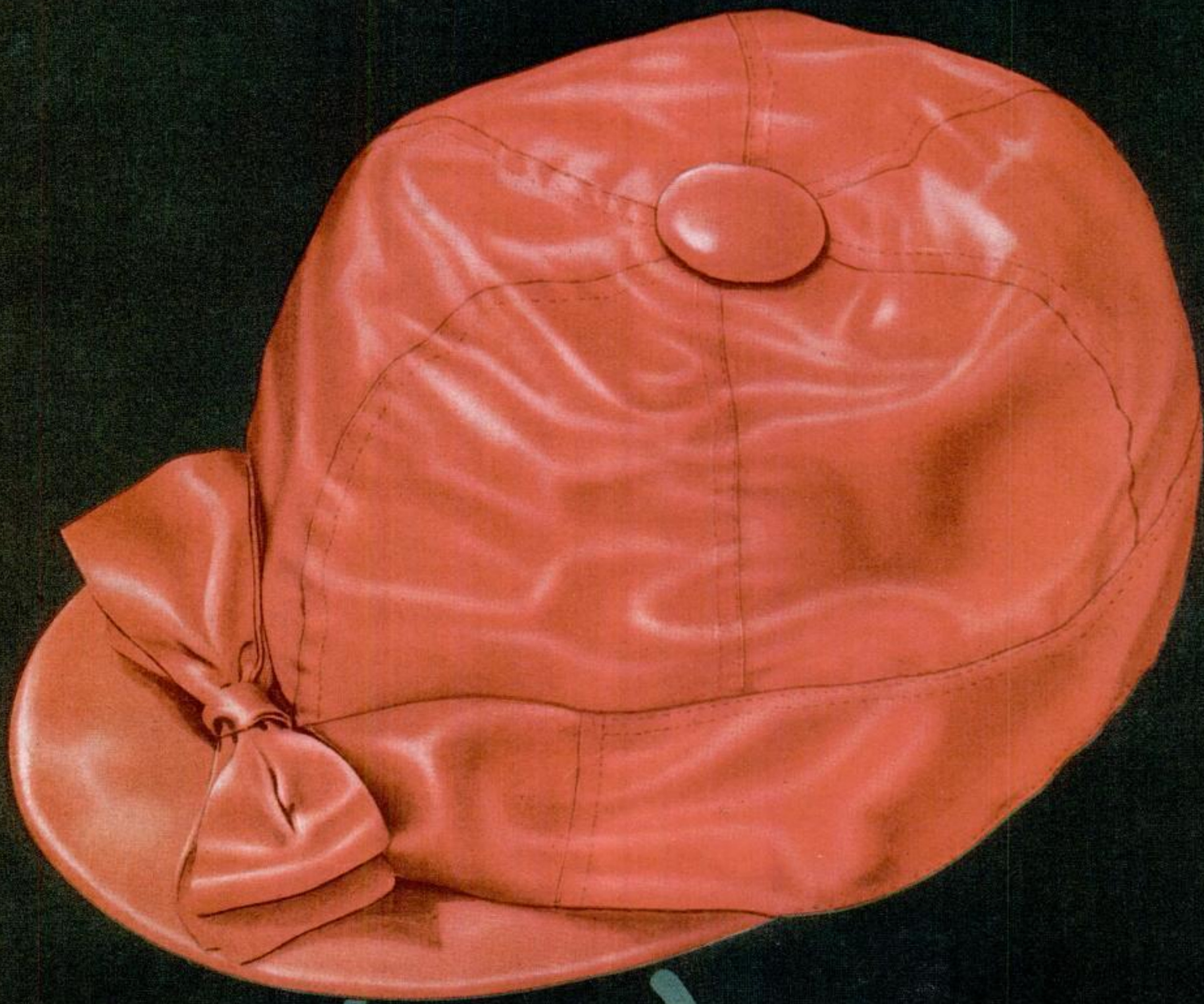
TELALARM JR. — with the exclusive control-
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loud, as you like, with luminous case, hands
and dial . . . \$5.50

TELALARM — slightly larger size — luminous
hands and dial — bell alarm . . . \$6.50

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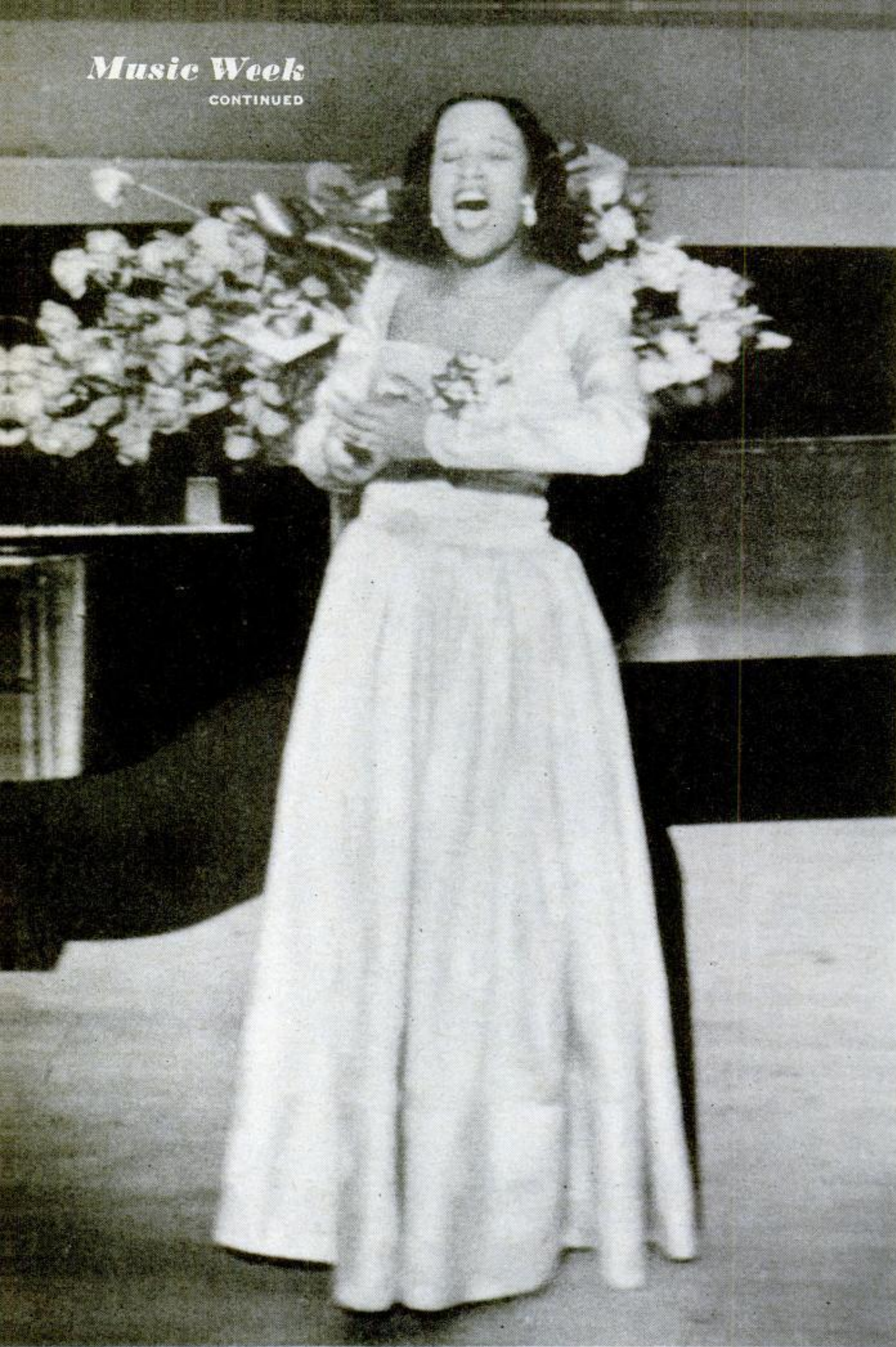
NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC SYMPHONY, LED BY STOKOWSKI, PLAYS TSCHAIKOWSKY IN CARNEGIE HALL

Big Music Week

Concert boom hits all-time peak in New York

This season the musical boom which has made New York City the center of the music world has been achieving gigantic proportions. The roster of distinguished foreign virtuosos who found refuge on the U.S. concert stage during the war has been so swollen by postwar importations and by the stream of new hopefuls from the U.S. hinterlands that even the well-tried musical veterans have had to wait their turn for places to perform. In a single week this winter (Jan. 5-12) musical audiences in Manhattan had an opportunity to hear six top-notch symphony orchestras, two opera companies,

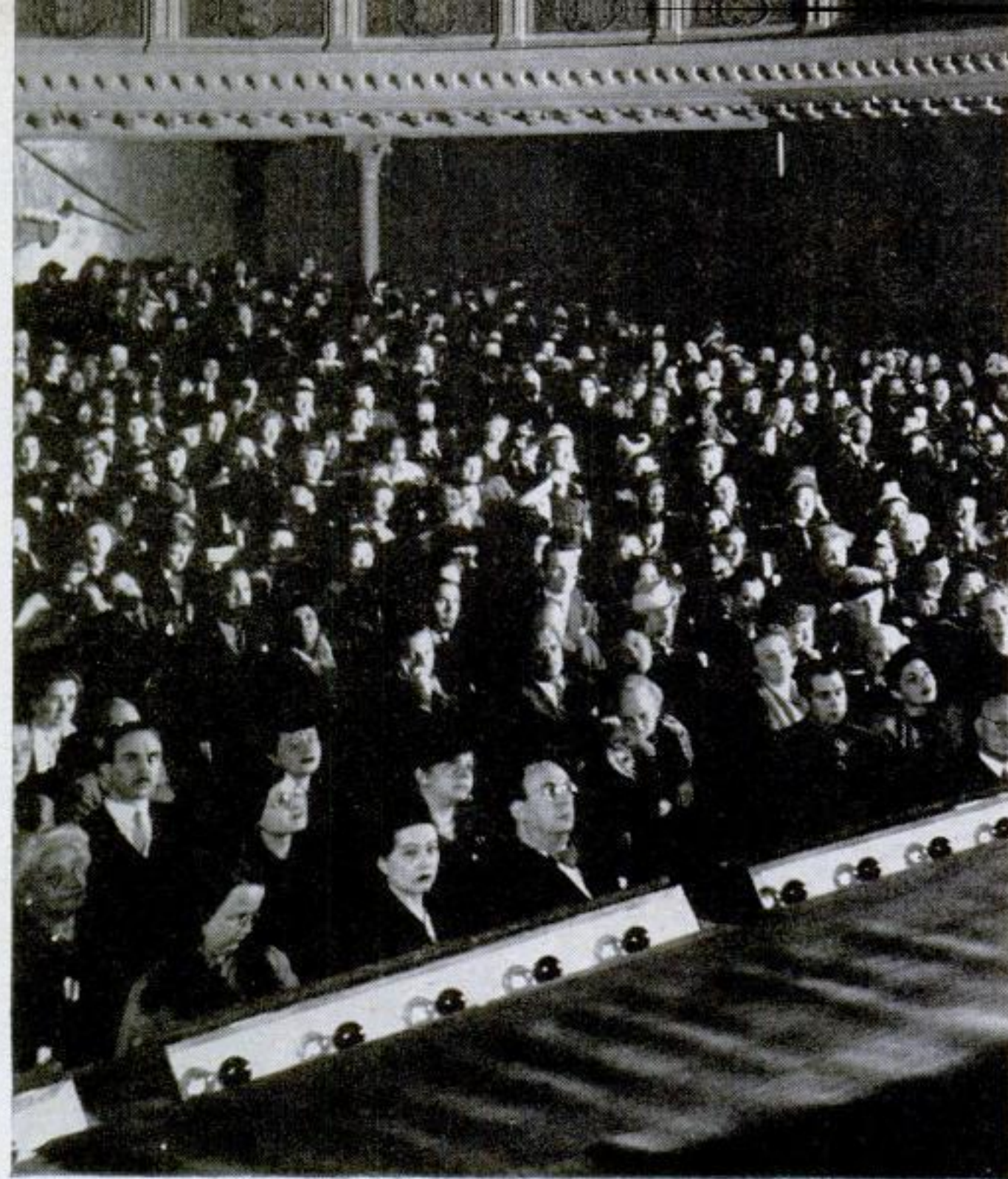
five world-famous soloists, 10 ensembles and 25 assorted recitalists including 10 who were making their debuts in New York. The tuneful bedlam they produced was attended by some 100,000 listeners who make up the most critical audience in America and who paid more than \$300,000 for their tickets. The final verdict of this audience spells success or failure for virtually every musical career. It is the country's highest court of musical appeal, the gateway to fame and sometimes to fortune. On the following pages LIFE shows what happened during that week at the peak of the world's busiest musical season.



CAMILLA WILLIAMS, 26, a Danville, Va. chauffeur's daughter who twice won the Marian Anderson scholarship, sings Bizet's *Open Thy Heart* at Town Hall. *World-Telegram* critic called her soprano voice "one of the loveliest," but others found her less brilliant in recital than in opera.



GIUSEPPE DE LUCA, 70-year-old Italian baritone who sang with Caruso and Galli-Curci at the Met, scored the season's biggest successes at Town Hall recitals (above). Critics agree he is better than most baritones half his age, said the "audience knew no bounds to its enthusiasm" (*Times*).



MARIAN ANDERSON, now in her 40s, former Philadelphia choir-singer who is generally regarded as the world's greatest contralto, is shown singing an aria at her 30th successive sell-out concert in Carnegie Hall, which seats 2,786

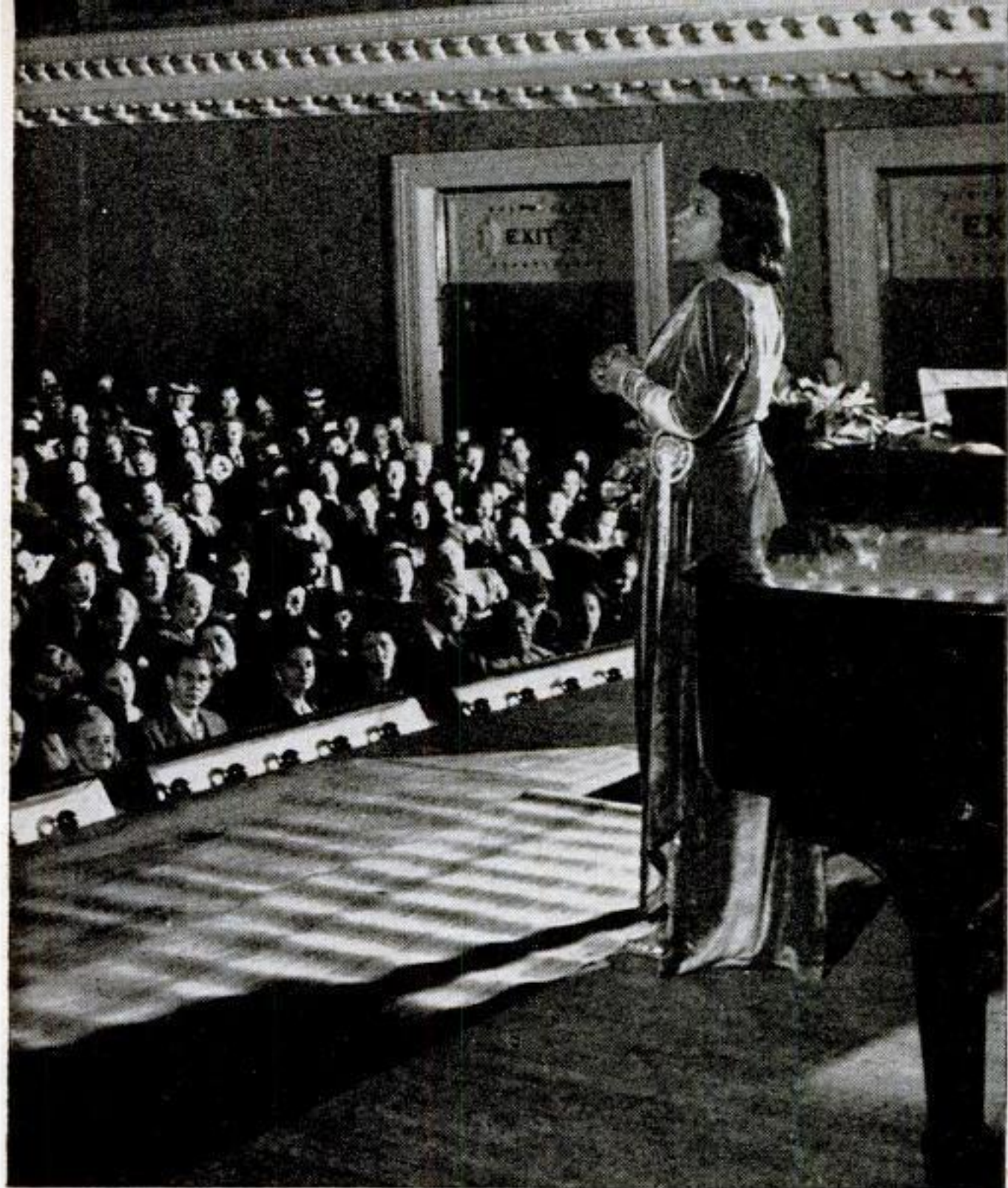
Bigtime

Top concert names perform

For artists of worldwide or nationwide fame, a New York recital means about as much as an appearance at the Kentucky Derby means to a race horse. Virtually every one of Manhattan's big-name recitals takes place in one of two famous auditoriums: Carnegie Hall, which seats 2,786, and the smaller but no less prestigious Town Hall, which seats 1,500. The number of famous musicians who actually make money on a Carnegie Hall or Town Hall recital can be counted on the fingers of two hands. They include people like Anderson, Kreisler, Menuhin,



JACQUES ABRAM, 28-year-old pianist from Lufkin, Texas, tackled two concertos in one night with National Orchestral Association under Leon Barzin. He "handled both with brilliance of the accomplished virtuoso" (*Times*).



persons. Citing her "magnificent artistry," the *Post* critic commented, "Her voice at its best . . . had a glow as resplendent as the sheen of her gown," which, he noted, was "apricot-colored velvet on silvery-changeable velvet."

Recitalists

to keep their prestige high

Horowitz, Rubinstein. Most of the rest break even or lose money cheerfully, appear in Manhattan merely for prestige, make their living on concert tours of smaller U.S. cities. Apart from the recitalists shown on these pages, Manhattan concertgoers last week had an enormous overflow of choices. Singing fans could hear a Viennese contralto, an English folk singer, a girl from Homestead, Pa. who sang blues. There were also seven pianists, two Russian cellists, three string quartets, four modern dance groups, one harpsichordist and a group of Hindu musicians.



FREDELL LACK, attractive 23-year-old daughter of a Houston, Texas auto-supply dealer, gave her third Town Hall recital, impressed critics with her "substantial accomplishments" and her "unobtrusive rubato" (*Herald Tribune*).



KARIN BRANZELL, 55-year-old Swedish contralto who retired from Met in 1944, sings Scandinavian songs at Town Hall. The *Herald Tribune* liked her "thoroughly sumptuous" voice but not her "sustained legato." The *Post* critic liked her high and low voice but not her middle voice.



ALBENERI TRIO gave a recital at Young Men's Hebrew Association on the outer fringes of Manhattan's concert circuit, where first-class music is presented at low prices for earnest audiences. The Albeneri Trio has been praised as a "remarkably adjusted ensemble . . ." (*Times*).



new star of the
METROPOLITAN
Opera House
Ferruccio Tagliavini
in
"VOGLIO VIVERE COSÌ"

OPERA'S NEWEST STAR, 33-year-old Italian Tenor Ferruccio Tagliavini, poses in New York near poster advertising his movie, whose title means "This Is How I Want to Live." Later, making his Metropolitan debut in *La Bohème*, Tagliavini stopped the

opera cold with his first aria. The ecstatic critics called him the greatest Italian tenor since Gigli. He "is the real thing . . ." (*Times*). His "voice is fresh. . . . He does not gulp or gasp or gargle salt tears. . . . To the eye he is plump but manly . . ." (*Herald Tribune*).

Debuts

New hopefuls get a mixed reception

To Manhattan's musical public, debuts may be the occasion for anything from wide yawns to loud bravos. To the people who make them they are usually the most crucial moment of a lifetime. Attended by a corps of about 25 harried and scurrying New York music critics, who sit up half the night rendering scathing or kindly verdicts, they provide the spice of Manhattan's gargantuan musical banquet. Last week's debuts ranged from that of Marilyn Neeley (below), a diminutive 8-year-old California pianist who had to have blocks placed under the pedals of the piano so that she could reach them, to that of Janine Casiez (right), a French soprano whose aquamarine-gowned figure drew whistles from her Times Hall audience. So closely packed was the weekly concert schedule on which they appeared that piano tuners at Carnegie and Town Halls had barely time to retune pianos between recitals.

The sensation of the week among the debuts occurred at the Metropolitan Opera House, where a honey-voiced Italian tenor named Ferruccio Tagliavini (opposite page) sang in *La Bohème*. The most important debut by an Italian singer in 10 years, it convinced some operagoers that Italian opera might be destined for a healthy and exciting postwar revival.



MARILYN NEELEY, 8, a member of Glendale, Calif. Brownie Troop No. 28, has given recitals three years, made a "strong impression" (*Times*) on audience, mostly tots.



VIOLET DE FIORE, 24, a soprano, whose father is a New York tailor, made debut in Steinway Hall. *Herald Tribune* critic said she sang "with brightness and spirit."



JANINE CASIEZ, Parisian soprano, made her debut in Times Hall. The critics found her voice "thin and light" (*Times*), her sultry singing more like that of a chanteuse

than a recitalist. She received 20 bouquets. The handsomest debutante of the week, Mlle. Casiez once won a water-skiing championship in Juan-Les-Pins, France.



EMMANUELINA PIZZUTO is a 24-year-old pianist from Princeton Junction, N.J. Her playing at Times Hall was "crystal clear . . . technique brilliant" (*Times*).



FERN HAMMERS, a Great Neck, N.Y. mezzo-soprano, bared a big voice "of color," but often was "a quarter tone off pitch" (*Times*), "half tone off" (*Herald Tribune*).



ALONE WITH ORCHESTRA IN DIMLY LIGHTED CARNEGIE HALL, LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI RAPIDLY REHEARSES SHIRTSLEEVED MUSICIANS

Orchestras

They are top drawing cards

Aside from the performances at the Met, the biggest spectacles of the season are provided by the Boston Symphony, Philadelphia and New York Philharmonic orchestras. In one week all three were in Manhattan. As guest conductor of the New York Philharmonic, Leopold Stokowski (*above*), proved he could still get more opulent sounds out of an orchestra than any other conductor alive. As leader of the Philadelphians, George Szell (*on opposite page with Concertmaster Alexander Hilsberg*) provided a performance of Prokofiev's *Fifth Symphony*.



***Conductor Szell leans from podium
at end of the symphony to shake
hand of his beaming concertmaster***



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The betrothal ring of 1880 seen in David O. Selznick's Technicolor production "Duel in the Sun" is from the historical collection of rings by J. R. Wood & Sons, Inc.

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BELOVED BY BRIDES FOR ALMOST A CENTURY (1850-1947)



OUTSIDE A MIDWEST FACTORY DAVID FREDENTHAL DEPICTS SOME OF THE WORKERS DOS PASSOS TALKED TO

Where Do We Go from Here?

A great reporter visits the industrial heart of America and gets some answers—stubborn, confused but hopeful

by JOHN DOS PASSOS

John Dos Passos, famed novelist and reporter, recently visited the industrial Midwest for LIFE. His mission was to find out what people thought about the future, with special regard to labor. What he found on a tour of several cities he presents here as the composite picture of one industrial community.

LATE afternoon of a winter day. You walk along brick sidewalks between patches of pockmarked snow through fog thick with soft coal smoke. The air smells of machineshops and coal gas. Soot falls gently through the twilight, drips in inky stain from icicles along the gutters, blackens the grime on closepacked frame dwelling houses, and settles in soft smudges on your face. At the end of every street you can see the spreading buildings of some plant or other, horizontal lines of windows, clusters of tall smooth stacks spewing spiralling formations of smoke. Often you cross railroad tracks, broad marshalling yards full of clanking freight cars. You are never out of earshot of the hoot and root-toot toot toot of the shunting engines.

"Sure," says the citizen who is showing you around the town. "Soft coal and pigiron . . . makes things kinda sooty . . . but I wouldn't want to live any place else . . . maybe it's the people."

"Industrious?"

"They shake a leg . . . they like to see a man down at his office at eight. . . . Don't forget that in this kind of a Ruhr that stretches from the Lakes down across Ohio southward and straddles the mountains into New York and Pennsylvania more of everything you can think of is produced than in the whole rest of the world put together."

"The Ruhr hasn't worked out so well."

The citizen stopped in his tracks. "Out here we're worried about all these problems . . . labor, strikes all that . . . but we ain't pessimistic. . . . Don't let anybody tell you we're pessimistic. I moved here from Jersey sixteen years ago . . . wouldn't live any place else. . . . It's the industrial heart of America. . . . That's what we are . . . that's why we like it."

LOOKING through the windows into the lighted parlors the houses don't seem so bad inside. The paint is clean. There are new furnishings and fresh window curtains. Sometimes the mister sits there in his

shirtsleeves in a new overstuffed chair reading the paper while he waits for his supper, or a woman with crisply curled hair wearing a flowered apron is laying the table. The children look well fed and have bright eyes and pink cheeks. When you reach Main Street and the shopping district the wide sidewalks are full of young people, young men in checked woollen shirts or leather jackets, young women in slacks with white or red or green peasant scarves over their hair. The crowd swirls round the doors of department stores and five-and-tens and candyshops. "I'd like to have some real money in my hand, like a hundred dollars," one girl is crying to another.

"These strikes are ruining business," a man is saying to his wife. . . .

"They ought to take the labor leaders out and . . ."

"Oh no, just windowshopping."

"We've come this far," a voice rises out of a group tangled in an argument. "What I want to know is where do we go from here?"

WALKING around town, driving out to plants and suburban developments, talking to the taxidriver, the labor organizer, the leading realtor, the up-and-coming young lawyer, the secretary of the development society, to the seedy character hunched up at the bar in the hotel cocktail lounge, to the young man in a checked suit who's just emptied ten bucks down the drain in a slot machine, to the lady who handles the props at the little theater, to the plain old steelworker on his way home to Sunday dinner, you gradually begin to get a notion of how this place came to be what it is. Back a hundred and fifty years ago it started with primeval woods and the first settlers floating down the Ohio in arks and keelboats and poling up into the leafy creeks and clearing the timber and plowing the black soil of the bottom lands and building cabins of logs and mud among the low hills of what was then called the Western Reserve. Painted frame houses took the place of the cabins; canals took the place of rutted trails. They began to mine coal and iron, and little manufacturies for making farm tools came into being in old barns and sheds along the creeks. The railroads linked East and West. A man perfected a mechanical reaper and got rich and built himself a tall brick house and a tall brick carriage-house and stables overlooking the center of town. There had always been

a strong German and Swiss element in the region. Now some leading citizens got together to start a watch factory and brought in Swiss craftsmen. The town with its large population of artisans and mechanics grew and prospered. It was the market center for a fertile farming belt, and the home of a hundred small industries; brick making and ceramics, harness and leather goods, agricultural machinery and metal gutters and flashing and canvas awnings and nails and cast iron furniture and forgings and dies and tools.



"We hope we aren't heading...into a fight."

The automobile came and World War I and the immense growth of the steel industry. The watch factory closed down and the machinery was shipped to the Soviet Union. The steel industry expanded with open hearth furnaces and blooming mills and rolling mills. With steel came Negroes from the South and a horde of immigrants from Europe—Greeks, Romanians, Syrians, Czechs, Hungarians, Italians, Swedes, Spaniards, Slovaks, Slovenes, Magyars, Poles. A local concern that manufactured bearings for carts and wagons turned to the manufacture of bearings for cars and grew into one of the great bearing plants of the world.

The population changed. The town changed. From a tight little nineteenth century community where everybody knew how old man Smithers had worked nights out in his barn to perfect his bearing that had gone into mass production and made him a millionaire, and how that ingenious ne'erdo-well Joe Jones who was so down and out the boys had to get him a job as janitor at the Knights of Pythias to take care of him invented a vacuum cleaner, or how old Hopkins out on the county road had lost his farm and ruined his family borrowing money to develop a hard steel bit for use in mining machinery, where every employer knew the men who worked for him and their wives' first names and the name of the latest baby, the town became a huddle of walled-off alien groups. The community split a dozen ways. People feel that they've lost control of their destiny.

Out at the bearing plant old man Smithers died, whom everybody had known and criticized when he built himself a million dollar stone mansion on the hill overlooking the athletic field—to this day people tell you Mrs. Smithers never liked it and neither did the boys who wanted to grow up just like other folks—and instead of one of the Smithers boys a man named Upthegrove became president and ran the concern which by now had branches in foreign countries, cartel arrangements with British and German manufacturers and all the trimmings of international monopoly.

Upthegrove had gotten himself a job in the plant when he was mustered out of the army after World War I; in the tool crib, people tell you. . . . "He's a bright cookie all right. . . . He rose up through the entire business, made himself indispensable to the old man and now he's in the old man's shoes." He continually improved the product and the manufacturing process, everything except labor relations. "In the old days old man Smithers knew everybody who worked for him and everybody knew him but this guy stalks through the plant straight as a ramrod looking like a Prussian general, never

speaks to an employe except maybe to bawl out a foreman because the sweepers aren't keeping up with the litter on the floor of the shop. A regular Nazi. . . ."

To stand up against the great concerns with offices in New York and Pittsburgh that have organized the units of production, the workers in the plants have had to let their local unions be swallowed by the great organizations of labor.

The steelworkers

WELL here we are. . . You organize to raise wages and wages go up and prices go up and wages go up and so on," you ask the big man behind the desk in the bare busy C.I.O. office that's above a furniture store on Main Street. "Where do we go from here?"

He's the regional director of the organization. He has ruffled sandy hair and gray eyes and a rollicking manner, half bullying, half kidding.

"Just a minute please." He lifts a square hand and goes on talking into the phone. One of his staff members has been picked up in a neighboring town for going through a red light and placed in jail until he can raise bond.

He's laughing as he talks: "Now you just stay right there George until I call back. . . . Don't you think of stirring away from that spot. I've got our lawyer on the job. Hungry are you? Well they'll have to feed you. Now don't you go away from there."



"I kiss no man's boot. I work for myself."

Everybody in the office is laughing when he puts the receiver down.

"They've got him locked up. That'll learn him not to tear his tickets up. When they get into trouble that's when we hear from them. . . . That'll learn him. . . . Where do we go from here you are asking?" He leans back in his chair and stretches. "Where do we go from here? That's the sixty-four dollar question. . . ."

In the first place, he starts to explain, people in this country have got to get it out of their heads that the working man is so hellishly well off. With overtime during the war a man could get by and live a little better than he used to. Yes during that period the steelworker got used to a slightly higher standard of living. But that had been over for a year, and now, making an average of forty-five dollars a week with the cost of living what it was, men with families were spending their savings for groceries and rent. . . . No their war bonds were cashed in some time back. . . . New cars? The men that had orders in were canceling them. . . . Homes? Maybe a third, no, less than that, say 20% of steelworkers owned their homes. Some of the veterans who'd bought dumps at outrageous prices were going to be stuck with them. . . . Sure he admitted that some of the guys had blown their money in foolishly. . . . In steel particularly there was the kind of a man who knew nothing but doing one operation on a machine. No he wasn't a machinist because if something went wrong he just stood there and waited for a repairman to come and fix it. . . . Well he was just the same outside as he was in the shop. All you could get him to think of was booze and women or ballgames and craps. You couldn't get him interested in the union or in buying his

home or in any damn thing. Of course we weren't to get him wrong; they weren't all like that, not by a long shot. . . . Those guys were casualties of specialization. The union wanted them to stand up on their hind legs and act like citizens. "The place to see the real steelworker who's lived all over is in the grievance committee. . . . Johnny take him over to see the boys at your local after their meeting this afternoon."

They call this local the All Nations Local because so many nationalities are represented. It is a brick building that was once a store that fronts on railroad tracks and the great light gray bulk of the mills. The grievance committee meets in the back room. The president, a freshfaced beefy young man out of the open hearth, sits at a desk. A well dressed youth with a thin jaw and large eyes astride a large sharply cut nose sits on the desk in front of him swinging his legs in their gray trousers creased to a razor edge. He's from the staff. Round them are grouped a number of heavy-set fellows with an intent expression on their faces. They look like serious family men. In the corner a big sallow man in a leather jacket leans his head against the wall and occasionally lets the heavy eyelids drop over his eyes.

"Where do we go from here?" asks a grizzled Irishman with glasses. "What we hope is that we aren't heading straight into a fight. Prices keep rising. When we reopen our contract we're going to have to have more."

"Some people claim increased production is going to take care of that and bring a lower cost of living," one man hazards timidly.

The Irishman shouts him down. "That's all propaganda. The newspapers fill us up with that stuff."

The big sallow man in the corner who's been asleep opens his eyes and yawns. "Supply and demand," he starts to say.

"Propaganda!" shouts the Irishman.

"Well, that's what they used to tell us," the big man trails off doubtfully.

"We mustn't forget that industrial profits have been bigger in 1946 than in any year in history," stays the staff man leaning forward from the desk. "Here's the situation in a nutshell. Last winter we had a hell of a struggle to get a raise of 18½ cents. It had taken us two years and four months to get it. That cost the industry somewhere around a hundred and eleven million dollars. To make up for that they got a raise of five dollars a ton that brought them in

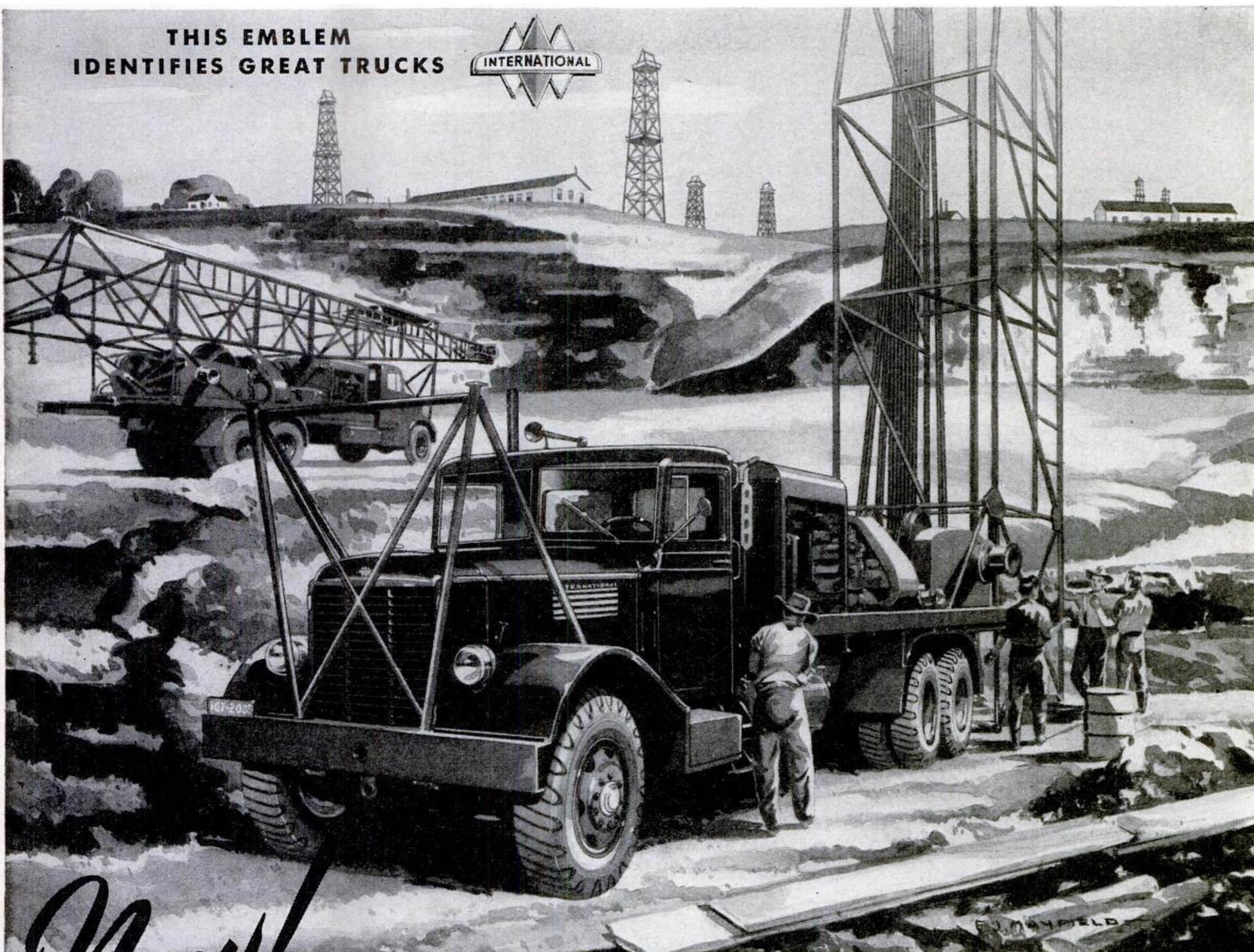


"Wages should be tied to the cost of living."

something like three hundred million and that's how it goes all down the line."

"You won't find that in the local paper here nor over the local radio station. . . . They're closed to us." A tall grayhaired man with straight black eyebrows speaks in bitter tones. He sits still and straight in his chair, his long hands with their well kept square nails resting on his knees. . . . "Now in this here grievance committee. . . ." he goes on in his resonant voice, "we are pitting our brains against the best lawyers the company can hire in Columbus or Cleveland or elsewhere. . . . We don't have no lawyers to present our case, can't afford 'em. That makes the lawyers sore, they don't like to have a layman pleadin' his own case. We don't have an education either, we're just

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WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE? CONTINUED

workin' guys out of the shop. It's a tough job," he says, knitting his black brows. "They've got all the money and the brains on their side and all we've got is the union."

"You ask where do we go from here?" says the Irishman. "We don't want it unless it's forced on us but if they try to cut real wages or to break up the union we're headed into a fight."

NO, no. We don't wanna strike," said the Spaniard who worked at the bearing plant. He was a wizened man in blue dungarees with brown eyes and a sharp pointed nose. He talked in a low explanatory tone. It was quiet in the basement of the Spanish club. A few men stood silent along the bar. A pimply youth with the highschool letter on his sweater was kidding a girl in whispers over the phone against the wall. "Got stewed last night don't you wish you'd been along. . . ." After she'd brought the beers the black-haired busty woman with deep crowsfeet at the corners of her eyes stood listening to him with her eyebrows drawn together into an expression of tolerant scorn.

"Look here, mister," the Spaniard was counting on his fingers. "After deductions we bring home from thirtytwo to thirty-five dollars. I pay rent thirtyfive dollars a month. I have my wife and boy. We got light, heat, water, groceries, clothes to pay. . . . If we work less than forty hours we have to go into the sock . . . you understand, the savings."

He'd been in this country since 1921. His brother had come over first from Asturias in the north of Spain and then he'd come over . . . "for the liberty, to escape the military service of course," he said. Yes, he was a little better off than in the bad times but not better off than in the '20s; then your money bought more. He was an American citizen. He was settled in this town for life. His boy was in the technical high taking a machinist's course. . . . At home he and his wife spoke Spanish but his boy didn't speak no more Spanish than a Polack. . . . The younger generation they weren't interested in the old countries; they married all kinds girls, all mixed up, growing up as a new generation of Americans. . . .

"Bah, all generations of men are the same," cried a tiny dusty driedup old man who had been busily putting down one bottle of beer after another and whispering all the while in torrential Spanish into the ear of a round and silent crony whose flopping hatbrim covered his face. The old man, so short his chin hardly reached to the bar, addressed his remark to the company in general and turned up a lined and pointed face, dry and brown and brittle as a twist of tobacco with a long pointed nose that gave him a mosquito look. "All men the same," he reiterated in a threatening tone.



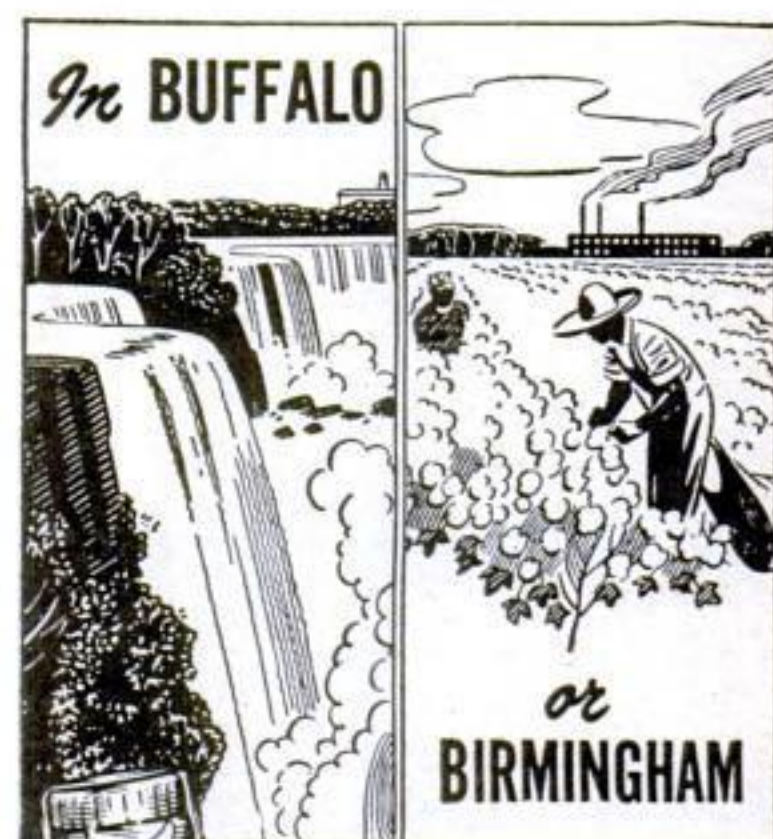
"The answer . . . produce, share the profits."

"I kiss no man's boot. I work for myself, Antonio Alvarez, natural of Avilés, decorator at your service." He moved his head forward and brought up his hand as if he were about to remove his hat in a courtly bow. "You can go home and say you have met an independent man." He swept the room with a prosecuting attorney's gesture. "These people are . . . fodder . . . cannon fodder, factory fodder, trade union fodder . . . fodder." He placed his grimy forefinger against his long insect nose and pivoted back toward the bar until his face was hidden under his crony's hatbrim again.

"Things from Spain," said the steelworker shaking his head and smiling. He led the way into a reading room in back with leather chairs grouped around a table full of magazines. He sat down and lit a cigarette. "There are two things we think about in



"A . . . recession might get things into line."



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THE SKIN SOFTENER

CONTINUED ON PAGE 101

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of earth must be selected just for her.

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WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE? CONTINUED

the shop to make things better for the steelworker. . . . Suppose you had wages go up and down some way with the price of living?" He paused. "Then suppose you had a guaranteed annual wage, a man could plan. . . . This way he can't know from one day to the other when he is going to be laid off. . . . With an annual wage I think we would produce Negro and white. That guy who runs it is a tough *hombre*. I've had to learn to harden up and be as tough as he is. I'm learning. If business gets tough fighting for profits, we've got to get tough fighting for wages."

The people in between

THE grillroom of the hotel was crowded. Three men were sitting in the back of a booth rattling the eating irons against their empty plates. "We've got to be reasonable," said one of them. "It's just like us here right now. We could start storming around and say the management was neglecting us or we can wait quietly till the waitress comes. Labor has got to stand up for its rights but it's got to be reasonable too."

"My, I used to be fierce in the old days," said a sandy-haired man who was business agent of a truckdrivers' union. He had a disarming way of laughing while he talked. "When I was a young feller I used to be fierce. I worked in the mines. The first boys I ever organized were the miners. . . . I was so fierce I'd pour out my water—that meant quit work—if anybody looked cross-eyed, or if the cars were not even at the tippie. I tell you I was fierce. . . . I've grown up since then and learned better sense. . . . I've gone into other lines of business. I'm a farmer right now. I've got 80 acres, 60 of them under cultivation. We've got pretty good land out here. . . . Sure I do the work myself. . . . No, we can't go on this way striking over every damn little thing. . . . I think we've got to have compulsory arbitration. Maybe special labor courts of some kind. . . . Wages ought to be hitched to the cost of living. We've all got to be reasonable."

A sprucely dressed olive-skinned man with black eyes and eyebrows who wore a white carnation in his buttonhole walked past the table. "Hello Frank," said the business agent. "Do you suppose we could get something to eat? How's tricks? . . . This is the man who owns and runs this hotel." He introduced him to his friends.

"Crowded today," the hotel owner said apologetically, "but it's not like wartime. . . . I can feel the dropping off in the food and beverages." As he stood by the table smiling down at us his eyes were traveling round the room checking on tables, waitresses, the look of the customers' faces. "A year ago we served a whole extra meal in the evening. I used to call it the swing shift and my how they put away the beverages. . . . Now it's dropping off. . . . Don't worry boys, I'll get you served right away."

"He's a great guy," said the business agent when the hotel owner had moved on sliding his way between the crowded tables. "He always takes care of us. . . . One of the most popular and successful men in town. He started in as a waiter in a little hash joint on this very location. He's built this hotel and made a good thing of it and now he's buying another hotel across the street. He's always at it, he earns every cent he makes. We like to have people like that make good around here. . . . But as I was saying it'll take legislation to get us out of this mess, legislation and some good horse sense on the part of both management and labor. . . . We've all got to be reasonable."

Up in the club at the top of the tall bank building, businessmen—young men, old men, bald men, gray men—are seated eating whitefish and beefsteak at a round table. The stately white-haired man with a red face and a flashing Celtic eye who manufactures bricks is talking: "Well, I've been in the business since I took over the ruins in 1904. I've been brought up with the men who work for me and I've known them and their wives and their children and their grandchildren. Many of them are Irish in my business. We've always been Pat and Mike together and we've more or less shared the good times and the bad but now the union has built up a wall between us. . . . They were encouraged to do it from Washington for political ends. . . . It's heavy work in a brickyard. I know it. I've done it. You don't find many men with stomach for it any more not even among the Irish. Men don't get through the work they used to in a day. . . . Here's an example from the building trades. We used to call 1,100 bricks an honest day's work. Now you're lucky if you find an athletic genius who'll lay 350."

"Productivity . . . going down." The word goes around the table with some head shaking. "The lowered productivity of labor." Men bend their faces over their plates.

"No, I don't agree with you," says a small man whose bald fore-

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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Hello, tall dark and handsome! (RC, that is!)

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WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE? CONTINUED

head rises in a dome above the steel bar of his glasses that cuts across his nose at the level of his eyebrows. "At least that's not our experience. . . . Productivity with us is up to 129%." He speaks quietly while a tiny smile plays round the corners of his mouth.

"How come?"

"Incentive pay."

"They called it piecework when I was a boy," shouts the raw-boned realtor across the table.

"The gripe on incentive pay has always been that when productivity rose the management would change the rate on the employee to keep him from making too much money."

"Sounds reasonable," says a lawyer flatly.

"The idea was that if a man made too much money he'd go home and not do any more that week," the small man hurriedly explains. "But labor had a legitimate gripe. Now we have agreed not to change the rate unless there's some change in operative methods. . . . Some of 'em cut their own production by slowing up after they've made fourteen dollars say or whatever they think is enough for the day, but we go on the principle that the more money they make the better we like it. . . . It's paying off."

"That's certainly not the tale I hear told," says the realtor laughing.

"In the building trades," says the brick manufacturer, "there's one encouraging symptom. Everybody tells us the boys coming home from the services don't want to do heavy work. Well that may not be so true. In this state there are fifteen hundred opportunities for boys to learn bricklaying as apprentices, etc., and there are five thousand applications."

"Nobody in this world ever worked unless he had to," says the realtor. "You can call me a black reactionary if you want to but the only thing that's going to remedy this situation is a backlog of about six or eight million unemployed."

The men around the table stiffen. They are not ready to accept this. "That's going a little too far," someone whispers. There follows a hearty Amen. "Now a little recession," someone speaks up. All round the table heads nod. "A little recession might bring both wages and prices into line."

"It wouldn't be a bad thing," says the lawyer thoughtfully. "With the demand for goods and services, even leaving the rest of the world out of it, we have in this country: every railroad car to be replaced, every road to be rebuilt; truck highways; housing. . . . A slight recession might get things into line for a long, gradual building up of prosperity."

"Wages have got to be stabilized first. There's going to be no prosperity on high prices."

"We could get along with the unions all right if they were local," says a heavy-set man with knitted brows. "It's the international that's got to go, the international and the closed shop. . . . Look here, this plant in town, you know the one I mean, has been struck by a C.I.O. union. It's one of the radical Communist unions. Now the men and women who work in that plant are a hell of a lot more conservative than you and I are. The union won the election by 69 votes at a time when the plant was full of out-of-town personnel for some very important war work they were doing. By only 69 votes. . . . Now there are fifteen hundred and fifty workers in the plant and less than a hundred took the trouble to vote in the last election. . . . These unions were forced on the people for political purposes by the New Deal administration. The time has come to get rid of them. . . . The situation was produced by legislation and legislation has got to cure it."

The lawyer gets up from his chair. "Well, I'm just a lawyer struggling along in a small town. I've been engaged in an arbitration between an employer and a union . . . and I've got to leave this pleasant company and go back to it. All I do is tell both sides one thing: 'Keep your sense of humor, don't see bogies under the bed.' I tell it to the employer and I tell it to the union man. The other feller hasn't got horns and a tail. You try to imagine he has but he hasn't."

"We think we've got the answer"

NEXT morning the secretary of the Chamber of Commerce took the visitor to the plant of one of the men who'd been at the dinner. They found him laying tile in the wall of a new partition in one corner of the shop. He was a gray hollow-cheeked man with skimpy black hair plastered down on a bald head. He looked up with an apologetic smile when he saw he had visitors as if he feared he'd been caught doing something he shouldn't. "We need a new partition here. I was just building it," he said. He tapped his

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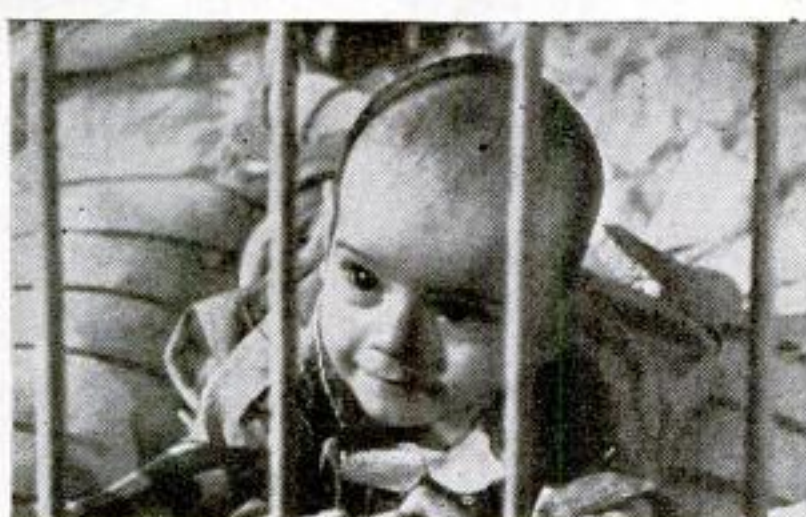
CONTINUED ON PAGE 104

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at your local theatre



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WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE? CONTINUED

trowel on the edge of the box he had his mortar in to clean it off and laid it down carefully. He led the way into the office and sat down at a desk under an enlarged photograph of a man who looked very much like him.

"That was my father," he said in a modest tone. "We lived in a small town where there was a mine and he got to worrying about a safety door. He was an inventive kind of man. Our main product was an invention of his but recently we've had to shut down for some time while we redesigned it to fit different conditions . . . that caused financial complications but now after a good year it looks as if we might make a go of it."

"We were interested in your labor relations," said the man from the Chamber of Commerce.

The manufacturer looked up sharply. He stammered a little as he spoke. "Well I hope you won't mention this shop in any way so that we can be identified. I wouldn't want to get any of the unions after us. . . . A man works in this shop because he likes it. . . . If he doesn't he moves along. I've had five men come in here in the last couple of years to try to organize the men but so many of my men come to work here for a quiet life to get away from unions and the wrangling and the dues and the loss of pay through strikes that I've always been tipped off. I pay slightly less than the current wage scale but it's more than made up for by our insurance scheme and by the bonus each Christmas. We take about half the profits and divide it up among the employees. We don't worry much about productivity around here because one man doesn't like to see another man loafing around and cutting into profits because he knows he's going to get a slice of them. . . . Well we're a small plant. . . . We're perfectly happy here and we'll get along all right if they'll only leave us alone. You understand we just want to keep out of sight. If another of those big industrial wars starts up we don't want to get caught in the middle."

"What about the rising cost of living?"

"We think we've got the answer: produce more and share the profits."

Labor and the public

THE train is late. The early winter dusk has closed down on the little settlement. A gusty raw wind driving sleet and coal dust in their faces has driven the three or four men waiting for the train to Pittsburgh into the warm freight office. There an endless argument has been going on between a redfaced man in freshly washed dungarees, with silky white hair and a cropped mustache, who seems to be the freight agent, and three grimy men with lanterns in their hands who've come in off the tracks.

The freight agent has something on his chest. "Human nature being what it is," he keeps starting out in the manner of a pitcher winding up for a cherished curve. Each time somebody interrupts.

"Wait a minute," the ticket agent with the green eyeshade pushed back on his forehead shouts into the din from his seat at the littered table in the adjoining room. "Has it ever occurred to you that all these strikes and slowdowns might be a blessin' in disguise?"

"Funny kind of a blessin'," mutters one man. The others listen with their mouths open.

"Wait a minute," insists the ticket agent. "Has it ever occurred to you that all the difficulties curtailin' production are spreadin' the backlog of consumer demand out into the future. . . ." Nobody answers. People have sunk into astonished silence.

"So that we won't get a great boom followed by saturation and depression," the ticket agent continues triumphantly.

While the men with lanterns and the passengers stand silent, ruminating on this novel idea, the freight agent gets a chance to let fly with his speech he's been winding up for.

"Human nature being what it is," he says in the tone of a high school orator registering scorn, "you know just as well as I do that when you get a man down you like to kick him in the face. . . . Years ago management had labor down and now labor has the country down and they are kicking us in the face. . . ."

"And when did you cease to be a laborin' man?" the ticket agent bellows from his seat.

The freight agent has his answer ready. "Eight hours a day, I'm a laboring man . . . the other sixteen I'm a citizen of this community. . . . Now, human nature being what it is . . ."

The crossing bell begins to clang. A locomotive whistles down the tracks. The passengers slide out the door. As they climb on the car they can see through the window the freight agent tapping a heavy forefinger into the palm of one hand as he continues his oration.



Packard Super Touring Sedan

Ask the man who owns one

He will tell you how Packard quality proved itself during the long war years—by dependable, trouble-free performance.

And if he now owns one of the new Packards, he will assure you that Packard *post-war quality* is better than ever.



Step into her heart forever

Give her a LANE this Valentine's Day

*Roses Are Red . . . Violets Are Blue . . .
Lane Cedar Hope Chest for Your Love So True!*

GIVE love's own Valentine! Give her a Lane Cedar Hope Chest, and in the giving, find love's complete happiness for yourself. Lane is the symbol of everlasting love, sanctuary of her trousseau treasures—truly the gift that starts the home. Step into her heart forever . . . this Valentine's Day. Select her very own Lane from the many beautiful styles available at a wide range of prices.

The Only Tested AROMA-TIGHT Chest in the World

More than a Hope Chest, Lane is the *only* chest that has *all* these guaranteed Moth Protection features: 1. Tested aroma-tight protection. 2. Exclusive aroma-tight features. 3. Built of 3/4-inch Aromatic Red Cedar in accordance with U. S. Government recommendations. 4. New, waterproof, Lane-welded veneers will not peel. 5. Chemically treated interiors even aroma flow, prevent stickiness and add life to the chest. 6. Free moth insurance policy written by one of the world's largest insurance companies. The Lane Company, Inc., Dept. L, Altavista, Virginia. In Canada: Knechtels, Ltd., Hanover, Ontario.

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YEARN FOR THIS ROMANTIC
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No. 2143. Elegantly simple American Colonial design in Mahogany. Hand-rubbed satin finish. Equipped with Lane's patented automatic tray.

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The Gift That Starts the Home

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JUDY ANDREWS SKIES IN WHITE PONCHO AND STARTLING PAIR OF SLOTTED GOGGLES SCIENTIFICALLY DESIGNED TO PERMIT FULL VISION YET KEEP OUT GLARE

Life Goes Skiing in Vermont

College and high-school skiers gather at Pico Peak for a weekend of strenuous exercise and quiet evenings

Every weekend all winter long, boys and girls from nearby schools and colleges go to Pico Peak near Rutland, Vt. to ski. Pico Peak is a typical New England ski center with plenty of well-packed snow, open slopes, wooded trails and a fine ski lift running 2,660 feet up the side of the mountain.

On Saturday mornings bunches of young skiers collect impatiently at the bottom of the lift, waiting for it to open at 10 o'clock. They spend the whole day riding up and zipping down the slopes, practicing one maneuver after another. From time to time they unclamp their skis, stand their poles in

the snow and go into a nearby lunchroom where they eat hot dogs, listen briefly to the juke box. At night they change their clothes and sit close to big open fires, singing and playing games. Finally on Sunday evenings, tired and with faces stinging from the wind, they pack up to go back to classes.



GOING UP THE LIFT, Andrea Mead and Porter Noble lean against T-shaped bar. Lift pulls skiers to top of the slope in less than five minutes, costs them \$3.50 for the day.

Skiing in Vermont CONTINUED



SKIERS RELAX in the sun outside the chaletlike Troll Top ski hut. Leaving their skis in front, they tramp in and out all day long for hot dogs, hamburgers, cake and milk.



AT BOTTOM OF HILL skiers turn to slow down. Sunset Schuss, a famous two-mile s run which many skiers regard as prettiest in New England, starts at the top of Pico Peak.



TROLL TOP hut is within 25 feet of beginning of lift. It accommodates 10 people in double-decker bunks. Weekenders pay \$5 a day for lodging and simple cafeteria meals.



AFTER DAY OF SKIING boys and girls from Vassar, Dartmouth and Rutland High School collect logs, build a fire and toast themselves inside ski hut. Sometimes they

sing school songs. For evening the girls like to wear high socks and short skirts. Boys keep on ski trousers and loud shirts worn during day, replace ski boots with moccasins.



BLOWBALL GAME is played Saturday nights by group at Long Trail Lodge, a 10-minute walk from Pico lift. Object of game is to blow ping-pong ball off enemy's side of

table. Kids also like to perform stunts that test balance and coordination. They seldom smoke or drink as they try to build up lung power for their hard work out on the slopes.



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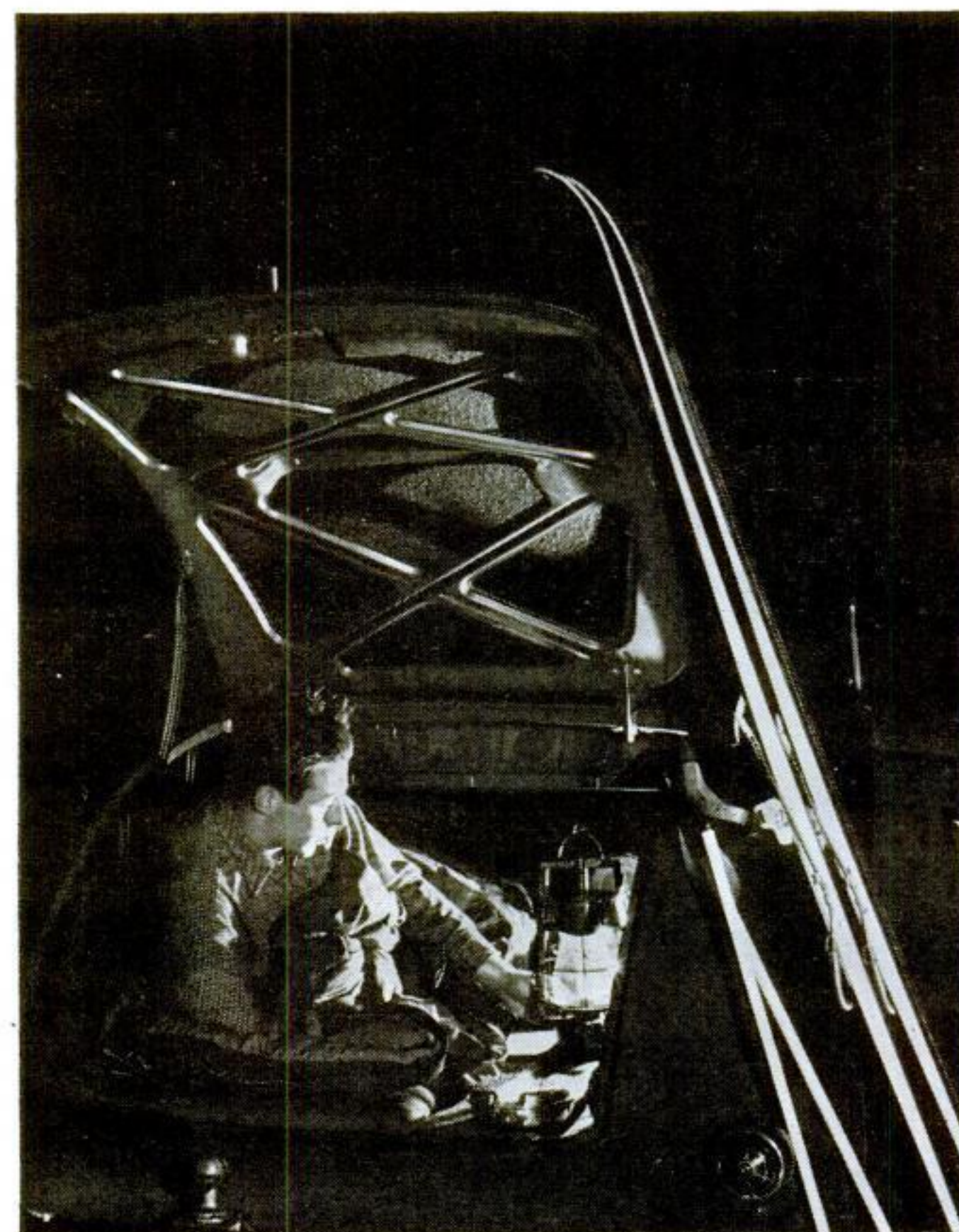
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IN SLEEPING BAGS which they have spread on the floor and on a wooden bench, Pat Wing and Susanne Davis show how hardy skiers spend the night.



CHEAPEST SKIING WEEKEND is devised by Bill Hafey of Springfield, Mass., who installs sleeping bag in his coupe, cooks meals on an alcohol stove.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 113

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 The Quality Standard for highballs, cocktails and tall, cool drinks!



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Will you measure up to these men?

Ski trooper . . . flight sergeant . . . parachute infantryman . . . tankman . . . they're Regular Army soldiers all. Look them over. See how they carry themselves, each proud of his uniform and what it represents.

It takes men — *real* men — to meet the high standards of your new Regular Army. Excellent physical condition and stamina are among the requirements. But keen, quick-thinking brains and sound character are equally necessary. For *quality* counts as never before in this modern, streamlined Army.

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kind of training and experience in one or more of many interesting, useful fields of work.

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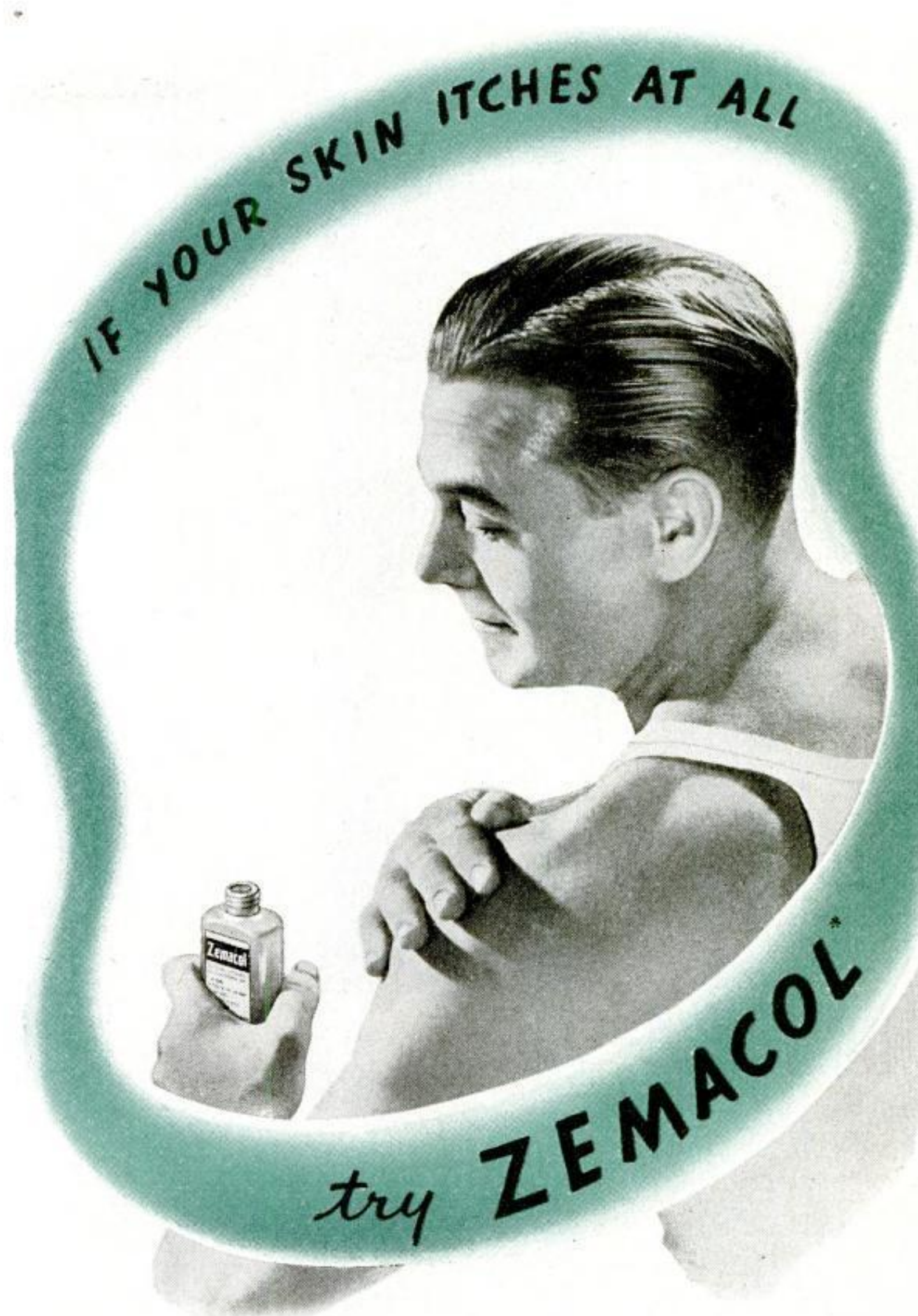
HUNTER
FINE BLENDED WHISKEY



Hunter-Wilson Distilling Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky. Blended whiskey, 92 proof. The straight whiskeys in this product are 6 or more years old. 40% straight whiskey. 60% grain neutral spirit.



NEW SKI GOGGLES are modeled by young Rutland girls. Top left: the most becoming style has white felt rims and side vents to prevent steaming. Top right: the most popular model is a windshield that flips up to form a visor. Others are (center left) large beach-type sunglasses, (right) a modified visor; (bottom left) rubber-rimmed glasses like those which are worn by ski-troopers and underwater swimmers, (right) plastic fitted shield for best all-round visibility.



Scratching an itching, burning skin often leads to more itching, more scratching—and possible infection. *Don't scratch—use ZEMACOL!*

ZEMACOL is good medicine for bad skin. Gives quick relief—covers affected areas with an invisible protective film of soothing medication.

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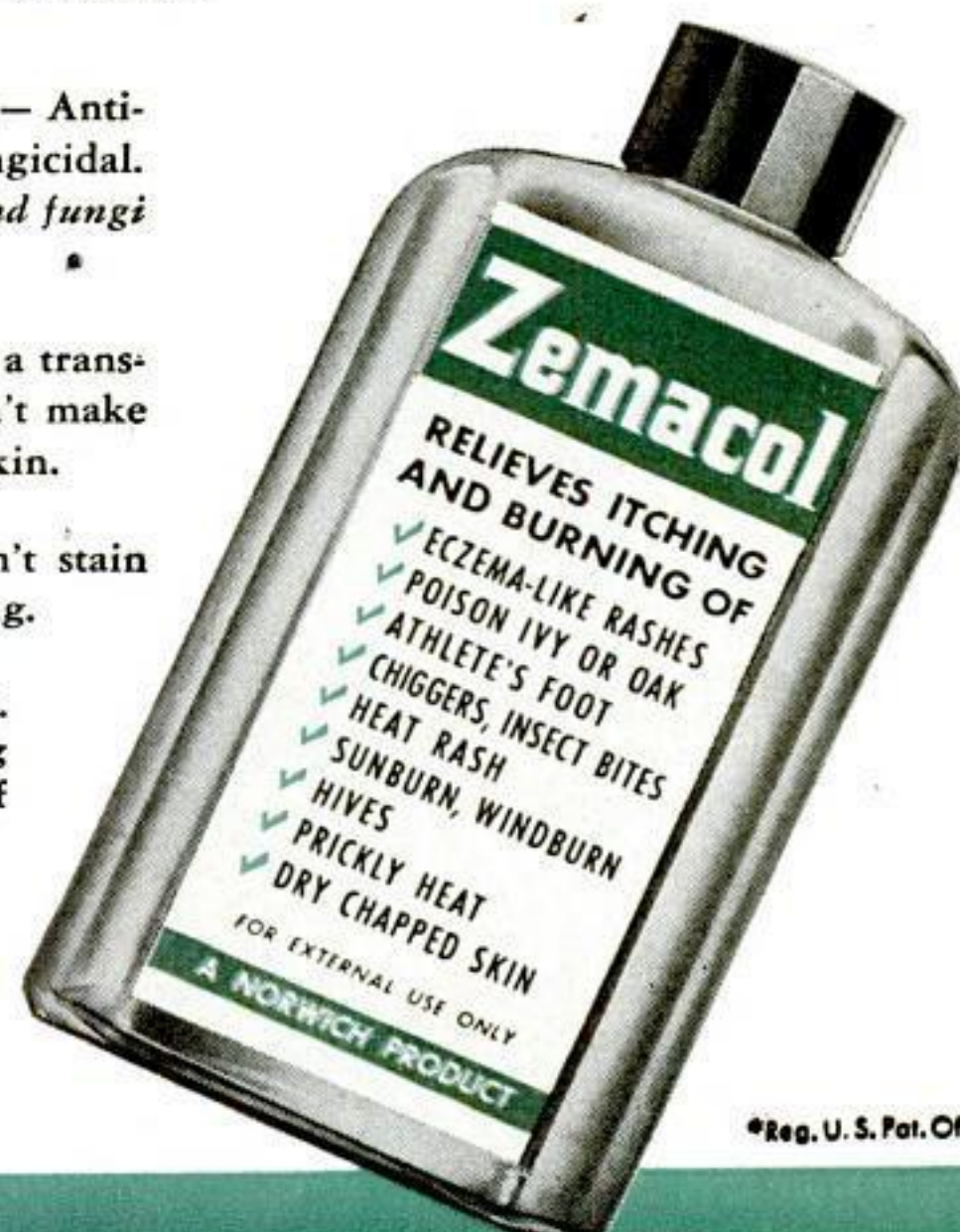
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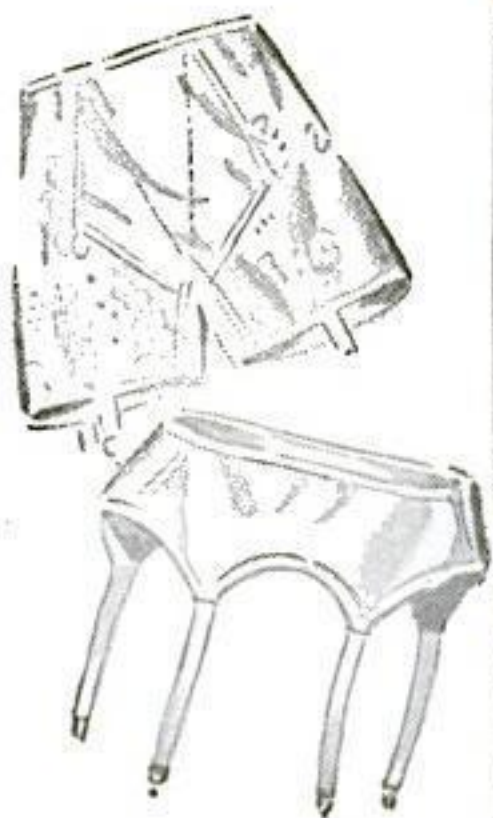
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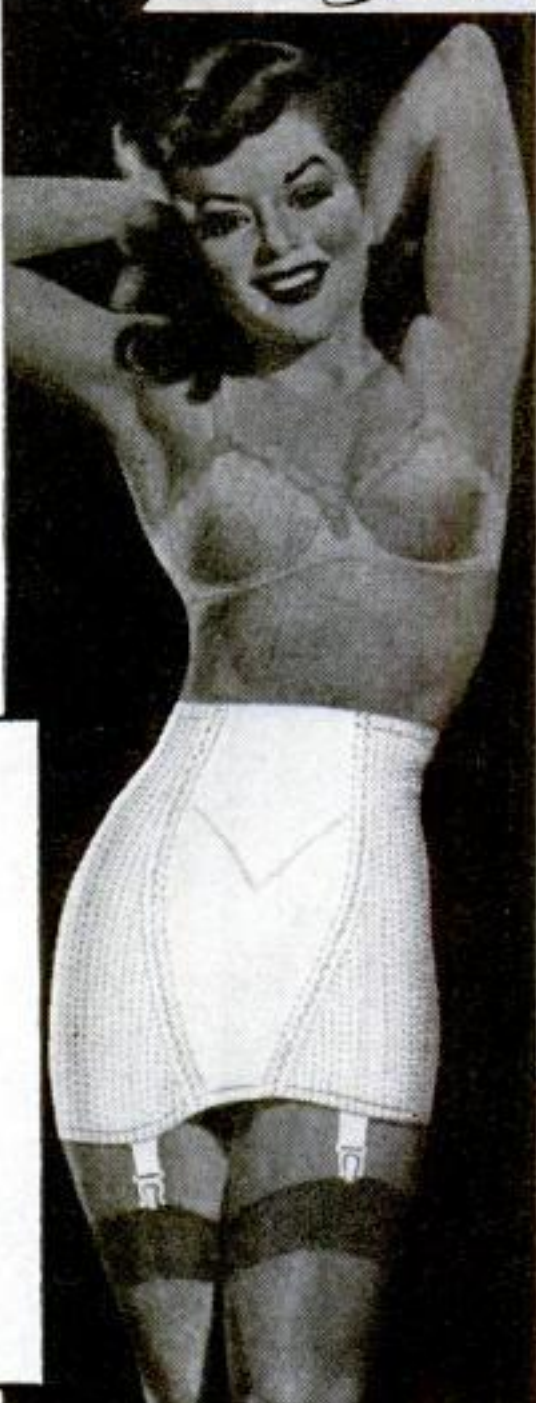
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MISCELLANY



IN 1934 THE COUNTESS WAS ATTRACTIVE EVEN IN HER SACKLIKE ROBE

MYSTERIOUS COUNTESS

Eight cryptic words, scrawled on the back of a Paris subway ticket by a dying man, led last month to the arrest of one of the most fabled beauties of the Middle East. The words—"Candy which Marga gave me had strange taste"—were written in November 1945 by 26-year-old Raymond Clerisse. The beauty, 51-year-old Countess Marga d'Andurain, was arrested for poisoning Raymond, her nephew.

This was just another episode in the life of Countess d'Andurain, whose mysterious career has included more loves, murders and hairbreadth escapes than the plot of a grade-B movie. When the police arrested her, she was a slender, dark-eyed average-appearing woman who seemed little the worse for her experiences. Her looks were faintly reminiscent of the beauty which had given her the title of Queen of the Desert. Newspapers called her "a character out of *Arsenic and Old Lace*," because "wherever Marga went, death struck almost immediately." Her hectic story started in provincial Bayonne where she was born and where she married wealthy Count Pierre d'Andurain. Strong-willed and romantic, Marga persuaded her mild, meek husband to settle in Palmyra, Syria. There she soon turned his Queen Zenobia Hotel into a nest of intrigue by flirting with local sheiks and colonial officials. By 1932 she became so enamored of the Moslem world that



LEAVING TRAIN FOR PARIS JAIL SHE HID FACE, WORE EXTRA CLOTHES

Fabulous life and loves of Marga d'Andurain make desert version of "Arsenic and Old Lace"

she claimed conversion to Islam, divorced her husband, married a Bedouin tribesman and started a pilgrimage to Mecca. But between Jidda and Mecca she was kidnaped by her new husband's tribe, which was angered at his marriage to an infidel. Then, during their captivity in the mountains, her husband was poisoned. The countess was found guilty by a tribal court and sentenced to be stoned to death. The French interceded with King Ibn Saud, however, and she was freed.

Back in Palmyra she remarried Count Pierre, who a few weeks later was stabbed to death in the Zenobia Hotel. Authorities investigated but could prove nothing. Shortly before the war she went back to France and after the German occupation moved to an apartment in Paris where her nephew Raymond was a frequent visitor. Just as he was leaving the apartment one day she playfully popped a piece of candy into his mouth. By the time he got home violent cramps seized him and his agonized last words started the police investigation. When they arrested her in Nice, she had rented a deserted house and was decorating it with mementos of her career.

Last month the countess, swathed in ancient furs, wearing long woolen drawers and hiding her face (above), was hustled off to a Paris jail protesting innocence. So far no desert sheik has appeared to save her.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

"A very good evening to you"



Honored guest for the evening

WHERE and whenever good friends gather, the arrival of world-famous Johnnie Walker is most reassuring—the serene smoothness and mellow mildness of this peerless scotch, the foretaste of a most pleasant evening ahead.



Both 86.8 Proof



Popular Johnnie Walker can't be everywhere all the time these days. If occasionally he is "out" when you call . . . call again.

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keep brushless with Barbasol

STAY SMOOTH LONGER. If you're getting on to 40 or more . . . mister, Barbasol's for you! Smooth, clean Barbasol shaves (no pull, no pain, no sting) take years off a man's looks, and minutes off his shaving time; especially if he uses Barbasol Blades. That's the combination for

perfect shaves! Barbasol helps keep your skin in good condition, too... **WON'T TIGHTEN OR DRY SKIN.** The soothing, beneficial ingredients in Barbasol that tame stiff stubble, also save tender skins. You practically get "a facial for nothing" with every Barbasol shave. Try it!



Mysterious Countess CONTINUED



THE COUNTESS' HUSBAND, Count Pierre d'Andurain, wealthy Basque landowner, was overshadowed by wife's lust for money, power and intrigue. His body, with 19 knife wounds, was found on steps of Queen Zenobia Hotel in 1936. A manservant was murdered with him. Countess left Syria soon after.



THE COUNTESS' SHEIK, Emir Fawaz el-Shaalan, showered tribal wealth on the countess when she held sway in Palmyra. Head of the big Ruwala tribe, he annually collects \$1,000,000 through taxation. The sheik was only one of procession of tribesmen, which reportedly included King Ibn Saud.

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TRIPLE CREAM

Superb cream sherry, full bodied

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A magnificent dry sherry, light bodied



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